

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Jean Batten



After two previous attempts, during which her plane crashed, Jean Batten, the young New Zealand girl, has won her way through from England to Australia in fifteen days, making a new record for a woman. The inspiring story of her flight should live long in the memories of Australian and New Zealand people. Our artist, Boothroyd, presents here his impression of this heroic girl.

LOVE Wins With Feminist LEADER

But Politics May Claim Her Again; Miss Preston Stanley's Future

Speculation is rife concerning the plans for the future being made by our leading feminist, Miss Preston Stanley, whose marriage to Mr. Crawford Vaughan, a former Labor Premier of South Australia, was celebrated in Melbourne this week.

Will marriage mean the end of her political career? Her friends refuse to believe it will. She made political history in Australia, and they believe she will write a still more sensational chapter to the story.

MISS PRESTON STANLEY was the first woman in this State to win a seat in Parliament. At the conclusion of her party's term of office she secured, also, the endorsement of her nomination by her party for the next election, but, in spite of that fact, an unendorsed candidate of the party, Mr. "Bandy" Jacques, contested the seat and secured election.

Some time ago Miss Stanley publicly stated that she would never again contest a State election. She may never contest a Federal election, either, but her marriage, instead of closing the story of her career as feminist and politician, may but open up wider spheres in which her pronounced political ability will find a scope denied to her in Australia. In short, it is generally believed by those

responsible for introducing the 6 o'clock closing of hotels in that State, a movement which later spread over Australia.

While in America he became even more deeply convinced of the desirability of prohibition, and, on his return to Australia, became associated with Canon R. B. S. Hammond in the work of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance.

Miss Preston Stanley was also on the staff of the Prohibition Alliance, both before and after her election to Parliament.

The news of the marriage arrangements did not come as a surprise to the many Sydney friends of Miss Stanley and Mr. Vaughan, who have known of the romance for over a year.

MISS STANLEY'S forceful personality, wide knowledge of the political and economic trends of the day, her eloquence and tenacity of purpose, and, above all, her able championship of the woman's cause have admirably fitted her for the office of president of Sydney's Feminist Club, an office she has held, in all, for 13 years.

Certainly it seems extremely improbable that she will let her specialised knowledge and political ability be idle after her marriage. If she enters British politics, her many admirers have no doubt she will give a good account of herself, and she will carry with her countless good wishes for a spectacular success.

One thing, however, has kept her more or less marking time in Sydney, and this may also delay her longer in Australia. For a long time her mother's health has been most unsatisfactory.

She is a devoted daughter, and has always lavished the fondest care on her mother, whom she affectionately designates as "Tige"—a nickname, short for "Tiger," which seems to indicate that some of the fire and force of Miss Preston Stanley's personality has been inherited from the fine old lady.

Until she is freed from anxiety about her mother, Miss Stanley will not take any step which will lead her far from her. When that load is lifted, well, we shall see, and what we shall probably see will be Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Vaughan pursuing their respective political vocations in Imperial politics.

JEAN BATTEN STUDY

Copies of the splendid Boothroyd study of Jean Batten on our front cover, may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly office at 2/- each. Why not frame one for your home?

who know her well, that it is only a matter of time when Miss Preston Stanley will dedicate her talents to the work of Imperial politics.

It is freely rumored that she and her husband plan to go abroad, and that both will become absorbed in British politics.

In that event Miss Stanley will be the first Australian woman to attempt to secure election to the House of Commons.

DURING the war Mr. Crawford Vaughan was sent as a representative of the Imperial Government to the United States, and there he did very fine work. Travelling extensively, and addressing hundreds of meetings, over a period of 18 months, he took a prominent part in carrying out the business negotiations for munition supplies.

While he was in South Australian politics he was an ardent prohibition worker, and was the political personality

Characters in Our Splendid New Serial



An interesting study of the four central characters in "Storm Music," the new novel by Dornford Yates, world-famous English author, which will commence in serial form in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

The dramatic meeting of Lady Helena and John Spencer, the blossoming of their love idyll, Geoffrey's part in it, the desperate encounters with Pharaoh, with a girl's wit matched against a

wily criminal... with these ingredients Dornford Yates has woven a stirring story of romance and excitement such as one meets only in a really good book. A picturesque old Austrian castle forms the background for most of the thrilling situations.

"Storm Music" will be illustrated by the brilliant Australian artist, Wynne Davies, whose vivid and popular style is well known to our readers.

PARIS is Marvellous Says JOAN HARTIGAN

Famous Tennis Star's Own Exclusive Story

Joan Hartigan, Australian women's singles champion, sends us the following story by radio of her play in the French national tennis championships played in Paris.

Miss Hartigan defeated Miss Goldsmidt, graded France's No. 2 player, and Miss Cruikshank, who ranked sixth in America's grading list, before meeting her Waterloo in her match with Kathleen Stammers, the brilliant English girl, ranked fourth player in England.

From JOAN HARTIGAN, by Radio.

PARIS is marvellous, and I am thoroughly enjoying every minute of my trip. The Australian players are very popular here, and their tennis held in very high esteem, as is evidenced by the fact that Crawford is heavily backed to retain his title.

Helen Jacobs, the American champion, is the favorite for the women's singles. There is a strong feeling, however, that she may meet her match in Peggy Scriven, the English girl, who caused such a stir last year by entering the event independently and winning the title, after being disregarded by the English selectors.

Helen Jacobs' play is a revelation. Her strokes are beautifully produced, and apparently without the slightest effort. She has a powerful service, and very correct backhand, while she is a master on the disconcerting short chop forehand.

She told me she is very anxious to visit Australia and compete in our tournaments. If we could arrange it in conjunction with the English women's

visit, it would certainly give a tremendous lift to women's tennis, and should prove a big financial success.

I was able to score a win over Miss Goldsmidt, the French player, in the third set, and, apart from the satisfaction of winning the match, it gave me renewed confidence, a valuable asset with all these strange surroundings and brilliant international champions.

Miss Cruikshank was my next opponent, and after again losing the first set I was able to win the next two. This victory brought me to the third round, Kathleen Stammers—and exit!

Although I was decisively beaten in two straight sets, the match is one that I shall always remember without any tinge of regret. The English girl is tiny, left handed, and only just twenty, but she played simply magnificent tennis. To me her game seemed perfect. I simply could not find a weakness nor could I produce any strokes or strategy that she could not meet with, seemingly, the utmost ease.

Mrs. Molesworth and I are combining well in the doubles. Her experience is

standing us in very good stead, and we are feeling very hopeful.

Mrs. Molesworth reached the quarter finals, but was defeated by Miss Lyle, an English player. I do not think that Mrs. Molesworth was up to her usual standard, but she certainly met a formidable opponent in one of the hardest-hitting players I have ever seen. This factor made it difficult for her to strike true form under strange conditions.

Mixed Fashions

THE weather has been glorious in Paris, very similar to our own blue skies and sunshine.

Fashions on the court have been so mixed as to be amusing. We Australians are, apparently, very conservative with our simple linen frocks. The American players look very striking; they wear scanty, unpleated shorts in white, with blue stripes.

Curiously enough, the French players are just as conservative as we are! Anyway, they are wearing skirts, too. But what seems most curious of all to me is the English choice of costume.

They wear tailored, cream flannel pleated shorts in accord more or less with the Americans, but over their shorts they don matching skirts.

One of the most significant features of the tournament this year is the absence of Borotra's name from the list of entrants.

Of course, Australians all remember the amazing personality and extraordinary vitality on the courts of the "Boundless Basque." Personally, I was still at school when the French team visited us years ago.

Borotra, one finds, is even more interesting in his home town. He lives with his mother in a luxurious flat near the Bois de Boulogne. The furnishings and color schemes throughout show clearly his Basque tastes. But, picturesque and colorful as those details are, the most interesting corner of the house to tennis players is the shelf on which stands a truly astonishing collection of trophies.

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of such exquisite texture it transforms your skin yet remains invisible itself. Eight natural skin-tones.
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Let's Talk of
Interesting
P.E.O.P.L.E



NEWS-REEL COMMENTATOR

BERYL de QUERTON is the first woman news-reel commentator in England. Some time ago, Pathe started having a woman commentator on fashions, and general approbation was expressed at the relief from the monotony of the same masculine voice.

Miss de Querton, who had had a good deal of stage and film experience, then applied for the work of news-reel commentator, and was eventually successful in getting engaged. Her first news-reel contained the Perry-McGrath match. She says the pitch of the voice is most important for this type of work and a commentator must have a well-pitched, even voice, fairly deep, if a woman's voice, and it must be strong and expressive enough to carry weight with the film, but not outweigh the picture value.



Dickinson-Montezith

SEVEN YEARS IN CHINA

MRS. F. L. BRUCE has given 43 talks on China since she returned to Melbourne a year ago. Her husband, who is now superintendent of the Melbourne City Mission, was in charge of the financial side of the Salvation Army in Northern China for seven years.

Mrs. Bruce was keenly interested in the Old Ladies' Home instituted by foreign ladies in Peking (now Peiping) and for part of the time was matron of the Language School in North China, where newly-arrived Salvation Army missionaries from all parts of the world are sent to learn the language.

During the uncertain times of 1927 Mrs. Bruce helped in the porridge kitchen, where 6000 people were fed with millet porridge.



STRATOSPHERE PILOT

MRS. JEAN PICCARD is the wife of Dr. Jean Piccard, the twin brother of Professor Auguste Piccard, the first man to soar into the stratosphere.

Mrs. Piccard has just announced her intention of doing some stratosphere exploring herself shortly. She and her husband will make an overnight flight into the unexplored regions of the air in July, and she will pilot while her husband gathers scientific data. The flight is to begin near Detroit, U.S.A.

ARE YOU "Too Old" at FORTY?

Because this is the Time When Your Life Could Begin!

To most of us, the age of twenty-one signifies the beginning of life. When we are twenty-one, we think we are grown up! But are we?

A Review by F. W. L. Esch
of **WALTER B. PITKIN'S**
"Life Begins at Forty."

According to Walter B. Pitkin, an American who has written a book on the subject, life begins at forty. Before forty, he declares, the average person not only does not know how to live, but has not attained the means to live, nor the intelligence.

Considering that most people are apt to think life ends at forty, the theory is an absorbing one, worth looking into.

It is easy to agree with most of Mr. Pitkin's theories. For example, the notion that before



At childhood, the individual has the energy of a young animal and about as much intelligence. These young people are having a good frolic in the bath.

body under forty works his mind sufficiently to mature it.

"Hence most of us past forty limp onward as half-wits in a new biological sense. Our central nervous system is less than half formed even at death.

"This lack of sustained stimulation and effort is one of the causes of the early shrinking of the brain," says Mr. Pitkin.

"Whether loss of weight necessarily involves loss of function has never been investigated, so far as I can ascertain. But we know something else for a certainty, and that is that lack of vigorous use leads to prompt decay. And some day it will be proved that healthy people who fail to live richly after forty have only their own sloth and stupidity to blame.

Mr. Pitkin does not suggest that people are as energetic at 40 as at 20. "I think it very probable," he writes, "that the very year which brings the first marked decline in physical energy... namely, the 37th or 38th... normally lifts our practical intelligence to its final high level. The brain requires most of the years before 40 to perfect the art of managing its body. As 40 draws near, people manage themselves about as well as they ever can by taking thought. They progress in health, wealth, and happiness on a slowly dwindling fund of energy."

Please turn to Page 4

In the early twenties, energy has increased and intelligence is dawning. This is the time for physical and mental culture.

lectual showed none until 35, and then it was trifling.

Sorenson tested 100 people ranging from 25 to 87, and found that one quarter of the oldest people were quicker and more accurate than the group average.

* * *

"THE brain," Mr. Pitkin explains, "continues to grow, in curiously irregular spurts, up to forty. But, as Frederick Tilney has demonstrated in his study, 'The Brain from Ape to Man,' it is never more than half developed, and usually not even one-fifth used.

"As the brain grows only with use, by developing proper insulation of nerve fibres under stimulation, this fact means that no-

machine has aided them the least of all. But in all the more progressive factory centres life grows easier... in spite of depression and wars."

With regard to human intelligence and physical health at forty, Mr. Pitkin has some illuminating things to say.



Middle Age! What does it mean to the average person? Physical energy has begun to slow down, but intelligence should be at its highest point and life should begin in earnest. Are these pathetic souls typical?

forty we have not got the means to live is common knowledge. Many people never attain the means, others have it all their lives, but the average person, on the average income, has not managed to put aside the wherewithal to free himself from the slavery of economic dependence before he is forty.

If when he becomes forty he imagines he is too old to enjoy life the situation becomes ironical, because he little realises, according to Mr. Pitkin, that he is just entering his best years.

LIFE has not always begun at forty, the author is careful to point out.

"This is the revolutionary outcome of a new era," he writes. "It is the supreme reward of the machine age; the richest blessing of science. Day before yesterday it wasn't even a dream.

"Before the Machine Age people were out at forty. When the World War broke out the British found their recruits already ageing at 35.

"Of the world's two-billion-odd souls, more than a billion still work themselves into early graves. The peasant, the sailor, the dock worker, the frontiersman, and the coolie die youngest, for the

"Nobody knows much about this complex world until he is close to forty. A hundred years ago a youth might learn his world in a few intense years, and a man of thirty-five could master it as far as anybody could. But to-day that is impossible for most people. Broad and deep perspective is needed to grasp even your neighborhood affairs. Never before has a little knowledge been such a dangerous thing as now. Life changes so quickly.

"From seventeen to twenty-two or thereabout we learn the social life, in business no less than in pleasure, and most of us marry and settle down at the close of this period. Girls usually wed around twenty-two, youths at twenty-four, then all start to make a living; and ninety-five out of every hundred never turn from this devastating task. The toll of raising children joins with the long, hard pull of buying a home and pushing up the worn rungs of the success-ladder. As the world wages these enterprises consume the best energies until forty, at least. Then, or never, we begin to live our own lives."

AFTER forty, contrary to popular belief, no significant falling of dexterity need set in. Various vocational psychologists have studied the matter with surprising results, according to Mr. Pitkin.

In Linger's comparison of 181 working women with 152 highly cultivated women ranging in years from 25 to 50, it came out that the more intellectual women in the second group proved much more dexterous than the working-woman in most tests.

Working women showed a slight decline in skill around 30, while the intel-



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- make a good shoe last . . .
- and give a good shine to boot

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The Quality Boot Polish

BLACK
POLISH

TAN
POLISH



BRIDEGROOMS to Show CLEAN Health Sheet?

Doctors are Sceptical about the Presbyterian Assembly's Proposal

Should prospective bridegrooms present a certificate of health before they are allowed to marry? Following the Queensland Presbyterian Assembly's resolution to request the State Government to pass legislation enforcing this procedure, The Australian Women's Weekly interviewed several leading medical authorities.

They all agreed that the idea was a good one if it could be done; but the problem is how to do it.

CONCERNING themselves mainly with the scientific aspect of the situation, some of the highest medical authorities declare that by reason of its many potential obstacles and

complicated ramifications the scheme would be impracticable.

None could understand why, if it be seriously considered by the Government, the proposal should not include prospective brides.

Many Difficulties

ONE eminent physician told The Australian Women's Weekly that from the scientific viewpoint the proposal opened up a maze of difficulties far beyond the layman's comprehension.

The insidious nature of some forms of disease made it impossible for doctors to certify reliably the true state of any man's physical condition on one or even two physical examinations and blood tests. The reactionary ravages of some forms of social scourge were often traceable to several generations back, and how many persons could, even

if they wanted to, supply dependable health records of their forbears? How many men with portals of happy marriage before them are going to give a true account of their own health knowing that thereby they may be signing their own committal as social outcasts?

These vital factors of the scheme were outside the reach of the medical man. It was really possible, this authority declared, for a man to be suffering from a disease and yet show a negative blood test.

It was pointed out there were other serious imperfections of health, the tracing of which required something more than a mere physical examination. Mental deficiency for instance, and other abnormalities. Also to be taken into account were T.B. and several other vastly prevalent and, from medical and social aspects, very deadly and contagious diseases.

"One-Legged"

WHO, asks another high-positioned doctor, is going to supply these certificates?

Would it devolve upon State medical authorities, or would the proposed bridegroom be at liberty to procure a health clearance from his own doctor? This question, likewise, had an important bearing on the feasible success of such a scheme.

Another professional authority was prepared to endorse the proposal if amended to include prospective brides. The scheme, he said, was "one legged."

One of the most serious aspects of such legislation, it was agreed in every quarter, was the likelihood of its enforcement acting as a stimulus to promiscuous and illicit unions, while in no sense would it obviate the spread of disease among the unmarried. Rather would it increase this evil as, finding themselves debarred by law from marriage, some couples would not hesitate to live together without legal matrimony.

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DUCHESS of YORK Likes Boothroyd DRAWING

THIS CHARMING Boothroyd study of the Princess Margaret Rose, depicting the simple beauty of childhood, was used as our front-cover subject on January 13. The Australian Women's Weekly presented the original drawing to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York as a token of the affectionate regard which

Australian women have for both Princess Margaret Rose and her sister, Princess Elizabeth.

HOLIDAY at Kosciusko

LATEST reports from Kosciusko are that conditions are ideal for skiing and tobogganing. Why not spend your winter holiday amid the grandeur of the Australian Alps?

Four winter tours to Mount Kosciusko have been arranged by The Australian Women's Weekly and Station 2UW, with the Government Tourist Bureau. Each will be personally conducted by Miss Kay Russell, our special representative. The first tour will leave Sydney on June 1, with similar trips on June 8, 15, and 22.

The total cost of the first three tours of ten days each will be £10/10/-, including reserved rail transport, accommodation at the Hotel Kosciusko, and three days at the Chalet, all meals en route and the free use of all sporting equipment. Special tuition will be given in skiing by experts.

For the trip on June 22 the cost will be £12/12/- for the ten days, but patrons will have the privilege of extending their stay for a further six days at a total cost of £18/10/-.

Booking for these tours should be made at once at the Government Tourist Bureau, specially mentioning The Australian Women's Weekly and 2UW tour.

Write to Miss Kay Russell at Station 2UW for full information as to what to wear or for other details in connection with the tours, or listen-in to Station 2UW any morning at 9 o'clock, when Miss Russell broadcasts details of the arrangements.

The following letter to the Editor, on behalf of the Duchess of York, indicates the deep appreciation with which the gift was received:

Dear Sir, — I am directed by H.R.H. the Duchess of York to acknowledge your letter of February 21, and to thank you for the drawing of Princess Margaret Rose, which has now arrived.

The Duchess is charmed with the drawing and much touched by the kindly thought which prompted the gift.

Her Royal Highness has such happy memories of Australia.

Yours faithfully,
LETTICE BOWLBY,
Lady-in-Waiting.

New Paris Surprise

THERE is an amusing style of hat making its appearance in Paris just now. It is neither toque, turban, nor Russian cap, although very much reminiscent of all three. In fact, it is just a tulle ribbon draped round the head, and with no crown, but this scrap of ribbon makes the most ravishing little headpiece that can be imagined. The matching scarf ties at one side in a huge butterfly bow. This, of course, is for formal wear, theatres or restaurants.

Another similar creation has no brim and the aural crown is of lace, with an exquisitely fairylike veil shading the forehead.

LIFE Begins at FORTY

(Continued from Page 3)

"AT twenty," Mr. Pitkin writes, "people fritter away a horsepower on a jackass scheme. At forty they manipulate every mouse-power so that it does the work of a hundred horses. So, I repeat, life begins at forty in a sense hitherto unappreciated; for then, first of all, normal people are able to get the most of what they want by spending the least of what they have in the form of vital energies."

As examples of famous people who have been nobodies before forty, Mr. Pitkin mentions Wordsworth, Ibsen, Charles Darwin, Joseph Conrad, and Herbert Hoover. There are, of course, many others. Bernard Shaw and John Galsworthy could be added to the list. It is encouraging to realise that at an age when many people consider they are too old to start anything, these people have commenced to climb the ladder of success.

H. G. Wells, another famous writer, who achieved his greatest success since he turned forty, once asked, apropos of women:

"Is there, after forty, any alternative to bride?" And he answers thus: "At

present there is no useful role for most of these women in the forties and fifties. Their old jobs, if they had jobs before marriage, do not want them back, and there are not nearly enough fresh openings."

Mr. Pitkin thinks differently, however, and in a special chapter, "Does Woman's Life Begin at Forty?" endeavors to point out why he thinks it does.

The book, like most American books of this kind, is inclined to burst into capitals at odd moments, and Mr. Pitkin frequently argues from false premises, but there is the germ of a great truth in his thesis, one which every person nearing forty should think out for themselves. A book of this kind will help to point the way. Save for sickness and real old age, we are as old as we let ourselves become.

"Life Begins at Forty," Walter B. Pitkin. 5/-, Angus and Robertson. (Australian edition.)

H. OST Holbrook says: Cocktail parties are the vogue just now. Holbrook's Manhattan Olives are correct for the cocktail.***

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Worries over a gray hair but she neglects her teeth and gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE gets panic-stricken about a gray hair... and yet nobody else would ever know she had one! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look... and how dingy and dull. To be really attractive your teeth must be white and bright... and teeth can't be good-looking unless your gums are healthy, because sound teeth are absolutely dependent on the condition of your gums. To be healthy your gums

need the stimulation of regular, frequent exercise given them by the natural work of *chewing*. It's because the soft modern foods of *to-day's* meals rob your gums of this stimulation that they become soft and flabby... bleed easily... and ★pink tooth brush" often follows.

Check "pink tooth brush" quickly... it threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth... the charm of your smile. Keep your gums hard and healthy... and your teeth clean and

bright by the regular use of Ipana Tooth Paste. Each time you clean your teeth squeeze a little extra Ipana on fingertip or tooth brush and massage it into your gums. Start to-morrow. Follow the Ipana treatment regularly and faithfully and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it.

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

★"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a trace of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender... that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Now! Before it's too late.

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TOOTH PASTE



1/-, OR IN A SUPER SIZE 2/-, AT ALL CHEMISTS

IT ACTUALLY MAKES TEETH SHADES WHITER

EVEN TEETH THAT HAVE
BEEN DULL FOR YEARS

... TRY IT

Double Cleansing
Achieves Quick
Results



Removes Ugly
Tarnish and
Stain. Makes
Teeth Sparkle

Don't believe that
your teeth are naturally
dull, off-colour, or suscep-
tible to decay simply because
brushing fails to keep them sound
or make them white. Remember
this:—

Any preparation that polishes teeth and
fails to kill germs—millions of germs that
swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and
gum troubles—ONLY HALF-CLEANS TEETH.
One dental cream that kills troublesome germs
as it cleans the teeth is KOLYNOS. Try it—a half-
inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Soon
your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains
two priceless ingredients that give the teeth a
DOUBLE-CLEANSING. As one foams into
every crevice, over-every tooth surface and
washes away food accumulation, stain and tar-
nish—the other kills millions of germs.

Thus, in a remarkably short time, teeth are

cleaned right down to
the beautiful natural
white enamel—without
injury. They look more
attractive than you ever
believed possible. They are
safeguarded against decay.

No, you need not put up with
dull, HALF-CLEANS TEETH.
Start using KOLYNOS, the antiseptic
dental cream. Get a tube to-day.

KOLYNOS
LASTS TWICE
THE USUAL
TIME—BECAUSE
YOU USE HALF
AS MUCH

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic Dental Cream



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announcement of a further reduction in the
purchase price of "Ovaltine." This is the direct
result of greatly increased sales on a world-wide scale
—with the consequent decrease in production costs.

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facturers, these savings are immediately passed on to
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These new low prices of "Ovaltine" afford a con-
siderable saving and enable this delicious health-
giving beverage to be enjoyed by every member of the
family in every home.

The quality and quantity of "Ovaltine" in the tins
remains precisely the same. There has never been
and there will not be the slightest lowering of the
quality of "Ovaltine"—for it is upon its supreme
quality that the increasing reputation of "Ovaltine"
depends. There is only one "Ovaltine"—there is
nothing "just as good." Reject substitutes.

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NEW BOOKS

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"Anthony Adverse" a Remarkable Book

One of the most intriguing books of the moment is
"Anthony Adverse," the 1200-page human history of the life
of a man of the Napoleonic period.

It is almost impossible to review
adequately a book packed so
full of incident, and ideas, of this
length.

As Noel Coward says of "Anthony
Adverse": "It really is an extraordinary
achievement to be able to sustain
breathless excitement and great beauty
of writing for 1200 pages without letting
down. I was deeply impressed by it."

Of the "breathless excitement" there
is plenty, but "Anthony Adverse"
could not be placed in the thriller class.
The exciting passages are well balanced
by soft and gentle happenings. Every
emotion receives its due.

Out of happenings that do not con-
cern him directly and into similar
happenings, "Anthony Adverse" comes
and goes. Born of love, he dies in love,
having lived every moment of his life
as few people live.

The first book is an exquisite little
story in itself of the romance of Madame
Maria La Marquise de Carabas, married
to a wealthy Spanish aristocrat, years
older than herself, and Captain Dennis
Moore, of the French Royal Horse
Guards.

The Carabas equipage is found on its
way to the chateau of M. Le Comte de
Beauvoisin, who has placed his country
residence at the service of the marquis
so that he can avail himself of the
curative properties of neighboring min-
eral springs. He is crippled with rheu-
matism.

Enlating the aid of Lucia, Maria's
maid, Dennis manages to see his lover
when the marquis is away at the waters.

Many months of romance are spent
in pastoral beauty. The author's de-
scriptive passages of love-making are
charmingly delicate.

Elopement

AT last it becomes imperative for
Dennis Moore to take away Maria,
who has been everything to him. She is
going to bear him a child, and can con-
ceal the fact from her husband only
with the greatest difficulty.

The two plan to elope, but the mar-
quis, finding out what has happened,
takes his wife away at once, determined
that Dennis shall not have her.

After a night of great anxiety Dennis
follows. He catches up with the Carabas
coach at a lonely inn and fights a duel
with the marquis, who kills him. A
week or two later the young mother
dies in childbirth, and the baby, who
becomes "Anthony Adverse," is left at
a convent by the marquis.

The author, Hervey Allen, displays a
vivid insight with regard to the develop-
ment of and the working of the human
mind. He describes Anthony's evolution
from the earliest movements of thought
in his infant brain.

"The world as he found it permitted
him to exist rather satisfactorily. He
had early discovered the remarkable
manifestations in the region of his eyes.
He already used these valuable organs
well; that is to say, he used them both
together."

"Through them the world was already
accurately focussed upon him, and he
upon it. And he must, even in the course
of a few hundred days since his emer-
gence from the waters of darkness, have
made many more profound inferences
about it than some adult philosophers
would be prepared to admit. His eyes
no longer merely followed something
moving or stared. They were, as often
as not, directed from within, and in
such a manner as to indicate that he
felt he was in the courtyard (where
the nuns used to keep him) and not it
in him."

For Portly People

TO-DAY is the day of tummies!
Working conditions make it neces-
sary for so many people to spend the
best part of their lives sitting, that
corporations are on the increase. Those
who do not think it dignified (there are
some who do) should read Hornbrook's
work, "The Culture of the Abdomen." It
is a ritual of health and a cure for
obesity among other more common ail-
ments.

It is claimed that only seven minutes'
daily exercise is needed to retain that
slim girlish outline about the waist-
line. Apart from its utility there is a
certain humorous literary interest in
this classic of the abdomen. The new
edition has a preface by Sir W. Arbuth-
not Lane, and a recommendation from
the late Arnold Bennett, who, if memory
serves, could not have done his daily
seven minutes.

"The Culture of the Abdomen."
Hornbrook. (6/-, Angus and Robertson.)

"In fact, he was already quite sure
of it. It had taken several months and
certain alterations in the shape of his
eyes to enable him to arrive at this
stupendous, and not entirely logical
conclusion."

Spirituality

It is interesting to note from this ex-
tract that the author admits a pre-
sence of intelligence which is capable
of understanding and realising things.
In the last chapters, when "Anthony
Adverse," after a life packed with ad-
ventures and dangers, dies through a
self-inflicted wound from an axe while
chopping down a tree, the reader is
given a detailed description of his fading
thoughts which reveals the same
acknowledgement of spirituality. On
the other hand the author is satirical
in a gentle kind of way about the or-
thodox spiritual things of the times he
describes.

Accompanying "Anthony Adverse"
through his romantic doings is a little
statue of the Madonna which belonged
to his mother, and which was his sole
possession when he came into the
world.

His father was killed for the love of
an elderly rich man's wife, but when
history repeats itself for Anthony he
succeeds, where his father failed, and
marries one of the richest women in
Mexico, after travels to many other
lands. The path of love is made smooth,
in this case, however, by the death of
Dona Dolores de Almanara's husband.

Anthony, during the course of his
vigorous life, has made fortunes and
tasted the somewhat doubtful pleasures
of wealth, or, at least, they have a
doubtful flavor to him. Dolores shares
his outlook, so they leave most of their
property in charge of overseers, and
go to live in the village of La Luz, on
top of a high range of mountains.

It is here that Anthony finds peace
and happiness.

"Happiness came to them not as
something ordinary to be ruthlessly
used. Not as a mere norm always to
be transcended by passion, if they were
really to feel alive, but like a new gift
brought secretly at night by some mys-
terious and generous spendthrift, who
they knew they might find almost any
morning and had failed to remember
them. They did not speculate about it,
nor spoil it by impossible precautions
and useless apprehensions. Like a plant
whose end is sure, they let it grow,
blossom, and seed in its own way upon
the hill where it stood."

"Anthony Adverse." Hervey Allen.
(14/-, Victor Gollancz.)



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The Purser's TABLE



THE ship sailed at midnight. The first long tremor of her awakening heart shook the heart of Echo Malone. She leaned over the rail and waved farewell to her mother and the little group of friends on the fast disappearing quay, and then stood watching

for the last sight of the docks against the darkness. She went below at last and went to bed among the roses, the books and the baskets of fruit. Fell asleep for the first time to the siren lullaby of water chuckling along a ship's sides—deeply stirring music.

She found a letter from her mother in her dressing-case when she dressed in the morning. Poor mother—anguish at the very last—"Remember, dear child, this holiday is to build your health, not to break your heart. Men look for amusement on sea cruises. Beware of ship's flirtations."

Echo laughed at herself in the glass as she brushed her soft cloud of autumn hair. "Oh, I hope I have a few. I'm out for fun, too—for life, for laughter." And she drew a deep breath of anticipation as she shook out her green sports suit—the one that made her look like a flower-stem, with her long, dancer's legs and her round young body.

Many of the passengers had breakfast in their cabins, but not Echo, who was away for a rest for the good of her health. She had to be up and discovering as early as possible. She stood in the entrance of the cream and gilt dining saloon surveying the flower-decked tables with delight. The chief steward approached with his list—had she a place? No—and offering her his highest compliment after a swift look—suggested the captain's table. Unaware of the honor, she said: "That big

The chief steward had a sense of humor, and the purser came down to lunch to see the three unattached women on the ship seated at his table. There was a blonde who owed her brilliance to art, but it was art. There was a port American with a reticent nose and flashing dark eyes, and there was Echo with her autumn hair and elfin face, looking as unreal as a Lorelei against the healthy splendor of the other two.

The purser paled visibly. "Good heavens, Greenly," he remarked; "this is too much. Find me a couple of men at once to help me cope with it."

"Good, sir," said the chief steward, and set about his mission.

Lewis Gray then straightened his jacket, loosened his collar, and advanced to his table with debonair composure.

"Good morning, ladies," he said, seating himself and taking the proffered menu card. "I believe we're in for a spell of lovely weather."

THE blonde Lillian could defeat any man's intention to be non-committal. She looked across at Echo, then sideways at Margaret Stoke, and remarked languidly—"You certainly said it." The purser gave her a quick, appreciative look and their eyes met. Echo saw the look and promptly lost all self-consciousness. No attention would be wasted on her. The chief steward, with admirable promptitude and not a little irony, was now conducting two large, fat, middle-aged men to the purser's table, and the complement was complete. The stewards in the immediate vicinity exchanged delighted glances, then set about their affairs with the solemn despatch appropriate to the occasion.

Echo was at once aware of the purser's singular and uncommon charm. He was good-looking, yes; slim, graceful, well turned-out. He had dark, laughing eyes and fine teeth, and a constant flow of entertaining meal-time conversation. But it was not in these things that his charm lay. It was in his irrepressible joy of living. You felt good to be near him. Echo sensed a little strain between him and the two business men who were making the voyage for a rest-cure, but her logical mind decided that it was natural that they should regard the purser as something of a butterfly without a serious purpose in life, for the simple reason that he made no secret of the fact that he was enjoying himself.

It was not, however, till dinner on the second day out that the purser really noticed Echo for the first time. She was fighting, yes, actually fighting the two middle-aged men. Her back was almost turned on the purser, on whose left side she sat, and she had quite obviously left him as usual to the conversational resources of the dark Margueret and the blonde Lillian.

"I don't agree with you—I won't," she was saying vehemently. "It may be prosperity, but it isn't success. It isn't success if you haven't got time to enjoy your life."

Both the large men smiled as if they were humoring a child.

"Oh, as to that," said one, "show me anyone over thirty who actually enjoys all of his life."

"The purser does," said the gilded Lillian. "He lives the perfect life, don't you, Mr. Gray?"

All turned to the young man at the head of the table, darkly debonair in his uniform.

"Everyone mightn't like it, but yes—it is, for me."

"And a lot you get out of it," grumbled the other large man rudely. The purser refused to take offence. He infused a world of difference into the meaning of the words.

"A lot I get out of it," he agreed.

The man at the other end of the table gave him a sour look as if he were dismissing him as some kind of egotist. He'd seen him dancing with the passengers, taking care to dance only with the youngest and prettiest women. The perfect life, indeed!

BUT Echo discerned the warm fervor in his voice, and now completely at her ease, she said: "If you have found the secret of the perfect life, you must tell me about it, Mr. Gray."

The purser looked at her with sudden interest. Here was something new, something different.

"You believe, then, that there is an art in living?"

"Yes," replied Echo. "Not only that,



Illustrated
... by ...
Boothroyd

"You begin to see why the life gets you, don't you?" and in his voice and manner there was none of the chagrin and surprise he felt at the turn events had taken.

but I believe the art of living is the greatest of all the arts."

The large man got up abruptly and departed. The very dark girl and the very blonde girl waited expectantly though their coffee cups were empty.

"Excuse me," said the purser, rising. "I have some work to do before I can dance."

He went to his cabin and waited till the coast was clear, then went out in search of Echo. He found her leaning over the rail gazing into the star-bound darkness.

She smiled at him with impersonal welcome, and now he saw how elfishly fascinating she was with her deep grey eyes and frail white face—such slim little fingers holding her shimmering cloak.

"Come and tell me about the perfect life," she said. "I want to learn to live it. I have dreamed of travel for years, till I was lucky enough to have pneumonia."

"That is one way of looking at pneumonia," laughed the purser. "And I'm inclined to think it's the best way."

He took her up on the boat-deck, and to Echo, who had never been to sea before, there was nothing banal in this search for solitude. They leaned over the rail very close together between the black bulk of the boats and feasted their eyes on the crowding stars. The wind was warm and soft and the mysterious water lit the trails of phosphorescence.

Echo did not remember her mother's letter when Lewis Gray took one of her little hands in his firm, cool grasp. It

was comforting to have your hand held in the face of such shattering immensity, and besides, there was that certain something about him—that warm something—that promise of perpetual youth—the outline of his face was very young—very cleanly cut—against the exciting starlight. His voice was disturbing, too—low and caressing.

"The perfect life," he began, "well, it means something different to everyone."

"I know, I know," cried the girl impatiently. She didn't want a homely life, what he thought. "But pour, Mr. Gray, what does it mean to you as you admit you lead it?"

"Echo," he said, "a lovely name. Echo, I never heard it before. I'll have to use it."

She did not know he was known as a fast worker. She agreed impatiently.

"Do, of course. After all we are friends—and at sea."

"There isn't much to tell you, Echo. Just this. I go to sea because I love it. I am free. I am happy. I have the stars, the sea, the sky. I like meeting

strangers—people on holiday—continually changing. I meet them—I know them—they are gone. No time to tire. I like being alone and I hate loneliness. So I have company when I want it, and solitude when I need it—up here, on deck in the sun, in my cabin working—what matter?"

"I have no ties, no responsibilities—except those of my job, necessary to make a man feel needed. I have a cottage in the country where I stay sometimes for a change and miss a couple of passages. It will be there if I ever have done with the sea. The day always comes. I collect books—queer books and first editions. I am fond of my relations because I see so little of them. I buy things for them in foreign places."

"I like work—I like freedom—swimming, sunbathing, stargazing—strange purrs, movement, change, the skies, the sea—I have them all."

"It seems complete except for love," she said. "And the really was quite impersonal, entirely innocent of motive. 'Don't you ever want love?'"

H ER eyes were hidden shadows in her star-bright face, and he could not read them. Her voice gave no hint of challenge. He was non-plussed.

"Why, yes, sometimes I do."

She was triumphant.

"And then what of your perfect life? Don't you see? It can't be complete. No one has found how to have everything. You see what I mean. It is an art—to live. You give up something that you may have something else. You see—"

"I don't exactly—"

"But of course. You love your freedom. You wouldn't give it up. You have almost everything. Even dancing and the society of women. But when it comes to love you have to deny the best thing in life to keep all the others."

Lewis Gray had never thought of that.

"When I want to love—" he began, and stopped.

She did not know he was about to say "when I want love I take it." Something in the alien atmosphere of ship-life and sea freedom had swept away the usual shyness of Echo. She was completely natural.

"Yes, and you will want it," she said, "and then you'll have to go without."

No girl had ever talked like this on the boat deck to Lewis Gray without meaning she was willing to play the game.

"I want it now," he said masterfully.

"and I don't mean to go without." His arm went round her. Echo saw the outline of his dark head against the riotously glittering sky. It was surprisingly dear already, that outline, but she remained a little rigid, surprised.

"Oh, not so soon," she said. "Why, we've only known—"

"Long enough," he murmured against her lips.

They stayed on the boat deck till after midnight. One of the deck stewards saw them coming down. He passed the word round. The thing was settled. It was Miss Malone for this trip—unless, of course, as had happened before, someone more interesting came on board later.

"I'm not free till twelve," Gray explained to Echo when they reached port. "But if you don't mind waiting for me instead of going off on one of these sight-seeings, I'd like to take you ashore."

The soft shining in her eyes touched his heart for a moment. He really must not hurt this lovely, fragrant, unspoiled girl.

"I'd rather see a funny little street with you, Lewis, than explore a whole town with the others," she said.

He smiled at her with genuine affection.

"That's about all we'll have time for, darling, and a cocktail. Come and get a book to read on deck this morning."

He left her in his spacious cabin looking at the books. There were rows of them on the sturdy shelves built by the ship's carpenter—philosophy, travel, science, art, biography, memoirs, fiction, poetry—and the best of them at that. She ran her finger over the backs lovingly. Yes, he had discovered the perfect life. He had most of the delights of home, and nearly all the joys of freedom. He must have a rich mind, too, for he knew how to nourish it. And he was hers. Her mind visioned his charming face, his quick smile, his amused eyes, his debonair swift grace. Would he leave her alone at home while he went on wandering? Would he forget her the second day out—talking, smiling, making a continual succession of pretty women welcome at the purser's table?

Love was a hurting thing. And he would never—surely never—give up the sea. There it was, a cloud on her love—no bigger than a man's hand. She pushed it away as they went ashore in the motor-launch—the very first time she had landed at a strange port, and with the man she loved. This was life.

They walked slowly, happily across a tree-shaded square, and through narrow, crowding streets into the blinding brilliance of the wide road running along the darkly blue sea. The man hailed a taxi. He gave her arm a little squeeze.

"You're a rare little girl," he said.

"Meaning?"

"You care more for being than for seeing—and this being your first adventure makes it all the more remarkable."

Please turn to Page 34

The Old Soak

To-day I met a great old soak. Of men, and many things, he spoke. And spoke with wisdom, as they do Who have been through what he's been through.

Who was this soak so picturesque? A blotter on a fellow's desk.

"Men blot the record now and then," he said, "with careless hand or pen. And then they always turn to me To fix the blot so none will see. Although I try to cure the stain, A little always will remain."

"And so it is with blotted lives: A little of the stain survives, And yet it's better (than to say, 'I'll have to throw the thing away') To fix the thing the best we can And then go on, a wiser man."

"The best of men will make mistakes, As steel will bend, yet seldom breaks. The best of men will make a blot, And yet it nearly is forgot. If men will leave the past behind And make the future clean and kind."

—J.B.

round one? Oh no—too many strangers. What about that little one near by—there?"

The chief steward looked in the direction of her pointing finger and a slight smile touched his lips. Such was Fate—well, so be it.

"That," he said, "is the purser's table."

Echo did not know precisely what the purser was.

"Very well," she said sedately, "that will do."

She followed him and sat down, unaware of the meaning looks exchanged among the hovering stewards. This was the most beautiful girl for the purser's table for many moons. It would be an interesting trip if the purser ran to form. The first breakfast out, Echo had the table to herself. She chose her breakfast from the opulent menu before her.

"Steward, what exactly is the purser?"

"A very gay and cheerful gentleman, miss—very popular with the ladies."

"I didn't mean that—I mean—"

The steward explained to her the generous and exacting nature of Lewis Gray's position, making a very creditable effort to look suitably grave.

By OLGA ROSMANITH

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ALEX LAW



PANSY was in the garden among her flowers. She knelt on the grass beside a bed of rust-colored tulips, gently stirring the damp, brown, sweet-smelling earth between the pale, broad leaves.

Half an hour ago or more she had meant to go indoors to tidy herself and change her frock. But how could you leave a garden on a spring evening, when its scents were so heavenly and a soft golden haze, the parting gift of the sun, lay over everything?

She knew it must be nearly time for Robert to come home; she knew it would annoy him not to find her ready to welcome him. Ready! As if she weren't always ready for Robert to come home. What did it really matter whether she was sitting at leisure indoors with a book and wearing a filmy frock, or kneeling here beside the tulips in a tweed skirt and jumper, her little hands liberally smeared with earth, her curly hair ruffled about her flushed cheeks?

If Robert would come, walking quietly on the grass so that she should not hear, and lift her to her feet and kiss her . . . Pansy bit her lip hard and fiercely. Because once Robert had done that, in the big garden at home.

He had laughed at her surprise, laughed away her contrition for her muddy hands, and kissed them, too. But that was before she had become Robert's wife. Being Robert's wife appeared to be a most unexpectedly tremendous and responsible affair.

There were things one did and things one didn't do; and the things one did were all the things that Pansy found most difficult to do. Like calling on people and giving tea-parties and little dinner-parties, and taking a stall at the vicarage sale of work. Things that filled shy, sensitive Pansy with nervous panic.

As for the things one didn't do, she was always doing them, Pansy felt, though chiefly they centred around her garden. Whenever she possibly could she tended her garden in the afternoon, and sometimes important personages coming to call had discovered her there, with grubby hands and wind-blown hair.

Had she been older and more experienced, Pansy could have carried off these trying situations with laughing apologies; as it was, they only increased her natural nervousness.

She was so anxious to please Robert, to help him on this arduous—it seemed to her very arduous—climb up the ladder of social success. She had had no idea that Robert was so intent on climbing anywhere. Sometimes, when she was worried and unhappy, she wondered if she would have married Robert had she known. And then she was angry with herself for wondering, because she knew really she would have married Robert even if he had wanted to climb to the moon.

Sometimes, when she felt she had been a particularly dismal failure, she wondered why ever Robert had married her. And when she wondered this she couldn't chase the thought away merely by being angry with it, because, for all she knew, he might be sorry already that he had.

Footsteps crunched on the gravel down by the gate. Pansy looked up with a little startled gasp. Oh dear! really she had had no idea it was as late as that.

She sat back on her heels as her lord and master bore down upon her, and offered him a hopeful little smile.

"Why on earth are you out here so late? And get up off the grass, Pansy, for heaven's sake; it must be damp."

It did not occur to her that he was really anxious that the ground might be damp. She got up rather slowly and then flung out an earthy hand towards the tulips.

"Aren't they lovely?" "Where are the gardening gloves I bought you?" Robert asked, ignoring the tulips completely.

Pansy looked vague. "Oh, why, I had them, I think. I must have taken them off when I was tying up some plants. It's so difficult with gloves."

She looked at him appealingly. Why didn't he love the garden, too? Or even love it just a little because she loved it so?

Robert was turning away. "Well—let's go indoors. It will take you a long time to get your hands clean, and you haven't changed. The Rickshaws are coming in after dinner. I met Rickshaw just now."

Presently, as they sat at dinner, Robert said:

"I wish you'd see more of Mrs. Rickshaw, Pansy. I've told you they're worth cultivating. They know everyone."

"I don't like her," said Pansy aloofly. "And I don't think they're very nice people."

Robert stared at her in amazement. "Not nice! My dear child, whatever do you mean?"

"I'm not a child," said Pansy, with unusual petulance. "and I suppose I have a right to my own opinions. They're not the kind of people I would choose for my friends. It always seems to me that you want to know people just for what they are, or what they do, not because you like them at all."

It was the first time she had criticised him, and if Robert were surprised, Pansy herself was more surprised still. He was silent for so long in his astonishment that she wondered if she had made him angry. But suddenly he laughed, a quiet kind, indulgent, but very superior, laugh.

Pansy felt she would rather he had been angry.

"You don't understand, dear. When one has to think of one's career, both business and social, one can't afford to pick and choose. One must know the right people, and not stop to think if they're likeable or not."

"But how does one know," said Pansy, in a meek, small voice, "that they are the right people?"

"Really, Pansy," Robert said, with more than a hint of irritation. "Anybody who's soon to have some neighbors who, I should hope, will suit even you"—this with jocular sarcasm—"Sir James and Lady Clarendon have taken the Grange." And he sat back in his chair with such an air of triumph that he might have managed the whole affair.

Pansy merely said indifferently: "But titles don't mean anything today. He may be a retired dustman, or something of that sort."

"Sir James," explained Robert, with what he no doubt considered admirable patience, "is the tenth baronet."

"Oh," said Pansy, "how nice." Robert looked at her suspiciously, and then went on:

"He has had to let his place in Gloucestershire because of the high taxation and is coming to live here, at least for a time. I heard all about it to-day. The Grange is to be done up, and then they will move in at once."

"Oh!" said Pansy, as a thought struck her. "Then what will happen to those nice people at the South Lodge?"

"What people?" demanded Robert. Pansy looked slightly guilty. She said with a mixture of defiance and dignity:

"Well, I have found some very nice people to know. They are living at the Grange south lodge. They haven't been there very long."

"Living at one of the lodges? But who are they? How on earth did you get to know them? Surely you didn't call?"

Robert sounded so horrified that Pansy had to struggle to repress a tell-tale dimple.

"No, I didn't as a matter of fact. I didn't even know anyone was there. But when I passed one day they were busy in the garden, and they had a puppy with them, and he ran out into the road without their noticing, so I caught him and took him back to them. And then we began talking—it was the garden chiefly. They want it to be a mass of flowers this summer. They want it to be specially beautiful because it's their first garden—I mean, the first they've had together. They work in it every day—together."

And Pansy's voice suddenly trailed away.

But Robert did not notice the odd way in which it had failed. He said sharply:

"Do you mean you've seen them since—that you've let them get friendly?"

Pansy had mastered the choking sensation in her throat, had blinked

away the sudden rush of tears. She said firmly:

"I always stop to talk when I'm passing. I'm giving them some of my antirrhinum plants—they're all coming on so well that I shall have more than I need. And I'm going to ask them to tea, and I'm to go there as soon as they're not quite so fearfully busy. They're painting the house inside themselves, too, and Mrs. Castle says it must be spick and span before they have their first visitor. They seem to enjoy themselves so. They make a game of everything."

"But what," said Robert, "is Castle—if that's the name? He seems to have a lot of spare time on his hands."

"He writes," said Pansy.

"You mean he's an author?" "Well," said Pansy judiciously, "he's going to be. He gets things accepted every now and then already. They're both awfully young."

Words seemed to fail Robert. He made a noise expressive of intense exasperation.

"Well, Pansy, I can only say I disapprove strongly of your—or being friendly with these people. I trust you will not let it go further."

Pansy gave a soft little sigh and followed it by sticking out her pretty chin mutinously.

"Robert," she said then, pleadingly. "I—I do wish you'd meet them. They're so charming. Perhaps—perhaps then you'd see what I mean by people being nice to know—different from the people that"—she conceded this generously—"one has to know."

"I don't think we need discuss it any more," he said coldly.

And this time Pansy's whole small figure stiffened in rebellion.

All a-flutter with excitement, Pansy slipped into a little grey silk afternoon dress.

It was the first time, the very first time she had ever joyfully anticipated visitors. How delightful it was to make preparations for people you really wanted to come, with whom you could be happily friendly without a thought as to whether you were suitably impressing them.

Please turn to Page 32



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"Breakfast is served, sire."

PICKLES and EGGS cause a Breakfast TRAGEDY

How to Keep Husbands Alive and Happy

I am writing this with one hand, having had the other badly injured due to my patriotic efforts to light a basket-bomb with a cigarette butt on Empire Day. One of the kids is missing, too, but that's not worrying me.

My assistant mail-opener brought to me yesterday a letter enquiring what I knew about breakfasts, and what was the typical Australian breakfast.

By...
L. W.
LOWER
Illustrated
by
WEP

and one spears a devilled kidney here, a slab of bacon there, an armful of toast, perhaps a handful of marmalade, and there you are.

Now, breakfast at our place is different to any breakfast in any other place. Everybody gets up and hates everything solidly for about twenty minutes, by which time breakfast is ready. Then you sit down and say, "Eggs! I'm sick of eggs!"

Then the wife of your bosom says, "Put that paper down! How would you get on at the Hotel Ritz if you propped your paper up against the pickles at breakfast!"

"Pickles!" you retort, sneeringly, "who ever heard of pickles on a breakfast table? That bottle of pickles has been put on this table ever since we've been married, and nobody has ever touched the thing. I suppose you regard it as an ornament!"

You go on from there until the point when you leave the house after one soul-satisfying slam of the front gate.

THEN, of course, there is the business girl's breakfast. This consists of two measured mouthfuls of tea and half a piece of toast eaten at the gallop while racing for the tram.

Artists' breakfasts consist mostly of a large drink of water out of the jug on the washstand. Occasionally they are able to scrounge a bit of counter lunch the previous night. Wep, the cele-

brated and almost notorious artist who drew the horrible thing on this page, lived entirely on counter lunch for twelve years in Melbourne. He ran out of hotels there, so he had to travel to Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane in turn.

I myself always like to get home in time for breakfast. I find it a great saving to stay out all night. All I have to do is warm my dinner up, and there's my breakfast. On other occasions I find that one good look at a breakfast is quite sufficient for me.

WIVES should be very kind and tactful to their husbands about breakfast time. They should get the breakfast ready, put it on the table, inform the husband, and then go away and hide.

The correct time to come out of hiding is when he starts bellowing, "Where did you put my hat! Good Lord, a man can't put a thing down in this confounded place without she moves it. Isn't there a blasted clean handkerchief in the house? What's the time? Where's the HANDKERCHIEFS!"

Then when you've found everything for him and done practically everything except wash him, he collects all the matches in the house, including those near the gas stove and the bath-heater, and stamps off muttering that he knows he's going to be late.

That's what breakfast does to a man. It ought to be prohibited.

READING the CARDS ... in CONTRACT

A Tip from Ely Culbertson

This is the nineteenth of a series of articles by Ely Culbertson, world's champion player and greatest card analyst, dealing with the elementary principles of bidding and play. Every necessary element of bidding and play will be discussed by Mr. Culbertson, with a preliminary note by Dr. F. V. McAdam, one of Australia's foremost authorities on contract bridge.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

HOW many of our so-called experts can, after a few rounds of play, "place" the important remaining cards in their opponents' hands? Very few indeed, I am afraid.

Most players seem to play "by ear," and just meander along from trick to trick paying no heed to what has gone. Should your partner deal and call one club and later on bid one heart over your one diamond, what do you know of his hand? Can you visualise it at all? Well, the most precise information

you have is that he has 5 clubs and 4 hearts, but how many players could tell you that? Again what is the probable constitution of your partner's hand: Try and visualise his holding as Hearts, A Q x x and Clubs, A 10 x x x.

Should this not be his exact holding, at any rate he will have at least its equivalent. When able to make these simple inferences, you will rapidly progress to the fascinating problems which card reading affords.

By ELY CULBERTSON: Article XIX

IF a player has mastered all the preceding lessons and learned all the plays with which they deal, he is ready to graduate into the class of expert players.

First, however, he must learn to concentrate on every card, so that he will be able to extract every obtainable bit of information from every play. Once he does this, it becomes a simple matter to locate the important cards in each suit, and also to read the distribution of a hand to an extent where the elementary features of his Dummy play and defence become automatic.

There is no real method of teaching card-reading. It can only be learned by experience.

The example which I give below is merely illustrative of just exactly how a player counts a particular hand. The methods of counting are different in each instance, and so this example cannot be expected to be at all comprehensive. It is merely an attempt to present the proper mental process:

S: 9 5
H: Q 7 5
D: A J 10 4
C: A K 6 2

S: K 8 6 2
H: 10 8 4 3
D: 9 5 5 2
C: 8

S: Q J 10 7 4
H: A K 2
D: Q
C: 10 9 7 5

On this hand South is the declarer at a contract of three no-trump. The opening lead is the deuce of spades, Dummy plays the five, East plays the 10, and declarer the three-spot. This particular play is perfectly hopeless as a straight hold-up play, because it is perfectly evident that the spades cannot be divided 7-2. However, declarer hopes to obtain additional information. East returns the queen, which declarer wins with the ace, West playing the six-spot.

Certain things are immediately apparent. West's two-spot marks him with a four-card spade suit. It is also clear that the suit must be headed by the king, for East must hold the knave of spades, as he has played the 10 on the opening lead and returned the queen.

In order to obtain additional informa-

tion, declarer decides to take four rounds of clubs.

On the second round West discards a low heart, plainly indicating that he held originally a singleton club. This, together with the fact that he held a four-card spade suit, marks him with eight red cards.

Now South makes an important deduction.

Neither of these red suits can contain more than four cards, as then West would have held a five-card suit and he would have opened it against a no-trump rather than open a four-card suit headed by a king.

West's entire distribution is therefore marked as four spades, four hearts, four diamonds, and one club, and by an equally simple deduction East's distribution is marked as five spades, three hearts, one diamond, and four clubs.

Declarer's principal worry at the start was the diamond suit, as he had a choice of finesses, and could not afford to lose the lead. His location of the distribution makes the entire matter very simple, indeed. He removes East's singleton diamond by laying down the king from his own hand. As it happens, the queen falls and the diamonds in the Dummy are immediately established. If the queen had not fallen this card could at once be placed with West and the finesse taken through this player with perfect safety. Declarer, therefore, makes four club tricks, four diamond tricks, and one spade trick, fulfilling his contract.

Note how easily this card-reading settled all doubts in declarer's mind. The success or failure of the contract depended entirely upon the correct play of the diamond suit, which at first glance would seem to depend on an absolute guess.

However, in this case, as in almost all others, the guess could be settled by systematic card-reading and counting.

Once West's distribution was established, it became a simple matter to place the diamonds in the proper fashion.

As I said before, this one example will not be sufficient to teach people card reading. It is not intended to be, but merely to serve as an illustration of the reasoning process, and the sort of clues a declarer uses.

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An Editorial

JUNE 2, 1934.

WHAT IS SEX EQUALITY?

ONE of the mysteries of life is the fact that a woman alone in the house will be content with a cup of tea and slice of bread-and-butter for lunch, whereas if her husband is home the table is spread and a proper meal served.

"Do you think I'd bother with a big house like this if it wasn't for you?" she tells her husband. "I like to make a nice home for you."

The husband scratches his head in bewilderment. He thought he had been slaving to provide a nice home for his wife, only to be told that if she did not have him, she could be quite happy in a room!

As usual, this is only another illustration of the interdependability of man and woman. The woman without a man will live in a dainty, prim little place of her own. The man without a woman will live in bachelor quarters which always, no matter how comfortable and snug, smack of barracks, and warships, and mining cabins, and railway waiting-rooms.

It is true that man does most of the political and industrial and laboring work of the world. But what for? His politics are to make the world safe for women and children; his sweat and labor to produce clothes and food and houses for them.

But when man has fortified his frontiers, built his houses, reaped his crops, do these represent the end? Of course not! Woman's partnership is needed to convert the house into a home; and the character of the home is the character of the nation.

That partnership of man and woman is the real meaning of sex equality. It implies equality in two separate but inseparable spheres. To ask for anything more than this is to ask for sex abolition—a race of neuters like the worker bees.

Despite the more ardent feminists and the over-enthusiastic eugenisists, the very human principle of partnership is likely to survive.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

GROWN UP

"How have they hurt you, little one?"
And she was frank in youth,
Climbed my knee, as she'd always done,
And told to me—the truth.

"How have they hurt you, child?" I
said;
She could not meet my eyes;
She only turned away her head
And answered me—with lies.
P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

POINTS OF VIEW

Ideal Man

READERS of The Australian Women's Weekly recently gave their opinions of the ideal man. Here is the ideal man, according to the girl undergraduates of the University of Western Ontario, Canada: "He must have the physique of a six-foot Spartan warrior and Greek athlete. Weight, 12 stone 4 pounds. Have black curly hair, a schoolgirl complexion, and no whiskers, be gentle in his drawing room pastimes and be useful at bridge and dancing. Clever enough to support the girl who takes a chance on him, and be popular enough with other women to justify the 'real girl's' choice; but be careful how he shows it—and wear sporty tweeds."

—FEMINA.

Youngest Mayoress

QUEENSLAND can claim to have had the youngest Mayoress in the history of Australia. She was the late Mrs. James J. Kingsford (nee Sarah McInnes). Born at Glenmore, near Warwick (Qld.), on April 16, 1848, she married the first Mayor of Warwick during his occupancy of the chair on March 28, 1862, and thus became Mayoress at the tender age of 15 years 11 months. Four years later Mrs. Kingsford died, on February 22, 1866, aged 19 years 10 months.—V.

Is It Cricket?

A SUGGESTION has been made that English professional cricketers should receive £200 per match, to bring their earnings into line with those of the budding millionaires of golf and tennis.

Hand me my lyre, someone:
'There's a breathless hush at
Lord's, to-night.

A record gate and a match to
win.

A brand-new ball, an appeal
against light.

Ten to make, and the last man
in.

"And it's not for the sake of a
ribboned coat,

Nor the glory it brought in an
older day,

But the Treasurer's voice on his
conscience smote,
'Play up! Play up, and EARN
your pay!'

—R.K.

Kidnapping Policies

THE kidnapping curse in America has reached such proportions that prominent people are insuring themselves in English and foreign offices against loss or injury suffered through being kidnapped.

The kidnapping "racket" is said to be so well organised in the great land where the Statue of Liberty makes so proud an adornment, that the racketeers have spies in all the large American insurance offices. To get insured at home against abduction, therefore, is to invite kidnapping.

So when Doris Duke came of age, recently, and got control of two out of the seven millions which is her inheritance, she wisely left her New York home to attend a celebration party in complete disguise. Nurseries in rich homes are equipped like fortresses, and perambulators have locked steel bars. Many children, like Mary Pickford's little niece, go to school under police escort.

The Vanderbilts have placed a guard round the family vault because an attempt was made to break into it to steal the coffin of Cornelius Vanderbilt for the purpose of extorting ransom. So the new American terror operates literally from the cradle to the grave.

Thinking it all over as I dropped my last shilling in the gas-meter, I decided to keep my millions in Australia.—J.A.M.

Where Women Excel

"THE Psychology of the Sexes" was the title of an interesting lecture delivered recently at the Kingsway Hall, London, by Professor Cyril Burt, of the University College (London), and he stated that the results of exhaustive laboratory tests revealed that women beat men in the following: They have better memories; can endure more pain; are more dexterous in finer movement; are quicker to detect presence of odor; and their skin is twice as sensitive while their touch discrimination is 80 per cent. greater.

The Professor also said that while men are more imaginative, in general intelligence there is no clear difference between the sexes. Men, he said, won on speed of action; and he also mentioned that out of a list compiled of the 1000 most outstanding figures in English history (including literature and other spheres), only 55 were women. Of emotion, the Professor said, "Women speak in capitals and think in italics. But, perhaps, this is because it is what they are expected to do."—Cal.

Snakes 4 live!

THE report in The Australian Women's Weekly (5/5/34) that a coat made entirely of snakeskin was displayed at the recent Reptile Skin Exhibition in London, recalls that many of the skins used for ladies' snakeskin shoes, etc., made



SOMETHING IS wrong in the pram. . . So mother dives under the hood and rummages in the depths while baby stops crying, appeased by this special attention when out for his morning airing.

In Australia come from the Cape York Peninsula (North Queensland).

It was recently reported, too, that one of the most successful hunters in that area was a woman. During the last four years she supplied over 500 snakeskins to a Townsville skin-merchant, and received over £50 for them. Her largest kill was a 20ft. North Queensland python, the skin of which brought her over £1.

These pythons are the largest of all Australian snakes, and their beautiful skin is well suited for shoes. Although non-venomous, they are by no means harmless, and could kill a fully-grown man with ease by constriction. This Far Northern woman snake-hunter has never been bitten in her perilous work, which is simply a spare-time hobby! Her husband is employed on a cattle station.—Cal.

Where Damper & Old Clothes Make An Empire Day

By DAISY M. BATES, C.B.E.

Out back, where the children of Australia's soil live according to their ancient heritage, the white man's feasts are celebrated in traditional manner. Empire Day, for instance, becomes the occasion for corroborees and feasting. This pen sketch by Daisy M. Bates, who was honored by the King for her work among the aboriginals, describes such a celebration.

WE have two "Special Feasts" every year—Empire Day and Christmas Day—and on these days there is always "lashing and laying" of good things to eat—flour, tea, sugar, tobacco, lollies, jam—and clothing!

The chief charm of these feasts to the natives is that the guests are not made to cohere and form one compact group.

To thoroughly enjoy a feast they must be free to disintegrate into their own little family mobs, each composed of the father, mother, children, and some male and female relatives who are so connected with the little group that they can sit near and see and be seen by the women and children within the little group, and partake of the same food.

On one recent Empire Day celebration there were fifty-one guests all told, men, women, children, and wee babies.

There were 200lbs. flour, 40lbs. sugar, 5lbs. tea, 12lbs. lollies, 5lbs. tobacco, and six tins of jam, as I had expected more guests. All the food and clothing was in readiness inside my breakwind by seven o'clock. All were to have their fires made and water ready for damper and tea making, and a bag to make the damper on.

Then a procession of the older men came along to carry some of the goods, myself bringing up the rear very much overladen.

There are seven fires, and as I look round at the occupants seated by each fire, I am helped yet again in my study of them by observing the personnel of each little mob, its distance from the others, its relationship to the group nearest it, and even its manner of placing itself by the fire.

SEVERAL of the group present had seen the Prince of Wales, whom they called "King-King," as they could not pronounce the word Prince, at Cook Siding on the E.W. line, in 1921, and those who had come into civilisation from the central areas in the years between were told all about that well-remembered time, so that there was no need for me to make a wong-ki (speech).

First the clothing was distributed, the babies taking precedence; then the children, next the men, the older and married men first, and after them the single young men, and lastly the women and girls. Then came the food, each little mob receiving the feast-day portion for every member, even down to the tiny baby in arms.

This part of the proceedings always creates great hilarity, as I name each member when portioning out the supply, and may sometimes give the baby two helpings. They are so used to this fairness in distribution that each mob remains in its place to wait its turn, and I carry the bags, buckets, tins, etc., myself, from group to group, as the men cannot come with me to the group fires, nor can the women, there being certain avoidances between the small mobs that must always be respected. And so I drag my bundles from group to group, and start with my pint pannikin, the damper-making dish or bag being in readiness.

The first pannikin full I name, say, "Dhal-burdiggin," then his woman, Dhambil-nua, his daughter, Jeebala, his mother, Jinnawill, his boys, Yang-gun-nyinna, Thanarri, and the last little baby, seven in all. Each one is named as the pile of flour is added to, and at the baby's pannikin there is great fun. Not all the men will sit with their family in the groups.

With the mobs so divided, each at some distance from the other, the distribution takes some time, but "baacs" having been given to the men, the older and married men in one group, the young bachelors in a separate group, these all smoke or chew while they contentedly watch the proceedings. Lollies having been given to the youngsters with their new clothes, they too were occupied. Finally the food was all given, and each mob had had its proper share, and the bags were empty.

Now the dampers are cooked and divided among the members of each little group, and here again, in the order of distribution and in the size of the piece allotted to each, age-old native custom is evident.

Just before I leave them I ask them all to stand up with me and, when we are all standing, they repeat after me, "God Save the King." Three times we say it, and then the older men join their little mobs, the young bachelors being tended by little brothers or sisters who carry the damper and tea that has been cooked by mother or elder sister.

JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

DECIDED TO HAVE
AN EARLY NIGHT



BUT COULD NOT GET
TO SLEEP FOR THE
PROLONGED RUNNING
OF A CAR
ENGINE



STUCK IT
AS LONG AS
I COULD



AND THEN
FOUND



IT WAS MY OWN
CAR I HAD LEFT
OUT

The... SCHIMMEL Sets the PACE



BETTY HARTLAND heard a horse scream once in agony. Then she dropped the lilies that she and little Sylvia Dasant had been gathering, and went flying through the East African bush. The sight that met her eyes as she rounded a bend in the track brought her to a sudden halt.

In the centre of a forest clearing, Cyril Dasant, older than Sylvia by half a dozen years, was using a heavy hippo-hide kiboko to administer punishment to a great red stallion, which a crowd of natives held roped and helpless. The red schimmel's eyes were blazing, and the natives were hard put to it to hold him, but the scream he had uttered was more of fury than of fear. To one side lay a saddle with burst girths and the state of young Dasant's clothing showed clearly that the horse had thrown him.

Betty felt no pity for the discomfort of the elder of her two pupils, only an intense indignation at what he was doing to the helpless animal. In a second she sprang forward, snatched the whip from his hand and laid it smartly across his shoulders, twice and again, before he could scramble out of her reach.

"Take the red schimmel back to the home paddock!" she told the chattering natives, who were looking curiously at the blubbery boy.

Ten-year-old Sylvia rejoined the governess a moment later.

"Oh, Betty," she panted, "I couldn't keep up with you, but I saw the end of what happened. Now Cyril has run home, and I'm afraid mother will be dreadfully angry with you."

"Never mind, darling," said Betty, "I've been used to horses, and I've loved them, all my life. Neither your mother nor your father would want Cyril to be cruel to animals, I'm sure."

But Mr. Dasant was away from the stables at that time, and Sylvia's prophecy was amply fulfilled, for Mrs. Dasant was awaiting their arrival in

the verandah. Her face was flaming, and her voice shook with cold fury.

"You were engaged as governess to teach the children, Miss Hartland, not to beat them," she stormed. "You may have been a great hunting woman at home, before your people lost their money, but you're a paid servant here, and you'll kindly keep your place."

"But, Mrs. Dasant, Cyril was ill-treating the schimmel shamefully."

"And quite right, too. It's a savage brute, and shall be destroyed the moment my husband gets back."

Betty went to her room, conscious of Cyril smiling triumphantly in the background. She might have left the farm that day but for her love of Sylvia, who played a poor second string to her brother in the mother's affections. Presently the child came stealing in through the open window.

"I'm so sorry, Betty darling," she whispered, "but I expect it will be all right when Father comes back, it's only when he is away that Cyril behaves so badly. May I stay here? I've got such a funny sort of headache."

Betty drew the child into her arms and sat nursing her until she fell asleep. The little hand that rested trustfully in her own was very hot, and, as soon as she could, Betty went in search of Mrs. Dasant.

"I don't think Sylvia is very well," she volunteered.

"I expect she's been eating unripe fruit, when you were not watching her; better give her a dose of medicine when she goes to bed," the mother answered indifferently.

That night Betty lay long awake. Usually the incessant song of the mosquitoes lulled her to sleep, but that night, memory was stirring. Once in the far off, happy days, she had ridden a wild horse of her father's at Richmond Horse Show. He had taken all his jumps without a falter, until the big water jump in the centre of the arena had to be faced, and then he had refused twice and, at the third time of asking, had reared straight up. Betty, to teach him a lesson, had put her weight on the off-side rein and stirrup and had pulled him clean over backwards as she had flung herself clear.

FOR all the applause that had followed it had been a perilous feat, and now, again, she felt a premonition of danger.

At 4 o'clock she was awakened by Mrs. Dasant.

"Sylvia's raving, and I'm afraid it's Blackwater Fever," said the frightened mother.

Betty pulled on a dressing gown over her pyjamas, and together the two women stood looking down at the child's flushed face. Far out across the plains a lion roared, beating down the eerie call of predatory hyenas.

"She'll die if we don't get a doctor at once," whispered Mrs. Dasant, "but my husband has the only horse we've got, except the red schimmel, and I won't trust Cyril on that brute's back again. I don't want to lose both my children."

"What are we going to do then?" "Send a native runner to Nairobi, I suppose, but there's hardly a hope that he'll make the journey fast enough for a doctor to get here in time."

For a moment Betty stood thinking, then bent quickly and pressed her lips to the child's burning brow. Next moment she was gone.

In her own room she dressed quickly in riding kit, before going out to the stable to rouse a sleepy servant. The man watched curiously as she took down a worn bridle with a light snaffle bit and picked up a small polo saddle from its rest, but he took the harness and followed in silence at her word. But when they reached the home paddock the native stopped resolutely. He knew that red devil who stood toying his mane at the other side of the rails would have none of him.

Betty felt the blood go coursing through her veins as she stared at the schimmel she had come out at the dawn to conquer. Red as a threatening day-break, seventeen hands in height, he stood there tossing his flowing mane. There was promise of tremendous



The red horse screamed with rage, ducked and swerved sideways.

power in barrel and haunches, which lined at neck and shoulder into lines of great breeding. But the thing the girl noted, as most important at the moment, was the fact that the bit and bridle Cyril had tried to use yesterday still adorned the schimmel's splendid head. That meant that fully half of Betty's first problem was solved, for if the horse was bitted and bridled she didn't mean to bother her head about saddling him.

Like and graceful the girl climbed to the topmost rail of the stockade and stood balanced like some diver about to enter the water. The red horse gave her one glance then swerved to follow the said, who was running towards the bungalow on the far side of the fence. Then, as the horse rose past, Betty sprang straight and true to land, wide-thighed, across that heaving back, and as her knees gripped faster hands closed upon the streaming reins.

The red horse propped and shivered at the sudden impact, then he reared up and up, as the snaffle bore down on the tender bars of his mouth. Madness at the indignity possessed him, but, come what might, he meant to crush the life out of this presumptuous mortal who had dared to back him.

Complete Short Story

But even he, the untamed red schimmel, was not to be given his choice of when or how to fall. A slight, but irresistible pressure over-balanced him to the off at the psychological second, while the girl slipped away from under him to the near side, and then, as he surged angrily to his feet, she was across his back again, clamped more firmly to his ribs than before, and again the bit was bearing down upon his mouth.

Blind, frantic fury surged through the schimmel's brain, as he battled against those calm, restraining hands, and blind, frantic fury beat in his heart. Round and round the home-paddock he raced, propping, surging forward afresh, tossing his crest in wild anger against the indignity of the bit and fighting to get it between his teeth, but neither strength nor will of his

could shift the legs that gripped his sides like a vice, nor break him free from the give and take of those gentle hands that held a hint of steel in the velvet of their touch.

The red horse screamed with rage, ducked and swerved sideways; then, crowning indignity of all, the sharp prick-spurs fixed to the heels of Betty's boots scored his sides. That was too much. Mouth open, blood-gorged eyes blazing, he tore straight down the paddock and, like a buck in spring, soared high over the seven-foot stockade. Beyond lay the wide, sun-washed, wind-swept plains, and now the great red horse stretched himself, belly close to earth, as he spurred sod and floweret beneath his flying hoofs.

Time and again he swerved, ducked or ran bucking-crab-fashion for half a hundred yards. Once he propped, reared, and swung clean round in a half-circle. But Betty clung on by a miracle, thighs clamped to the laboring sides, and hands steady upon the reins, for she was determined that he should neither swerve nor turn back from the road that would lead them to Nairobi. Swung round against his will, he raced onwards once more.

For a moment he strode on, fol-

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

Illustrated by WEP

had allowed him to shape his own course over ground where the going was fast, for she wanted him to use up those last reserves of speed, but now her weight shifted, and a back-drawn snaffle pressed against his side, and the steady pressure of that abomination between his jaws, turned him towards the hills. When the lower slopes were reached he sought again to ease his pace, but the insistent goad of the spurs drove him on.

Caked with dust and sweat, nostrils distended, eyes wild, he breasted the slope, for, if this human persecutor desired it he would match her will with his own.

would prove that neither his speed, nor the courage of his great heart was done with yet.

At last, as they reached the skyline he stumbled from sheer leg-weariness, and he, the red schimmel, would have fallen had not that terrible rider held him together and saved him.

Wonder filled his untamed heart, and after resting a moment he sought to fight again, but Betty, bruised and well-nigh as weary as he was, would not be beaten. If it was all to do again, well she would do it, and more, for the sake of the child who lay dying, back there at the Dasant's bungalow. She would do it for Sylvia, and for the glorious thrill that lay in the conquest of the great red stallion.

THE descent was short and steep. The wide plains lay below, but the way was treacherous. None the less, the red horse, as the spurs touched his sides, shot forward. Like arrow from bow, and bounded down the slope, escaping disaster by a miracle. Then the goading spurs, the stinging palm, and the compelling voice, which would ring in his ears until his dying day drove him on until the scattered houses at the edge of the town were in sight, and, rocking with weariness, he answered at last to voice and rein, easing his pace, changing direction, or going on, just as the rider wished.

And thus it was that Dr. Paget saw come riding up the drive to his bungalow a pale girl in sweat-drenched, dust-stained khaki, who bore a great red horse that had acquired a new docility.

"God in heaven, isn't that Tom Dasant's red schimmel you're riding, d'you mean to say that he's broken him in at last? We all said he'd be the death of anyone who tried to ride him," cried the doctor.

"Yes, it's the red schimmel," Betty answered with a weary smile. "Hurry, doctor, Sylvia Dasant is dying of blackwater fever, and you've got to come with me. I'll rest a minute while you get your things ready, and, please, may one of your boys give the red schimmel a drink and a rub down?"

Dr. Paget fused intentionally for the best part of half an hour to give Betty and the schimmel a chance of resting, but all the way back to the farm his eyes hardly left her, for the red schimmel had whickered a welcome as they had come down to the stables, and the old doctor well knew in his own mind who had been the conqueror of the great red horse that no man in the colony had been good enough horseman to master, and whose splendid speed had served to bring Betty to Nairobi in time for him to get to the farm soon enough to save the life of little Sylvia.

(Copyright)

Squalls

"SQUALLY weather expected," My husband says to me As he reads his morning paper And I pour out the tea.

I listen with meek attention, For squalls mean nothing to me, I'm used to them, even at sunrise.

And certainly after tea. Mine start with the drowsy murmur Of children waking at dawn, With the sound of cattle lowing, The screeching of chickens on the lawn.

Then an increasing tumult, Of boots thrown about on the floor, Of screams, of real pitched battles, Of weeping, of laughing, and more.

A tempestuous rush to the table, A hurried farewell at the door, Then a lull in the tumult and bustle, And I murmur, "Over once more."

A similar rush in the evening, But holding the promise of rest, For little forms surely are weary And eyelids are now tightly pressed.

Perhaps not a real model household— No system, no order, forsooth, But it is home, despite all its bustle, Its hardships, its work, and its youth.

And that's why I view without tremor The hurrying squalls from the north;

They threaten, endanger, and trouble, I think of them—just what they're worth.

—R.S.

Distinctive Ensembles for Sporting Occasions

By ...

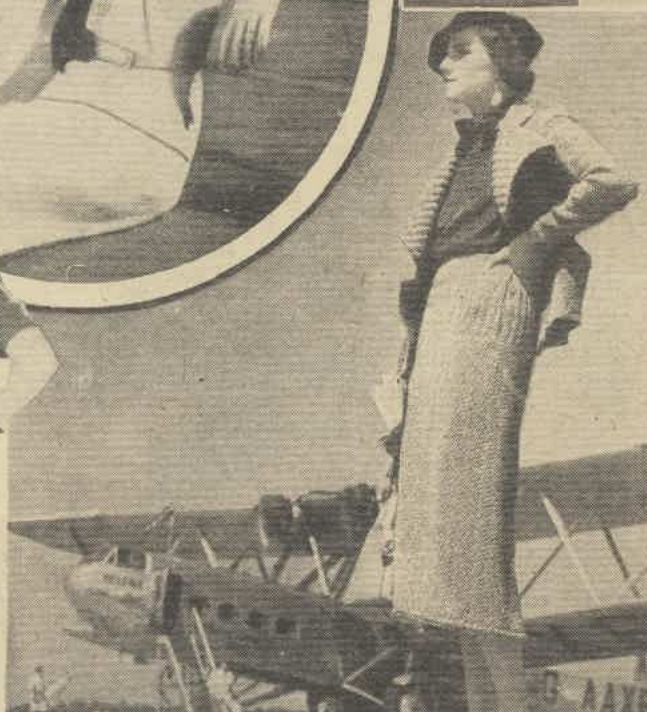
**Dorville,
London**



• **DUSTY PINK** is effectively combined with friar brown in this short-sleeved ensemble. The jumper is particularly interesting for the clever arrangement of the striped material and the smart sleeve finish.

• **OFF-WHITE** (in circle) is the becoming shade of this cruising suit featuring the new knitted linen. A two-toned scarf, knotted loosely at the neck, supplies a gay color contrast.

• **SALLY EILERS** (at right), of film fame, chose this chic tailleur because she considered it "amusing." Her very smart accessories are discerningly selected to complete an arresting outfit.



• **NORFOLK** influence is apparent in this perfectly tailored golf suit. The coat is attached by an invisible zipper to the divided skirt so that it sits firmly, despite the most strenuous game, and, at the same time, may be simply and quickly removed.

• **GRADUATED RIBBING** (at left) gives a tucked effect to this travelling suit. A long-sleeved jumper in cardinal red adds a bright note of color to the easy and comfortable outfit.

Keynote of the Mode ... is Subtle Surprise

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

LAST year, the mode set out to shock us with a frontal attack of extravagances; this year, it is flattering our love of the novel by a series of subtle surprises. The new season is a "feature" one, every model presenting some special point—but there is one emphasis only, instead of a crescendo of excesses.

Perhaps the thing that strikes one most about the new Matita collection is the almost complete sweep that has been made of novelty buttons and fittings. True, there are some very attractive ones to be seen; but interest today has shifted to belts, of which there is a very wide variety. All of these are model belts, designed specifically for the suits with which they are worn. There are very wide belts and very narrow belts, thong belts and girdles—an immense amount of thought has been expended on their creation, and a high degree of craftsmanship gone to their making.

ANOTHER outstanding development is the almost complete disappearance of the true full-length coat. Lengths range from finger-tip (just long enough to reach to the tips of the fingers when the arm is hanging straight) to seven-eighths, with knee-length and three-quarter coats in the greatest numbers.

MANY of these coats show the feature of subtle surprise that has already been mentioned. There is one, for example, that buttons down the side, and has a very low-cut crossover; it gives an entirely new, and very attractive, line. This model is in a new soft, hazy pink, and is worn over a nigger dress.

Another charming coat seems, when viewed from the front, to have the normal built-in shoulder; but a side view reveals a raglan style. This is the new semi-raglan shoulder that has been exclusively developed by Matita.

BUT the most fascinating—and practical—coat in the collection is that produced specially for motoring, and for outdoor events where sitting down is the order of the day or night. One of the trials of these occasions is that the ordinary coat will fall away from the knees, leaving them uncovered. So Matita has reversed the usual order of things. This model is slipped on like an over-all, and wraps over at the back. A simple slot-through scarf secures it at the back of the neck, and a wide belt at the waist holds all secure. It is one of those superbly practical things which are so obvious—when one sees them done! This number is in a soft wool tweed in wolf brown.

IN this week's story Muriel Segal refers to the new Matita models. Fascinating, finishing touches have been featured by Matita, buttons and buckles and unusual revers. Exclusive photographs and further style points will be published on this page in our next issue.

Australians in London

From MURIEL SEGAL

I must admit that Margery Winter-Cooke has succeeded in translating the Parisian styles into garments wearable and chic for English women, English climate, English figures, and English mode of living. In fact, without wishing to gush, I must say that, in my humble opinion, the models created by Mrs. Winter-Cooke were much more elegant and wearable than many by more noted designers.

The art of translating French chic into practical smart wear is a rare one, and it is exciting to find an Australian so clever at it. The beautiful Mrs. Douglas Levy assists in showing the gowns and suits.

I especially liked a Sunday-night or restaurant suit in this collection. It was a beautifully draped evening gown in black rosalia, with a jacket cut exactly like a man's mess jacket, but in black with white cotton pique collar, waistcoat and cuffs.

Pique is used a lot as trimming, and also double-backed taffeta for collars and scarves in the Winter-Cooke collection.

COME OVER TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



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How you feel—how well you look—is largely determined by the kinds of food you eat. Every year medical science discovers new facts proving that constipation is one of the greatest sources of ill-health. It saps your vitality.

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Oven-fresh!



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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,
sketched by Petrov



WINTER Evening GOWNS

Feature New Silhouettes

EVENING gowns this season are more luxurious and varied than they have ever been. The vogue for elegance, richness, and beautiful fabrics is shown to perfection in these graceful frocks.

SUPPLE, shiny and dull velvets, stiff slipper satin, gleaming, heavy satins, corded taffeta, heavy silks, and sheer wools; in such rich colors as cedar brown, bottle green, mulberry, wine-red, midnight blue, pansy-purple, deep orange, make moulded sheaths that will grace ball-rooms this winter. Black will be as popular as ever—black velvet holds its own as the most glamorous yet practical evening fabric. Few pastel shades are seen except when allied with a deeper tone. White and pale grey are seen more than any other light color for midwinter wear.

The velvets are very varied. They have wind-blown, ridged, mossy and hairy surfaces; some are striped with alternate dull and shiny stripes; others are embroidered or machine stitched or quilted in self color or gold or silver thread.

Shift satins and taffetas rustle around dancing feet. Sheer wools, once seen only in the daytime, now make cosy and smart evening frocks.

Varied Silhouettes

THERE are four silhouettes shown—the line that moulds the body to the knees and then flares out; the tunic style; the new princess line; and the "wind-blown" silhouette.

There are two hemlines. One to the ground all around, and the other—far more popular—instead of toe-length in front and a long train at the back. When the new spring models have trains, they

have them really long. It is then possible to hold them while dancing, without disarranging the line of the frock.

When you lift up your train it is attractive to show lace or chiffon ruffles. This is achieved by wearing a waist-length chiffon or crepe-de-chine petticoat bordered at the hem with two or three finely-pleated chiffon or lace frills. These may be black or flesh pink under a black dress, and self or contrasting color under a colored one. Many trains are detachable. Some tie on around the waist like an apron, others are drawn up and wrapped around the shoulders like a scarf.

Graceful Sleeves

LONG sleeves grace many winter models. They generally fit tightly, and more often than not they leave the upper part of the arm bare. Some are slit from shoulder to elbow; some look like elbow-length gloves attached to the frock only by a narrow strip up the outside of the arm to the shoulder.

Lucien Lelong is an ardent sponsor of the long-sleeved evening gown. He likes the princess style with high neck and high, very narrow shoulders and long, tight sleeves.

Lanvin makes long, narrow gowns of black or dark green dull velvet, having just a little discreet fullness towards the hem, long narrow sleeves, and high cowl necks. They should be enlivened by some glittering jewelled bracelets and a big jewelled clip, worn right in the middle of the neckline. A grape-colored moire gown leaves the upper part of the

The Siren Silhouette

PERHAPS the snappiest of the silhouettes of the season is that achieved by those women who wear dresses decorated in a manner which suggests fish fins. A fan-like arrangement of pleats over the hips, and at the back of the shoulders is the most voguish way of securing this new "siren silhouette."

arm bare and, from above the elbow down, has light, wrinkled sleeves; their tops turn back, showing gold lame, which also makes the trailing sash.

The Decolletages

MAKE your choice from two decolletages. The one is swathed high across the throat in front, and cut deep to the waist in back; the other, just launched by Lanvin, is cut as low as possible in front, and may be high or low in back. These super-low front necklines—they are either V or square—created a sensation at the Paris openings, and are a welcome relief for those who consider high necks unbecoming.

Evening Tunics

YOU will wear tunics in the evening—snug, bellless, fitted-at-the-waist tunics. They are generally knee-length whilst the skirt beneath is tightly fitted and falls into a train.

To make two frocks out of one, have a sleeveless dress and wear the tunic on top.

Tunics and skirts may be of one color or of contrasting shades. A black taffeta skirt has a tunic of heavy scarlet crepe; a cedar brown velvet skirt is worn under a tunic of mignonette green velvet which has long sleeves and a low V decolletage back and front. White ring velvet makes a skirt and knee-length tunic, both of

which are bordered with a four-inch band of quilting; a deep reddish-purple crepe tunic tops a royal blue crepe skirt.

The princess silhouette is back again. It absolutely abandons the waistline. The dress falls straight from the bust to the hips, it fits tightly here, and then falls to the ground; this achieves a loose but narrow, squarish silhouette, and is good for full figures.

Lanvin, the creator of this style, makes these frocks in light wool fabrics as well as in crepe or satin. She stitches the top with metal threads in various patterns.

Of Sheer Wool

SHEER wools make admirable winter evening frocks. They are warm, they cling to the figure and, if the right colors are chosen, they can look quite as formal as silks or satin. Made with matching coats, they can be worn for dinner, bridge and evenings-at-home; they will then be practical and not too dressy.

Emerald green, deep coral, royal blue, and black wool crepe-de-chine or wool romaine are most suitable. Touches of gold lame, metal stitching, fur trimmings, and velvet accents are seen on them. A model of bright green woollen, with low decolletage and clinging skirt, has a wide sash of nut brown velvet. For informal wear there is a sleeved jacket of the green trimmed with brown fur.

Schiaparelli launched a new silhouette, and it is now being shown by

many other designers. It is the wind-blown silhouette. The appearance is as though a strong wind were blowing, sometimes from behind, sometimes from in front—generally the evening clothes are blown backwards, and the day clothes forward.

The effect in evening clothes is achieved by wings that fly out from the back of bodices and skirts, godets, backward-thrusting sleeves, flowing sashes, trains, peplums, and tiny bustles, which jut out from the hips. Silks that can stand alone, such as moire, slipper, satin, and taffeta, are most suitable for this silhouette; there is a model sketched on this page, showing the blown-back wing effects on the skirt.

Dramatic Model

LIKE a ship in full sail is Augusta-bernard's model in mulberry taffeta. There is a below hip-length peplum that stands out from the figure in back, a train that sweeps backward, a high, draped neckline in front which descends backward in a stiff, low cowl. There is a copper lame model with a stiffened fin-like bow jutting out from the low back at the waistline.

Several frocks employ long fringe which swings back gracefully when the wearer moves. There is a purple crepe dress with long purple fringe outlining the deep V back decolletage, and fringe perching on the narrow inverted V down the back of the skirt to trail the floor.

"HEENZO" PLANE'S BIG COUNTRY FLIGHT

GUESS ITS AIR SPEED AND WIN
MONEY.

To advertise "HEENZO," the great money-saving family cough remedy, Post Arthur Butler, the famous aviator, is at present on a flight around New South Wales, during which he will circle one hundred and fifty towns. If you see or have seen the "HEENZO" aeroplane, which is distinguishable by the words "Heenzo Cures Colds" under the wings, try and estimate its air speed during its flight circling your town. Write down your estimate of the "HEENZO" plane's air speed over your town, along with your name and address, and post your entry to "HEENZO" Cough Remedy, Sydney. Ten senders of the first twenty-five correct estimates of the "HEENZO" plane's air speed, opened on Saturday, June 9th, will each receive £1, and all entries must be in before that date. Remember, "HEENZO" is the speedy money-saving family remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and influenza. Each bottle of "HEENZO" costs 2/-, and, when added to sweetened water, makes a family supply equal to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the usual ready-made-up cough remedies. "HEENZO" is equally good for young and old, and should be used in every home.***

2UW HIGHLIGHTS for READERS

Were You ...
Born in June?

If your birthday is in June you may have a choice of birthday stones, for both the pearl and the coral are chosen jewels for that month.

For centuries past pearls have been much-coveted treasures. Yet it is a fact that these pearls, which have adorned the throats of lovely women, are simply the sepulchres of little worms, buried alive for their audacity in penetrating the sanctuary of an offended oyster.

The little parasites enter the open shells of the oyster and there begin their career. The ticklish oyster, unable to bear the irritation, pours out a fluid which we call mure, and in that way imprisons and kills the parasite intruder. More and more mure is distilled about

Women's Weekly Sessions, 9.45
to 10, and 2 to 3 daily.

Conducted by
LINDA P. LITTLEJOHN

the intruder. It hardens, glossy and lovely, and, in course of time, is the true pearl which divers risk their lives to procure. Pearls can be of many colors, white, yellow, black, and pink—the yellow being the least valuable.

Travellers from Australia are invariably attracted, when they reach Naples, by the sellers of coral, but one needs to be very wily, for much of the coral offered for sale is just white coral dyed pink, and the color wears off very quickly.

Continuing her series on "The Meaning of Your Birthday Stone—June,"

Beatrice Phillips will speak from 2UW at 2.40 p.m. on Wednesday.

That Question of Age

RECENTLY several well-known Sydney folk were asked what they considered the best period of their lives. The answers were significant of the activities of the various folk questioned. All those who led busy lives, who had days full of interest, said the best period was from 35 to 50 years of age.

Why?

Because by then they "knew" themselves; they had learnt a sense of values; they had ceased to expect the impossible of life. Middle age, then, assuredly, should bring a deep kindliness of view, a deeper understanding of oneself, and a deeper understanding of other people.

Mrs. Littlejohn will discuss this subject on Friday at 11.15 a.m., from 2UW.



MISS BEATRICE PHILLIPS

and follow it up on Monday at 4 p.m. by a talk on "What do the old ask of the young?"

For Diarists and Others

TO be of interest to others, a diarist must write candidly of events while they are fresh in the mind; also, the entries should be intensely personal, telling how the writer sees the world with his own eyes. So closely must the writer reveal character that a reader would feel she knew the writer and so make allowance for his or her prejudices.

Of course, the best-known diarist is Pepys, but his diary did not see the light of day till 156 years after it was finished. For nine years and five months—January 1660–May 1669—Samuel Pepys wrote this diary in a secret shorthand which was eventually deciphered three years before publication. It was not written with a view to publication, and it seems best that such diaries should be withheld from the public until all the characters mentioned are dead.

Diarists and others will be entertained with a talk on this subject by Dorothea Vautier on Thursday afternoon during her 2.0 to 3.0 session.

With the Poets

AT the Friday Australian Women's Weekly session, from 2.0 to 3.0, she will take her listeners again to the realms of poetry. This time she has chosen the work and life of Johann Christopher Schiller, the great German poet of the 18th century.

Schiller was a great friend of Goethe, but he did not find the same tranquillity of mind. The poet's tempestuous soul was seized with enthusiasm for freedom. As Schiller advanced in years he experienced much illness and suffering, and this had a marked effect on his work. Dorothea Vautier will read excerpts from his most famous ballads.

Music

THE usual delightful Sunday programme has been arranged this week from 2UW. At 3 p.m. the series of concertos that have been so appreciated will be concluded. The final number is the "Symphony for Piano and Orchestra in G Major, Op. 25," played by Jeanne Marie Daire and the Le-musical Orchestra of Paris. This is one of the recordings recently imported from the continent by 2UW.

The old favorite, Tchaikowsky's "1812 Overture," will be heard at 4 p.m. This piece, celebrating the salvation of Russia from Napoleon, was written for the consecration of a church in Moscow which had been erected in thanksgiving for that event.

At 6.10 p.m. the London Symphony Orchestra will play "In the South" overture by Sir Edward Elgar. Since the composer himself is conducting, an authentic rendering is assured.

Out of the Shadows

ON Thursday at 4.30 p.m. there will be a new session, "Out of the Shadows." This will comprise a matinee programme presented by Laurence MacAulay, the popular Scottish baritone. He is an artist who has appeared before the microphone in Australia on a number of occasions. The session will feature groups of vocal items and include interesting sidelights on the lives of the deaf, dumb, and blind community of Sydney.

For Remembrance

MYRA DEMPSEY has become a firm favorite with a large number of listeners. Every day from 2UW she may be heard from 9.30 a.m. till 10.30 a.m., and this hour embraces the special Australian Women's Weekly topics from 9.45 to 10.0 a.m.

In addition to her regular women's sessions, Miss Dempsey has banded her listeners together in the Rosemary Club, which devotes its activities to charity and has substantially helped the Far West Scheme and the Smith Family.

Tuesday morning is the Rosemary Club morning when Myra Dempsey talks on its widespread activities.

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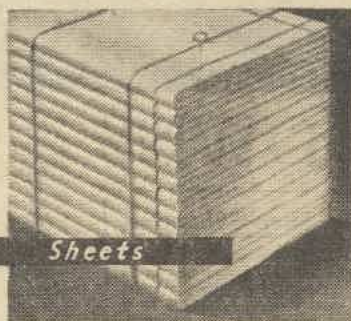
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Australian Boyhood : Dog Miracle : Aquatic Bridge



THIS BONNIE EXAMPLE of Australian boyhood is Master Anthony Capel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Capel, of Aran, Bingara, N.S.W. Australia need have no fear for her future while she can produce beautiful young people like this.



MAKING UP FOR A FILM which has caused a sensation without appearing on the screen. Girl film actresses from "When the Kellys Rode", which was banned by the police in N.S.W. In the group are Vashly Wallace, Elsie Parker, Joan Inglis, Lorraine Smith, Regina Somerville and June Middleton.



WHEN THIS DOG DIED, through an accident, Dr. Robert E. Cornish, a Californian surgeon, obtained the body to experiment on and after two months he had succeeded in bringing the animal back to life. Injections of dog's blood, adrenalin and heparin have been responsible for this miracle.



ABOVE: Something new in art. A unique work by Jose de Creeft called "El Picador." It is made entirely of stove pipe and tin cans, and was exhibited in an American art salon.



TRY, THIS NEXT TIME you are having afternoon tea in the open. These women do not seem at all perturbed by the longhorn steer jumping over their table. They are practising for a display at a rodeo exhibition in America, when the jumping steer will perform many other parlor tricks.



FIVE FLYING SISTERS. The daughters of the late Sir Richard and Lady Bagge are all members of the Norwich aero club in England. Three of the sisters are qualified pilots and two are now qualifying. They would all like to enter the Centenary Air Race to Melbourne.



WHERE A TRUMPED ACE IS GOOD for a ducking. Novel aquatic bridge tournament is a warm day diversion at Pasadena, where the table tops are strapped to big inner tubes and the players floated with them in the water. The players included prominent Pasadenaans as well as winter residents from all parts of the country and the tournament was held in the fashionable Huntington pool.

THE HUB'S STYLE-RIGHT COATS

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Windswept Coating is the material used in this very unusual Coat. Snug fitting, with large long-haired lamb collar and wide lapel. The sleeves have novel finishings. Lined throughout. Shades: Chona Brown, Bark-lan, Lido and Black. S.W. W. Usually 75/6. HUB PRICE, 59/11



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Travel Coat in Chevron Coating, showing sporty collar and wide lapel. Double-breasted, with large wooden buttons. All round belt. Half lined. Brown, Beige, Black and Navy. S.W. W. Usually 49/11. HUB PRICE, ea. ... 39/11

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Attractive Face Cloth Coat, in many styles, featuring insets, raised tucking. The illustration is cleverly designed with tucked insets and panels. Large cone collar and wide rever. Art silk lining. Shades: Black, Navy, Brown, and Lido. S.W. W. O.S. Usually 84/-. HUB PRICE, ea. ... 75/-

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PEERS and EARLS as Modest SETTLERS

The list of King's Birthday Honors, to be announced within a few days, focusses public attention on the growing number of titled people in Australia.

But, quite apart from those honored in this way each year by the King, Australia has a number of people with titles that have romantic and traditional backgrounds going back through the centuries. The holders of these titles, in many cases, prefer to be known as just plain folk.

CHIEFLY of British, French, Russian and German descent, these modest people are doing their bit to make this a great country. You never know but that one of these unsuspected title-holders may be living right next door to you.

These romantic titleholders are hard to find in New South Wales, but Queensland must have a record in the number of earls, lords, baronets, and heirs to dukedoms scattered all over the State. They nearly all scrap the titles and try hard to be "as like us as ever you can" sort of thing.

The latest is Sir Ian Stewart Richardson, direct descendant of the Duke of Sutherland, one of the oldest titles in Scotland.

"Rory" has been jackerooing on Hugh and Murdo Mackenzie's stations—they are relatives of his mother's second husband. He used to say that he hadn't much money, but he never mentioned that he had succeeded to the title. It was his when he arrived in Australia in the wake of the Renown bearing the Prince of Wales to Australia.

He was called him "Rory" because he was game to ride any horse outlaw in the Roma or Goondiwindi districts. He came for a year, and has stayed ever since, and there are few people who can drive such a good bargain in buying sheep.

In Opera!

THE Earl of Dunc was for the best part of his lifetime plain Mr. Moreton in the Maryborough district, and his daughters, now the Lady May and Lady Beatrice, were the Misses Moreton.

They are still in Queensland, and live for the most part in a charming cottage on the heights of Tambourine mountain. Their acquisition of titles has made not the smallest difference to them. They are still homely, pleasant women whose principal activity is doing charity work.

The Count Lall is a well-known identity in the cane area of Ingham, N.Q., where he began as an assistant to Fraser Bros., the widely-known storekeepers of Ingham. His wife has or-

A surprising number of modest title-holders are to be found in Australia. Several daughters of earls prefer to be called Mrs. instead of the title that is theirs by right.

ganised a full opera company from the Italians of the canefields, and they play seasons of grand opera in Townsville, Innisfail, Ingham, and Cairns.

IN Victoria are a number of people who can claim ownership of titles. Lord Huntingfield was for many years in Southern Queensland before he came into his title, and his return to Australia as Victorian Governor has great interest for the people of the Downs.

The nearest approach to a belted earl is Roger Henderson, who is a grandson of Lord Farrington, and who was married recently to Judy Thornley, of the Western District. He is said to be very wealthy, is very charming, and is a partner with Lex Rentoul in the New Embassy. He is at present honeymooning in Europe.

A well-known Victorian alderman inherited a baronetcy some time ago, but didn't bother to adopt the title.

Pastry-making and titles hardly seem to go together, but in Melbourne is a woman who claims to belong to the illustrious German nobility. For many years she has made her living by selling fancy pastries and biscuits, which she makes from her own secret recipes.

Mr. A. W. von Sanden, of Adelaide, who has recently retired from a business life, and devotes his time to the care of his racehorses, is a German baron by right, although he is an Australian.



A BRITISH MEDICAL EXPERT SPEAKS OUT

"Speaking personally" says this doctor "I would not have an heater (mentioning a well-known variety) in my home if I were offered it, so long as I can have a modern gas fire. In my experience there is nothing more uncomfortable than an (again mentioning the same heater.)"

Medical opinion overwhelmingly endorses his view—and in the most practical manner too—as 3 out of every 4 doctors in England warm their rooms with gas.

Follow the lead of medical experts and warm your rooms with gas. You will enjoy a new sense of comfort; a new type of convenience and a new order of heating economy during the winter.

Concession Fixing Charges:

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FREE if gas is laid on to fire-place, and house pipes are suitable

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Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station)

DOCTORS RECOMMEND GAS FIRES

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow
When we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow,
They'll still be evergreen."



"Are you sure your family know I'm coming home to dinner with you?"
"Well, they should. They argued about it enough."



AUNTIE: And how did Jimmy do his history examination?
LITTLE GIRL: Oh, not at all well, but there, it wasn't his fault. Why they asked him things that happened before the poor boy was born.



"What, Sir, no tip? Why even Mr. Tite, the champion skinkflint of this town, always gives me a penny."
"Well, I'm the new champion, see!"



"Don't sit holding your money like that, George; we're not surrounded by pickpockets!"
"I'm not holding my money, I'm holding my breakfast!"



SMALL BOY: A mouse fell into the milk at our place this morning.
POLICEMAN: Did you take it out?
SMALL BOY: Of course not, I put the cat in.



YANK: I told her she was like the flowers in her bouquet.
AUSSIE: Well, that should have pleased her.
YANK: Yes, but they were artificial.



OVER 200
CUPS OF DELICIOUS
REFRESHMENT CAN BE
OBTAINED FROM A
ONE POUND PACKET
OF
GOLDENIA TEA



Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

DOCTOR: Would you rather take your medicine as powder or as drops?
Henpecked Patient (to wife): Which would you prefer, dear?

AMERICAN VISITOR: I come from God's Own Country.
Sandy: Well, y've an awfu' puir Scotch accent!

BOY: Mister, did you say horseracing is a game of chance?
Disgusted Punter: No, my boy, in horseracing you have no chance.

HE: Isn't it about time that baby called me Daddy?
She: I've decided not to let him know who you are until the little darling grows stronger!

REPORTER: To what particular ability do you attribute your remarkable success in real estate?
Wealthy Go-Getter: Gullibility!

SHE: I have always had a presentiment that I should die young.
City Friend: Well, my dear, you didn't die you?

DOCTOR (real Irish): What's the matter now?
Patient: I've pains in my back, sir.
Doctor (handing him a bottle): Take a dose of this a quarter of an hour before you feel the pains coming on.

HOST Hishbrook says: My Worcestershire Sauce is tempting to the appetite. Ah! it is the world's appetiser.***

MOTHERS of Young Men!

Here is
ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY
for you to do
SOMETHING WORTH WHILE
for your Son.
and it's FREE!

The COMMONWEALTH SALES SCHOOL will give your boy a Business and Salesmanship Course valued at more than £20, FREE OF CHARGE. This splendid offer to a limited number of young men is being made to popularise our Business Course, which is divided into 52 weekly parts and which covers every phase of Salesmanship and Modern Business Methods.

The Future will have no obstacles too great for the young man who undertakes the lessons—they will carry him through life fully trained to overcome difficulties as they arise. The best position should be his, and this will help him to have it.

Tell your boy to fill in the coupon for this FREE offer NOW, and post it TO-DAY, and in return he will have posted to him one lesson each week for 52 weeks. The only obligation will be the small amount of nine pence per week to cover the cost of printing, stationery, and postage stamps.

Every lesson of the course is written in a way easy to understand and full of interest.

To the Principal,
COMMONWEALTH SALES SCHOOL,
34 MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY.

I am desirous of having your FREE Course as advertised, and enclose herewith the sum of 2/- in postal notes to cover the cost of printing, stationery, and stamps for posting of the first four lessons in advance.

Signed
Address

Who wants to WIN £50?

PICK-ME-UP WORD COMPETITION

You have just as much chance as anyone else to win one of the following 67 prizes:

1st Prize, £50; 2nd, £10; 3rd, £5
(CASH) (CASH) (CASH)

4th PRIZE GROUP: 24 orders on your grocer for 10/- worth of P.M.U. goods.
5th PRIZE GROUP: 40 orders on your grocer for 5/- worth of P.M.U. goods.

The First Prize will be awarded to the competitor who has complied with the conditions and whose list, in the opinion of the judges, contains the greatest number of words allowable under the rules of the competition. The rest of the prizes will be awarded to competitors in order of merit.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- 1.—No entrance fee is required but a label from a tin of Pick-Me-Up Soup must accompany each entry.
- 2.—In making up a word no letter which is not included in "PICK-ME-UP SAUCE" may be used, and no letter may be used more times than it appears in the words "PICK-ME-UP SAUCE."
- 3.—Only such recognized English words as appear in a Standard Dictionary (omitting proper names) will be counted.
- 4.—The name and address of sender must be placed at the top of all lists and also the total number of words in figures placed alongside, on the top right hand corner of the first page.
- 5.—Words must be neatly written or typed (on one side of the paper only) under the heading of each initial letter—thus first write words beginning with "P" then words beginning with "I" and so on.
- 6.—This Competition positively closes on Saturday the 7th July, 1934 and no entries will be received after that date. All entries must be posted to—
PICK-ME-UP CONDIMENT CO. LTD., 60 ALICE STREET, NEWTOWN, SYDNEY with the word "Competition" on the outside of the envelope.
- 7.—The Competition will be judged by: Mrs. Constance Robertson, Editor, "Woman's Budget"; Mr. W. T. Albert, Advertising Manager, "Woman's Budget"; Mr. W. J. P. Downes, Advertising Manager, "Women's Weekly"; Mr. W. C. Richards, Managing Director, The Weston Company Limited, whose decision will be final and conclusive.
- 8.—List of Prize Winners will be published in the "Sun" on August 1, 1934.

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Tomato, Pea, Vegetable, Mulligatawny, Chicken

MAY BE OBTAINED FROM ALL GROCERS



Clothes washing
or
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is easier with
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·CLOUDY·
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Try how many words you can make from the letters contained in the words

"PICK-ME-UP SAUCE."

MUSIC of the WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

A.B.C. Composers' Competition for 1935

AUSTRALIAN musicians will be gratified by the announcement that the Broadcasting Commission is organising a second Composers' Competition. Prizes totalling £500 have been provided, and to these will be added all entry-fees. Compositions to be submitted must be received by the Commission on or before Saturday, March 30, 1935.

The idea of an Australian Composers' Competition, if I remember rightly, first emanated from Roland Foster, the chairman of the Music Week Movement in 1932. He was joined by several enthusiasts representing the important musical bodies, and this committee was successful in persuading the commission of its opportunity to encourage creative musical art in Australia by sponsoring a competition.

Despite the brief period in which they had to prepare works, musicians throughout the country took a keen interest in the contest, and many hundreds of manuscripts were received. The winning works, several of which we have heard on the air, were of high quality, and proved the existence of an active creative spirit among our musicians.

Sixteen Sections

THIS year the scope of the competition has been extended, and the prize-money will be distributed among the winners of the following sections:—

- SECTIONS**
- Orchestral suite or concert, or symphonic work, for full orchestra; prize, £70.
 - Composition for chorus and orchestra; £70.
 - Composition for brass band; £25.
 - Composition for military band; £25.
 - A chamber music composition for three or more instruments; £25.
 - Unaccompanied choral work (sacred or secular); for mixed voices; £25.
 - Unaccompanied choral work (sacred or secular); for male voices; £25.
 - Four-part anthem for church choir; £25.
 - Two-part song for children's voices; £10.
 - Unison song for children's voices; £10.
 - Hymn-tune; £10.
 - One-act opera (libretto and orchestral score for small theatre orchestra), for three or more characters; £30.
 - Solo for brass instrument, with pianoforte or band accompaniment; £10.
 - Pianoforte solo (in addition, a prize of £5 is offered for the best work submitted in this section in each State); £10.
 - Violin, viola, or cello solo, with pianoforte or band accompaniment (in addition, a prize of £5 is offered for the best work submitted in this section in each State); £10.
 - Song or duet (in addition, a prize of £5 is offered for the best work submitted in this section in each State); £10.

Bigger Prizes

COMPARING this syllabus with that of the first competition, it is to be noted that two sections have been deleted this year—composition for suite, tone-poem, or fantasia for string orchestra, and fantasia or other work in free form for modern dance band.

On the other hand there are three new sections, embracing a four-part anthem for church choir, a unison song for children's voices, and a solo for brass instruments.

There are many increases in prize-money, notably in the big sections (1 and 2) for which the awards will be £70 each, as against £50 last year. Increases of £5 each also have been made in sections 6, 7, 11, 14, 15, and 18.

Entrance fee in each section is 5/- per manuscript.

Harty's Wagner Concert

I DID not think that the A.B.C. Orchestra in Melbourne reached its nearly immaculate standard of the first Harty concert when Sir Hamilton conducted his second programme last Wednesday night. The work of the brass seemed very sloppy, and there were irritating discrepancies in pitch in the "Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhauser" overture.

Nevertheless the concert was a thrilling exposition of Wagner by a master conductor. Besides the overtures mentioned, the orchestra played those lovely pages from "Siegfried" usually known as "Forest Murmurs," the "Ride of the Valkyries," then a continuity of the Prelude to the third act, Dance of the Apprentices and March of the Mastersingers from "The Mastersingers," Siegfried's Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung."

This was the occasion, also, of the first public appearance in Australia of the Irish soprano Laelia Finneberg. She, too, made errors of intonation in her first two numbers (accompanied by the orchestra)—Elizabeth's Prayer, and Greeting to the Hall of Song, from "Tannhauser."

Impressive Singing

THERE was no doubt, however, that Miss Finneberg sang superbly. She was obviously trained in the German school; her voice has a brightness, depth and mobility reminiscent of Lotte Leh-

WANTED TO BUY

OLD Gold, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt St. (near Hunter St.)



LAELIA FINNEBERG

to play the piano almost as soon as he could walk. Dr. Bainton took up the study of music at the Royal College of Music, and at an early age conducted his own compositions. He resigned his post as Principal of the Conservatorium of Music at Newcastle-on-Tyne and conductor of the Philharmonic Society to accept his Sydney position. The new Director will be welcomed by the Musical Association at an "At Home" on June 5, when Sir Hamilton Harty will also be a guest of honor.

"Pirates of Penzance"

MISS VIOLET ROGERS, who played the part of soprano lead in the "Pirates of Penzance" under the auspices of the Hordernian Musical Society, made a distinct personal success in the part of Mabel. Her acting and singing were extremely pleasing, and were largely responsible for the success of the performance.

Miss Rogers has been a prominent figure in radio and concert in Sydney for some time past, and provided some notable performances in leading roles during the last opera season in Sydney.

FRYING AN EGG ON THE PAVEMENT—



This was actually done during a New York Heat Wave.

Can you digest this?

A kinda tough egg, huh? But your breakfast eggs—and bacon—need never be too much for you to digest. A golden dab of fresh Mustard will gently stimulate your digestion to deal perfectly with those sizzling rashers and spluttering eggs. Mustard immensely improves their flavour, too. And this applies to all meats—sausage or bacon or beef or pork.

it's nicer
with **Mustard**
— Keen's Mustard

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So They Say

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters, "New Writer."

DISARM NURSERIES!

SURELY it is time that some drastic action was taken to prohibit the sale of toy firearms. Pacifists are working at high pressure towards world disarmament, while mothers are daily encouraging militarism in their nurseries by buying toy guns for baby boys. It makes one shudder to see these lovely innocents playing with these miniature weapons of destruction.

We need to realise more the importance of the law of association. The first action of the child is to point his gun at someone, crying laughingly, "I'll kill you." Children should be taught that guns are not toys, but dangerous weapons. A woman was recently shot in the eye when cleaning a gun, while a boy of 16 was killed when on a shooting expedition.

£1 for this letter to Grace Stellar, Kensington Park, Adelaide.

WOMEN FRIENDS

ON viewing the friendships that exist between men, rare, perhaps, but nevertheless real, I am astonished and somewhat disappointed at the lack of similar attachments between women.

Why is it that a man can develop a real friendship, recognising the faults and weaknesses in another, and still maintaining his staunch loyalty and regard, whereas a woman's friendship is a transient thing, only too evident at the surface and only too lacking at greater depth?

Perhaps the fundamental failing in the feminine composition responsible for this condition is lack of true loyalty. The loyalty of a mother to her children, and in some cases of a wife to her husband, is a known and admirable fact, but this sentiment seldom, if ever, extends to the conglomeration of intimate trivialities termed feminine friendship.

G. Rex, 206 Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

BAD LANGUAGE

I SAW a heading in your paper a few months ago, of a review of a book, entitled "Nice Girls Never Swear." Can it be true, then, that so few of our elder girls and boys are nice? I know of a school in this district where a child is made fun of, because he will not swear. We who are parents do our best to send our children to school, with clean faces, hands, and boots, and as well dressed as possible, but oh, if dirty words come from their mouths, who is to blame?

Ely R. Dean, Hewish Rd., Croydon, Vic.

OLD CLOTHES

A GREAT deal of clothing is thrown overboard just before a boat reaches port after a voyage. There are things the passengers have no more use for, and others that they cannot bother to pack, so over they go, with not even a mermaid to make any use of them.

Yet somewhere else are poorly-clad people to whom such clothes and shoes would be a Godsend. A bag should be placed in these ships for all discarded clothes and shoes, and the collection should be passed on to missions, hospitals, and other bodies who are constantly appealing.

Mrs. J. Allardice, Welwyn Cres., Coorparoo, Q.

PARK GUNS

TO me, guns in the parks have always seemed like desecration. They give me a sick feeling of blood and butchery, rather than a sense of triumphant pride, and I am sure most women feel the same. All of us thrill to the sound of Anzac, and glory in the name our men won, but these guns! No, never. Let us, thinking of that beautiful world-peace, towards which every man and woman must hope the nations are winning, let us scrap these dreadful reminders of warfare. They do not fit our lovely parks—nor are they the toys to put in reach of eager little boy-fingers. What do the Diggers think?

Mrs. J. McEwen, Tullera, Lismore, N.S.W.

Clothes Do Not Make the Best Churchgoers

I AGREE entirely with E. Perry (12/5/34). As churchgoing is ostensibly for worship, all should be free to come to God's house in any garb they choose, since we are taught God is a spirit, to be worshipped in spirit and in truth. What a pity man's narrow conservatism should practically forbid the privilege of worship to those who do not conform with conventional standards of correct church dress. This is only one point on which our modern Christianity is strangely at odds with the spirit of its founder.

Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

Within Reason

I QUITE agree with E. Perry's letter published in The Australian Women's Weekly (dated 12/5/34), re the wearing of church clothes. As long as the worshipper is sincere, what matters about outside appearance. Take, for instance, our summer. Does it not seem absurd and unhealthy to be tied up in starch collars when one can rest quite comfortably dressed in sports clothes, providing they are not over the mark, and within reason.

Mrs. F. Stone, Evelyn St., Grange, Brisbane.

Another Angle

I THINK the wearing of sports clothes in church is looked at from a wrong angle. It is not a question of right or wrong, but of seamliness. It would not be a crime to attend a wedding garbed in black, or a Government House function in slacks. But would even our most unconventional sports girls think of doing so? If we are careful to show respect to our friends in the clothes we wear as their guests, surely we should not think it a hardship to be equally careful in the house of God!

E. Carter, 1 Albion Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

Has Respect

I QUITE agree with E. Perry (The Australian Women's Weekly, 12/5/34), re the clothes worn by people attending church. Hats and dresses, whether fashionable or otherwise, do not interfere with the feelings of the individual who wears them. The sole fact that a person attends church, however clothed, is a sign that he or she regards it with all due reverence and respect.

Miss J. Anderson, 34 Patrick St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Women Want This Section For Self-Expression

I, FOR one, am delighted that "So They Say" page is not a competition. What are spelling, legibility, punctuation marks and composition compared to women saying what they like in their own way?

I sincerely hope the Editor will continue printing the page as at present, that women may use it as a means of self-expression.

Miss M. Sargood, 9 Glen Luna Place, Carrington Ave., Strathfield, N.S.W.

Splendid Mixture

MAY I be permitted to support your reply to Mrs. McKenzie. Personally I think that the greatest fun can be extracted by a careful perusal of the letters under the "So They Say" column. The very title of the column is humorous and does not imply any comment from the Editor, either complimentary or otherwise.

A competition exclusively for the benefit of "Highbrows" would pall, and I, for one, would skip this page every time. It is the little things of life which make it so interesting, and the more extravagant some people are in their effusions the more latent humor they contain.

Improvement and upliftment are very desirable aspirations, but every one, fortunately, is not striving continually for a standard of intellectual bliss. Not in these mundane times, at all events. Good luck to the splendid mixture in "So They Say."

Norma G. Fricker, The Pharmacy, Lancetfield, Vic.

A Little Humor

RE letter headed, "Do Not Apologise" (19/5/34), while quite seeing your correspondent's viewpoint in regard to letter headed, "A Remedy" (20/4/34), I should like to point out that a little humor occasionally does no one any harm. Personally, I derived much amusement from the letters touching on that particular subject, and had Mrs. McKenzie seen the enjoyment derived by a lonely old lady to whom I read them all in turn, she would perhaps feel a little more reconciled in regard to the offending letter.

Is it not also the certain amount of understanding of our fellow women, which we arrive at through reading their various letters, that tends to make the "So They Say" page so fascinating?

Mrs. A. E. Casley, 218 Lyons St. N., Ballarat, Vic.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

Choosing a Life Partner Is No Easy Task

RE Miss V. Bineham's par (19/5/34) on choosing a mate. I note that she stresses the point of making sure of the suitability of such a marriage beforehand; but does anybody ever know their "intended" before marriage? They think they do, of course, because they see them as they want them to be, not as they are, as the only way to really know persons is to live with them. For instance, I have known friends of mine who have married boys they have known all their lives—chewed on the same rattle, in fact—and their marriage has been anything but a success, and yet, on the other hand, I have known them marry when they were certainly running a great risk and simply not known their mate a month beforehand, and have made a perfect match. So what is marriage but a lottery after all—Mrs. D. M. Edwards, The Oaks, via Camden, N.S.W.

Short Acquaintance

I WONDER how many readers agree with Miss V. Bineham (19/5/34) on "Choosing a Partner." Surely you are compelled to fill in enough questions when applying for a license without going into more personal things.

When persons marry they know that there is a lifetime ahead of them, and it entirely depends upon themselves whether their marriage is going to be a failure or a success.

Persons who have only known each other for a short period often make their marriage more successful than persons who have had longer understandings.—P. Clausen, 2 Elder Rd., Birkenhead, S.A.

Few Are Hasty

I DO not agree with Miss Bineham (19/5/34) on the subject of choosing a partner. Very few people of to-day make hasty marriages, and have ample time during their engagement to find any unsuitability that may exist in their partner. Therefore I do not think it necessary to fill in a questionnaire which would make it very unpleasant for the parties concerned. If a man feels that, helped and inspired by a pair of sparkling eyes and a small mouth set off by a well-rounded chin, he can achieve greatness and happiness more quickly than without them, it is better to succeed married than fail single. And while it may be admitted that in some cases marriage proves a failure, the credit side shows millions of cases in which marriage has spurred a man on to the accomplishment of deeds that he would otherwise not have accomplished. "Choosing the suitability of a partner" is the sort of query everyone can best answer for themselves, the advice of other people notwithstanding.—Vyvienne Clarke, c/o Lutwyche P.O., Lutwyche, Brisbane.

Things Unnoticed

ALTHOUGH I agree with Miss V. Bineham (The Australian Women's Weekly, 19/5/34) inasmuch as she says that people should know each other a certain length of time before they marry, I think that there is a certain amount of truth in the saying that you don't know a person till you've married him (or her). Lots of little things crop up in one's married life which pass unnoticed when one is single, and if these little things can be made to go unnoticed in married life, well, I think life-long happiness will be the outcome.—Mrs. A. E. Heagney, c/o Mrs. J. H. Greenfell, 188 Wollongong Rd., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Tenderness

YOU are quite right, Miss Bineham. I think quite a lot of very happy marriages would result if people who are thinking of embarking on married life would take your advice. The queer part of it is that in the beginning nearly all women fall in love with the "rough stuff," and this does not make for happiness in everyday life. A poet has said, "When passion's trance is over-past, tenderness and understanding will last." Passion must, in many cases, pass with the years, but had I been a man I would have made it my business to see that the other things remained, and that as far as it lay in my power one woman at least should have been happy.—Mrs. Monyeyn, c/o Kedron P.O., Kedron, Brisbane.

CHILDREN AT DANCES

IT is a common sight in many country places to see school children attending and participating in dances until 1 and 2 a.m. weekly and fortnightly. In justice to the children and their teachers, could not a compromise be reached whereby the children could at least obtain eight hours' sleep by leaving the dance at midnight, and the number of such outings curtailed to one a month?

While recognising the fact that many parents are reluctant to leave their children at home while they attend dances, I am sure most parents will realise the adverse effects that loss of sleep, and the intense excitement have upon the children. They are incapable of concentration on their studies next day, and in some cases for several days preceding and succeeding a dance.

Mrs. J. E. Fogarty, Wall Flat, River Murray, N.S.W.

GIRL MESSENGERS

DO you think any of our readers will agree with me when I say that the firms who employ girls as bank messengers should either provide an escort for them or discontinue the practice. It must be a great shock for a young

ETIQUETTE



DON'T carry an umbrella horizontally in a crowd.

girl to be suddenly attacked by a robber, and she also runs a great risk of being severely handled in defending herself.

Mrs. E. A. Kegan, Quarry Rd., Blossley Park, via Smithfield, N.S.W.

STRANGE!!

IN a magazine recently I read that it costs the Government in Australia £14/3 per week to keep a prisoner in gaol. To keep water warm at the Zoo for a shark, 14/8. To keep a dog in a dog's home, 5/- per week. And the Government allowance to keep an unemployed girl (single) is 4/6 per week. This magnificent sum has to provide her with clothing, food, and shelter. Isn't there something wrong somewhere?—Miss M. Alley, 19 George St., St. Peters, Adelaide.

WE GIVE UP!

AS a mere man in need of advice, I appeal to The Australian Women's Weekly readers for helpful counsel, believing that the parliament of women who find utterance through these pages can assist me. I am a student with the extremely modest income of £1 per week to supply all my material needs. My room costs me 10/- a week, 2/6 must be reserved for incidental expenses, and the most, therefore, that I can expend upon food is 7/6. My question is: How am I to budget for a weekly food supply that will provide for 7/6 a maximum of nourishment with a minimum of cooking? I am not by any means an accomplished cook, but am equal to the task of preparing a stew, or soups, and so forth. I would be thankful, therefore, to have the opinion of some housewives who could show me, by means of an explanatory list, how I can expend my three half-crowns in the best possible way.

C. S. Halland, 20 Bond St., Sydney.

A DANCE PROBLEM

SHOULD girls leave dance halls to the company of young men and sit out several dances? I say no. Even in these modern days it is a breach of good form and does not look well. Maybe there is nothing amiss in sitting out for one dance, but several... What do other readers think about it?—Miss Alisa B. Crawford, Burrumbutlock, via Albury, N.S.W.

DISNEY'S New FANTASIES



Three Little Pigs May Outshine Mickey Mouse

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

WHICH is the more popular creation, "Mickey Mouse" or the "Three Little Pigs"? That depends on individual taste, of course. Then, again, Mickey has had a long start over the chubby little pigs. He has been known and enthusiastically received all over the world for years. But the furore of welcome which has greeted the "Three Little Pigs" in the United States and elsewhere is making Disney a bit jealous for the queer little fantastic mouse that first brought him fame.

FEW people indeed who enjoy these animated cartoons ever stop to think of the manifold processes which go to their making. And the man who originated them, and is still their director-in-chief, is little known except by name.

As he appears in the accompanying photographs he is a good-looking man in the early thirties. He has been described as a "young edition of Adolphe Menjou" but his ancestry is different. His father is Irish-Canadian, and his mother is of German descent. Physically he does not suggest a particular racial type, being tall, but fairly slight, with brown hair, which is getting a little thin on the top, and dark brown eyes. His favorite sport is polo. He does not care for stage plays, which rather vex him because they seem to miss possibilities.

His only reading is the fairy stories of which he was extremely fond as a child. And he reads them to refresh his memory for the fantasies he is going to build out of them for the screen.

Mrs. Disney, to whom he has been married for nearly nine years, was Miss Lillian Bounds. It is really to her that the immortal Mickey owes his name.

Birth of Mickey Mouse

IT happened in this way. Disney, who had served an apprenticeship at commercial art and newspaper cartoons, had been one of the first to see the possibilities of animated cartoons for the screen. Already in 1927 he had achieved some success with a series of "Oswald, the Lucky Rabbit." Unfortunately for him, some clause in the dis-

tributing contract transferred the future rights in the cartoons. He had gone to New York to negotiate, and was riding back on the train disappointed. He realised that now he was deprived of Oswald, and was a poor man, something else would have to take Oswald's place. Suddenly the idea of the tricky little mouse came to him, and he exclaimed to his wife: "I'll call him Mortimer Mouse."

"Don't you like Mickey Mouse better?" she replied. And Mickey Mouse it became.

It may be noted in passing that a legend has grown up that Disney has a special fondness for actual mice. But the truth is otherwise, though in a sense Disney owes gratitude to the tribe.

THE SILLY SYMPHONIES in color, which are comparatively recent productions, have opened up for Disney and his public almost limitless vistas. His studio staff were dubious when he put the idea to them of fairy tales in color. "It would cost too much, and it wouldn't take," they said. But they were wrong, especially about the way the public would receive it.

Of the symphonies made so far Disney himself likes "Santa's Workshop" best. He thinks it is very superior to the "Three Little Pigs," which is probably first favorite with the public. But he has practically finished a sequel to this

last, blending its story with that of Little Red Riding Hood. The good pig, who works hard all day, comes to the rescue of Little Red Riding Hood, and again thwarts the fell designs of the wolf. The resultant fantasy, to be seen in Australia, we hope, in the near future, is called, "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?"

Production Staff

DISNEY no longer does any of the actual draughtsmanship himself. But he supplies the stories and the general lines of treatment, and then invites suggestions at the fortnightly studio lunches where plans are discussed.

A staff of quite 250 is engaged in the various branches of work. About 12,000 separate pictures on the celluloid were required for the "Three Little Pigs" and the less elaborate Mickey cartoons necessitate between 8000 and 7000. So it is easy to realise something of the labor involved in these short subjects. The audience sees flashed past upon the screen 24 "frames" per second.

Besides the men who do the actual drawings, most of them concentrating upon various specialities, one of them doing backgrounds, another the curly tails of the pigs, and so on, there are the musicians and the men who manipulate the sound. Then there are the voices. Disney's studio is a hive of industry working at full pressure.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII

Charles Laughton, Binnie Barnes, Robert Donat. (London Films Prod.)

HERE is a film that positively demands to be seen more than once. The satirical modern touch applied to Henry's amorous adventures and misadventures makes the picture extraordinarily amusing. But it is so much more than that besides. The clothes and furnishings of this bravely dressed period are an artist's rapture, and the Hampton Court interiors and the grim Tower have been used by the director, Alexander Korda, with wonderful effect. If you are sufficiently antiquarian you may object that at the banquet Henry drinks from a handsome silver tankard that is actually a Charles II. piece. But you will not let that disturb you overmuch. Anne Boleyn going to her execution; Henry hawking in the meadows; the ladies and gentlemen of the court dancing a measure—who could forget the pageantry of these scenes? Then there is the sweet, tuneful music, some of it genuinely of the date when every gentleman could compose a song and sing it to his own accompaniment upon the lute and the rest in keeping.

Laughton makes the King an overbearing, greedy, capricious man, ruthless, yet of a large humor. He catches at our sympathy when he discovers Katherine Howard's faithlessness, and later, sinking into decrepitude to be teased by the ex-governess, Katherine Parr. Binnie Barnes, as Katherine Howard; Robert Donat, as her lover, Culpeper; and, in fact, the whole of a notable cast act up to him worthily. No one could do no more. A great film! Embassy.

THE LOST PATROL

Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny (R.K.O.).

PHILIP MACDONALD'S gripping story of a British cavalry patrol lost in the Mesopotamian Desert has been used as the basis of this fine film. There are several deviations from the original story, but they are, on the whole, improvements. In fact, it is doubtful whether the dreadful, ruthless climax of the written version could be borne by a film audience.

Like "Journey's End", this tale of the War brings in only male characters. It gives, too, that same feeling of mounting strain and suspense among men for whom every hour may be the last. But here the men are largely helpless, prey of a death that waits and watches for any movement outside the narrow bounds of their refuge. The oasis and the stretches of trackless desert beyond, with its shifting pattern of sand dunes, make a beautiful setting for a story of gallant endurance in a daily inferno of heat. Each of the characters is drawn with realism from the gentleman turned trooper (Reginald Denny), the variety artist who has toured America (Wallace Ford), the religious student whose reason gives way at last (Boris Karloff) to the rest. Dominating them all is the personality of the sergeant (Victor McLaglen). His gesture at the end is the fitting commentary on a very moving performance. —Capitol.

SONS OF THE DESERT

Laurel and Hardy. (M-G-M.)

IT was a sweet idea to show this pair of drolls as members of their local lodge of "Sons of the Desert," and as succeeding without the consent or knowledge of their wives in attending the annual convention in Chicago. There, exhorting with a horde of representative Babbitts from other towns, they pass the time in jollification and practical jokes. But Nemesis, you will be prepared to hear, overtakes them on their return, and spans them, all unsuspecting, with her "hard, hard hoof."

There are passages a trifle spun out in this film. We feel that Laurel and Hardy excel in shorter subjects. But we shall not soon forget the sight of Hardy, when he pretends to be ill as an excuse for getting away from home, being given medicine by a vet. as if he were a dog. And the companion portrait we should choose for it from this film is Laurel after the storm has broken. Having confessed and been forgiven, he is so up in the air that he commits the crowning audacity of smoking a cigarette. —St. James.

LOVE, LIFE AND LAUGHTER

Gracie Fields, John Loder. (Assoc. British Pictures.)

ANY picture with Gracie Fields in it has one very valuable asset to start with. It is probable that no variety artist has a greater following in England at the present day, and she seems to have established herself through her films as a considerable favorite in other countries, too. Her breezy humor and kindly warmth, and the fact, which she never

OUR FILM

GRADING SYSTEM

- ★★★ Three stars—excellent.
- ★★ Two stars—good films.
- ★ One star—average films.
- No stars . . . no good.

attempts to disguise, that she is of the people, explain largely her appeal. The producers of this film, however, appear unfortunately to have relied too much upon the personality of the star. The settings are poorly lighted, and the burlesque of Royal receptions becomes very feeble at times.

The story, in which Miss Fields is seen first on a hospital collecting day, as Nell Gwyn, and then carries the impersonation into a film production, has possibilities which might have been used to better advantage. The motif, also, of assisting the children's hospitals, a scheme known to be very near her heart in real life, is too sentimentally enforced. Some bright numbers help the picture along, and John Loder, as a foreign prince who plays Nelly's Stuart lover, is an attractive leading man. We look to see more of him in a part that is less like that of a musical comedy hero.—Lyceum.

LEAP YEAR

Tom Walls, Anne Grey, Edmund Breon. (B.D.F.)

A DESIRABLE bull-terrier, a charming, mysterious lady, and a Foreign Office attaché, who through official experience is versed in gallantry, are introduced early in this film, which therefore opens promisingly. It is furthermore directed with considerable finesse and humor by Tom Walls, whose classification of "celebration" and "binge" as nouns of different gender is very agreeable, and whose demonstration of how to order a dinner for two at a good restaurant may prove instructive. But, dare we confess it? Walls, though attractive enough in his own way, is not our ideal fascinator. One feels, too, that there is an insufficiently explained gap between the two leap years. Again, Anne Grey's dubious past is never satisfactorily cleared up. On the other hand, some passages of unnecessary length might with advantage be pruned.—Mayfair.

SOCIAL REGISTER

Colleen Moore, Alexander Kirkland, Pauline Frederick. (Columbia.)

AFTER her return to the screen in that interesting serious drama, "Power and Glory," where she acted well as a country schoolmistress who helps her husband to rise to heights he would never have scaled himself, Colleen Moore has taken a step back to a much less credible character and story. She is seen here as a chorus girl who is gulleless in the extreme in her dealings with the young man who sponges on her. And the prank which introduces her to the Social Register, and, in fact, her general style of behaviour then and later, did not seem to us very likely to attract the rich young man (Alexander Kirkland), whom she is subsequently engaged to marry. We rather agreed with his mother (Pauline Frederick) that there were barriers not easily to be surmounted. Not that we admire the part played by Miss Frederick in trying to break off the match. As for the droll of the aristocratic clan, we found it too surprising that his fancy for chorus girls' society had never been suspected. —Capitol.

HAPPY

Stanley Lupino, Dorothy Hyson, Laddie Cliff. (B.I.P.)

THIS is a very pleasing and light-hearted musical film, with some good numbers, particularly the theme song, "Happy." It is a little slow off the mark to begin with; and why the settings are supposed to be Parisian we cannot tell, because there is nothing French about them except the name of the café and its proprietor (Harry Tate). In fact, the film's air of gay improvisation and its loosely knit construction mark it out as essentially British.

Several good comedians, in addition to Lupino, whose electrical energy is the connecting thread of the whole affair, have subsidiary parts. There is his partner in adversity, Laddie Cliff, between whom and Lupino in the café scene there is a very neat and amusing concerted number. Then there is Will Fyffe, the well-known Scottish comedian, and Jimmy Godden, Dorothy Hyson is an attractive ingenue.—State

IN THE UPPER picture, Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney with a handsome chow. (Below) A recent head of Walt Disney.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

Saturday, June 2, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

BACK to the HOME For German Women

By a Special Representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, who has just returned from Berlin

HERR HITLER'S idea in building up his ideal state seems to be to send the women back to their homes to cook and to raise children. While most women believe that married life and the raising of a family constitute their greatest happiness, the problem that is worrying the Nazis is what to do with their two million surplus women.

THEY are beginning to tackle this serious problem, and all sorts of plans are under consideration in an endeavor to solve it.

Women and girls, who have been fired from factories to give their places to men, are being hired by householders as servants. This helps to relieve the unemployment situation, and housewives are willing to co-operate because they benefit by a reduction in their household taxes.

Eight thousand women and girls—between the ages of 17 and 25—are now in camps instituted by the Government all over the country in order to prepare the women for their duties as housewives and mothers.

These camps are conducted along the same lines as those for the boys, which have been under way a longer time. During a course of five months a girl is instructed in all household duties, the care of children, cooking, nursing, washing, mending, etc. Also, she follows courses in literature, painting, music (including folk-dancing and folk-singing) thus completing, at the same time, her general education.

This five months' course can be extended a further five months, after which period the student is obliged to leave the camp with a certificate, however, which will facilitate either her marrying or finding an occupation dealing in some way with home life. If the girl is specially gifted, she is appointed a teacher in her turn.

Life in these working camps is made as homelike and as easy as possible. The girls wear a uniform consisting of black skirt, brown blouse and brown leather jacket, but the discipline is not too severe, and a home-like atmosphere is kept so far as possible. All kinds of sports are practised, with the idea of improving the girls' health.

ABANDONED factories, farmhouses, workmen's settlements and other such buildings have been bought by the Government to house the women who form these working camps.

The necessary rebuilding, sanitation, etc., are executed by the workers in the boys' camps, while the girls put on the finishing touches of painting, interior decorating, and furnishing.

If the "camp" is situated in an agricultural district, gardening, dairy work, and other duties pertaining to farm life are also taught.

Students intending to enter a University—Hitler does not seem too pleased with the idea of higher education for

women—must go through a five months' course in one of these camps, as a camp certificate is as necessary for matriculation in a University as a prenuptial medical certificate is required for marriage.

In charge of this important branch of the Deutsche Frauenwerk is Frau Scholtz-Klink, an attractive blue-eyed blonde woman, who has never before done any other kind of work except that of a competent housewife. She is assisted by a staff of serious women, all fired with the same faith, and working to create a nation of the simple, natural, efficient, homelike type of German woman that existed before the war.

BESIDES training young women to become housewives and mothers, the State also advances one thousand marks (about sixty pounds), to all candidates for marriage, this sum to be repaid to the State over a period of

six years—free from all interest. This sum is estimated to be sufficient to furnish two rooms, and thus start a happy wedded life.

The German women with whom I talked in Berlin believe that it is right for Herr Hitler to require women to return to work considered suited to their instincts and sensibilities. And, while no profession is actually closed against a woman at this time, still she is being directed to jobs that a man cannot fill.

There are to be shortly no more feminine members of the Reichstag, no more women judges or surgeons. However, if a woman has studied law she can act as counsel to a judge, bringing her womanly sensitiveness to work on cases concerning women or children. Or, if medicine has been her study she can either be a diagnostician or specialise in women's or children's diseases, but the broader fields are closed to her.



OUR PHOTOGRAPHER snapped Miss Bobby Lister in the garden at Lynwood, the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Lister, Wentworth Rd., Vauluse, as she was giving a lesson in posing to her dog "Steve."

—Women's Weekly photo.

CLEVER IDEAS

WHEN DARNING fine wool garments do not use wool that will shrink. Instead, use loosely twisted knitting silk and darn very loosely. When washed, the new texture will have almost the same thickness as the knitted article.—"Jenny."

IF THE asbestos in a gas fire has become black, sprinkle it with salt and light it for a few minutes.—"Agnus."

THE SIDE of a petrol tin cut to make a shallow dish will be found useful for cooking Swiss rolls. This tin, if slipped under the bottom of an oven tray, will obviate the burning of a fruit cake or any that needs a long and careful cooking. Often when a cake is cooked on the floor of the oven the bottom burns. It does not always prove satisfactory to cook the cake between the trays. I have never had a failure by this method.—Mrs. I. Huxley-Herbert, "The Three Pines," Cranbrook, West Aus.

SAVE ALL your pieces of string, of all lengths and thicknesses, knot them together, and win into a ball. When you have quite a large ball get a pair of No. 9 steel knitting needles and cast on 40 stitches. knit plain until you have a square of about 12 ins. these knitted string squares make excellent dish-cloths and the knots are great aid when scouring out dirty saucepans.—S.O., Bendigo, Vic.

TO REMOVE inkstains from carpets pour milk upon the ink directly and rub it with a damp flannel; repeat until the ink disappears. Then wash with flannel and water and rub dry.—J.O., Marrickville, N.S.W.

CLEAN ALUMINIUM saucepans with salt and vinegar. Do not use a scraper. Never use soda, as this turns the aluminium yellow, but common salt rubbed on will usually remove all stains.—"Ida," North Sydney, N.S.W.

Marcus Clark's

THE FIRM THAT KEEPS FAITH—ALWAYS!



STYLE BREAKS

Faced Cloth COAT OF CHIC

(Above Left.)
Of Faced Cloth, very practical. Half lined art. silk; full soft fur collar, with wide revers! Novel back and sleeves; trimmed raised stitched seams. Shades: Brown, Black, Navy, Lido, and Wine. S.S.W., S.W., W.
PRICE 35/-

35/-
and again
VERY SMART TOO
(Above Right.)

Faced Cloth again, this time with large collar of shoro lamb, fully art. silk lined. Back and sleeves trimmed, inlays and raised stitched seams. Black, Brown, Belmont-blue, Navy, S.W., W., O.S. PRICE, 84/-

84/-



EVER WORN

a Polo!

THEY'RE NEW

Everybody's wearing a Polo this season, and this in Tweed is excellent quality. Fully art. silk lined. Large attached collar with large revers. Trimmed sleeves. Brown and Fawn mixtures. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W.
PRICE 49/6

49/6

And here is evidence! Faith kept in the Quality of merchandise... Faith kept in the very keenness of price! In everything we're out to help all Sydney, we want to give you smartness, and we want you to save! Take a lift to our Second Floor sometime and see how well we've done it.

OF FINE WOOL

Good quality Cardigan of fine wool, in a new rib stitch. Collar, cuffs, and pockets trimmed to tone. All wanted shades. Also without collar.

S.W., W.
PRICE 25/11
O.S., X.O.S.
PRICE 29/11



A FANCY KNIT

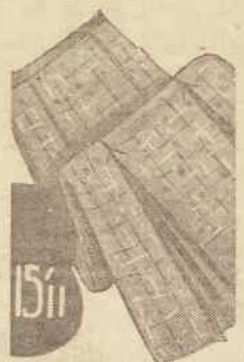
A fine Cardigan value! Best quality wool in a fine knit, trimmed to tone in three smart shades. Shades are Brown, Saxe, Green, Orange. Sizes: 36 and 38.

PRICE 17/11
Size 42. PRICE 22/6
Size 44. PRICE 23/6

HAND-KNITTED STYLE

Like a hand-knitted jumper... made of fine wool in a fancy knit design with "V" neck, fitting snugly to waist and wrists. Assorted shades. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W.

PRICE 9/11



NEW WOOL TWEED

Specially reduced! New Fleck Wool Tweed Skirt; 2 inverted boxpleats in front, one at the back. S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S. Shades: Red, Green, Blue, Fawn. Usually 25/11.

SPECIAL 15/11

It's PRUNING Time!

Says...
The Old Gardener

... Just as soon as the leaves have fallen

After reading this expert article by the Old Gardener, you will be able to take up your secateurs with confidence, repair to the orchard, and reap the benefit when the fruit season comes round.



ORANGES—AND ARE they not beauties?—grown in the backyard of a suburban home. The smallest area can carry a fruit tree or two suitable to the climatic conditions in which you live.

THIS week I want to talk to all my gardening friends, Miss, on pruning. Most people in the suburbs and country, yes, and many city homes have their backyard orchards.

I don't think any garden is complete without a fruit tree; there is always a space in some corner for an orange, lemon, peach or any other kind of fruit. And what an acquisition to the home when we can pick our own fruit!

In many of my travels around, I have come across some wonderful trees in small backyard gardens, which only need pruning now and spraying later for them to yield heavy crops of tempting fruit. So, coming along to-day, Miss, I decided we would have a talk on this subject.

Before entering further on the question of pruning, it would be advisable to say something about the tools necessary for this work.

All tools should be kept perfectly sharp and clean, and the person responsible for the pruning must make a good clean cut, and must not in any way bruise the branches, and in order to leave no ragged edges, the blade of the secateurs should be next to the permanent part of the tree.

When you cut, don't be afraid—cut boldly and with certainty and there will be little fear of any damage.

THE question has often been asked, "Why do we prune?"

Well, there are many reasons: Pruning gives the tree an even balance, and resolves itself into a thorough systematic thinning-out of weak, imperfect, and interfering branches.

No branch should be allowed to rub another—the desire should be to give equal space, allowing plenty of light and air to pass through the tree. The centre should be kept free and well open to admit sun and air. The trees should not be allowed to grow too high—this lessens the labor of picking, spraying and general attention.

The main essentials of good pruning are:—

To keep trees of such shape and size as will enable us to cultivate, pick fruit and spray them with the least possible trouble.

To encourage fruiting or wood growth, as desired.

To spread the fruit evenly over the tree.

To admit air and light, and so assist the fruit to ripen and reduce the possibility of attack from various diseases.

A Pruning Lesson

THE pruning of deciduous trees is commenced any time after the leaves have fallen.

Now, just come along over here, Miss, and I'll show you... Watch closely. See, I cut to an eye or bud, and leave it undamaged. The line of cut should be parallel with the bud. If I had cut too near the bud, I may have damaged it, and if too much wood is left, die-back will be the result and that portion becomes useless.

Always cut to an outside eye. That is the one pointing away from the centre of the tree. Make all cuts sloping, then all water drains away from the bud. If a large limb has to be cut away, the edges should be trimmed and smoothed over, this giving the wound

an opportunity to heal. Saw cuts, especially, should be covered with Stockholm tar.

Never leave prunings lying around but gather up and immediately burn. Every tree should be studied individually, and pruned accordingly.

APPLE TREES have their fruit buds at the end of short branches on the lower part of the tree and from them come the spurs.

It is advisable to thin out the centre. Prune heavily for wood during the first three or four years, so as to secure a good framework, then prune lightly the following years for fruit.

Once an apple commences to bear regular crops, clear out all the dead wood and badly spaced branches; thin out crowded spurs and fruit buds. In warmer districts, light pruning only is necessary.

Best Results

PEACHES and nectarines are both pruned in similar manner as both trees are alike in nature.

The best results are obtained by forming low heads, since the fruit always grows on lateral branches of the previous year's growth. In pruning, therefore, the chief thing to remember is the renewal of bearing wood. Cut the lateral wood back so that the limbs are always covered with bearing wood.

WITH the apricot, the pruning is much different. The fruit grows on spurs or branches on the lower part of the tree. It would be as well, therefore, to shorten all leaders to about 10 inches and cut an outside eye on the outer branch. Shorten all laterals on the lower branches to about six inches.

The plum is pruned similar to the apple and apricot.

Keep the plum low set with plenty of fruiting spurs. To do this, shorten the leaders, laterals and spurs, and keep an even balance of healthy wood and fruit production.

GARDENERS

... Remember!

WHEN you see signs of mildew on rose-bushes dredge over it immediately, dust well with flowers of sulphur.

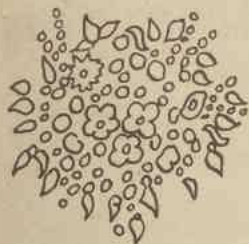
Always provide yourself with a kneeling-mat for gardening. It will save your knees from the damp and will protect your clothes.

Keep lawns free from leaves, and don't use them as a dumping-ground for earth, stones, etc. A piece of sack or paper spread on the grass to receive such "dumps" will save the lawn.

Newly-planted rose-trees should not be watered with liquid manure. If possible, procure rain-water when watering is necessary.

LET'S DECORATE A TRAY... In Joyous Colors

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



ACTUAL size of the special motif which comes in garland form all ready for transferring to the tray. The transfer sheet, which costs 6d., contains seven of these dainty harlequin poses.

PERHAPS you have around the home an old wooden tray, or an unwanted wooden picture frame, complete with glass and wooden backing.

For the latter you need one measuring, say, 16 x 12 inches, with a frame measuring about an inch wide.

Besides this, you will need the special transfer, shown above, costing 6d., and which is exclusive to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

You will require, also, a sheet of black mounting board (which can be had at most stationers), a sheet of red or yellow carbon, a small tin of royal blue enamel—or any desired shade to harmonise with the main color scheme of breakfast or dining-room—some colorful paints in white, scarlet, bright green, and yellow; and if you use a wooden picture-frame, two small handles which you can buy for a few pence; and if decorating an old tray, a sheet of glass-cut to fit.

FIRST paint the tray with the enamel, and while it is drying you can commence on the decorating of the card.

To do this you must cut a piece from the mounting board to fit inside the frame or the old tray.

The next thing to do is to place the transfer in the centre with the carbon paper underneath.

See that you have the greasy side facing the black card.

Then go over all the outlines with a very sharp pencil, and when you remove the paper you will have a clear tracing of the design on the black card.

If you cannot procure the red or yellow carbon paper from your stationers try placing the transfer face downwards, and running heavily over the outlines with a pencil. This should indent the board sufficiently for you to carry on.

THE next step is the painting. Fill in the poses in the colors mentioned. Note that you can get a light blue by mixing white with royal, and red mixed with yellow gives you orange.

A pretty finish can be given the gar-

ON dull afternoons or cold evenings, when you feel more like expressing your artistry in handicraft than in sewing or needlework, gather your materials together and make this most useful and attractive tray. Only the simplest of materials are needed, and you will not only find it easy to do, but quite interesting.



YOU WOULD hardly believe that the tray showing in the picture at top was an old wooden picture frame before it was decorated in happy, vivid colors, or that the attractive coffee tray, illustrated immediately above, was an old tray transformed by lacquer.

land by little groups of green spots at the four corners.

Now clean the glass well—using a little methylated spirit on a soft rag, for preference—and place it over the decorated card, and your tray is happily complete.

If you carry out the idea of using a wooden picture frame, you place the glass inside the frame; then you put in the painted card, then the wooden backing, securing this to the frame with tiny nails. A sheet of brown paper right across the back of the tray neatens all.

The little handles are fastened to this tray with small brass screws.

The oval-shaped tray showing in the lower picture on this page was an old one re-decorated. It was lacquered a cobalt blue color, and then the edges painted as shown. Motifs cut from the transfer-sheet were traced on to this and

then painted in colors to correspond with the border.

YOU may, perhaps, remember my article under the heading "Sparkling Glass Can Be Painted."

The transfer showing above was specially designed for this purpose.

Why not make a set—tray and glasses? To use the transfer you cut each pose from the transfer and paste it on the inside of the glass, and then paint the outside of the glass, using lacquer or colored enamel.

It seems rather a coincidence, but I have just at this moment been handed a letter from an overseas correspondent who talks about the growing popularity of painted glass.

Some beautiful specimens were shown at a London exhibition, and I append her description of an exhibit from Austria:

"The Austrians are noted for their glass painting, and among the exhibits a liqueur set specially attracted me. It consisted of a round glass bowl beautifully painted with a flower design. Fitting over the opening was a small circular tray round which stood six tiny liqueur glasses. Out of the centre of the tray came a little pump which could be turned round and round so that the minute spout hung over each glass in turn. The liqueur in the glass bowl below was thus pumped up into the glasses. These were made in different colors with different designs"—E.E.G.

Some Valuable DYEING HINTS

WHEN dyeing clothes at home, always dissolve the dye thoroughly in boiling water, and then strain through fine muslin into the dye bath. This will prevent any little specks getting into the water and spotting the garment.

Stir the dye bath constantly to avoid the streakiness and patchiness which spoil the appearance of so many home-dyed garments.

When dyeing anything black, use one packet of navy blue dye to every three of black, and you will get a better color.

Remember, when dyeing, that rinsing takes away a certain amount of the color, so that when dried the garment will be slightly lighter.

If your favorite white silk tennis frock has gone a bad color, dye it some pretty light color. If you decide to dye it a pretty pink, first wash it, and add to the final rinsing water a little red ink, a few drops of cold tea, and a tablespoonful of methylated spirit. Mix thoroughly, then dip the garment in this. Iron while damp. The tea improves the color, and the methylated spirit gives a gloss to the fabric.

Good News!

TELEPHONE RENTALS... reduced by £1 per annum.

THE Postmaster-General's Department, realising the value of a telephone in the home, and with a view to increasing its popularity, recently introduced a revised basis for charging for residence telephone services in the State capital cities.

Under the new scheme a reduction of £1 per annum has been made in the rental for a telephone service which is installed in a private residence in the metropolitan area and is used substantially for social and domestic purposes. The local call fee is 11d. each for the first 240 calls in any quarterly accounting period, unless the subscriber receives his accounts on a half-yearly basis, when the 11d. fee applies to the first 480 calls in the six-month period. 11d. each is charged for additional calls.

The department is giving wide publicity to the revised tariff by the distribution of descriptive folders to prospective subscribers in residential areas. These folders are accompanied by a mailing card to be returned by the recipient where further information is desired.

Any person desiring to lease a telephone service or requiring any information in regard to rates, etc., should communicate with the Superintendent, Telephone Branch, when arrangements will be made for an officer to call.



ELECTRIC COOKING
is QUICKER-EASIER-
CLEANER & CHEAPER
than any other way!

and every woman
CAN NOW OWN
an
ELECTRIC RANGE

IMAGINE it! Perfect cooking for every woman at the turn of a switch! Cooking which needs no supervision, wastes no food, yet costs less than a penny per person per day!

No more fumes, smoke, or kitchen-heat—better cooking than you have ever done before, and actually saving more than it costs. You'll be surprised at its speed and economy.

And now—every woman living in the City Council's supply area can secure an Electric Range on the EASY TERMS specified! Send the coupon below for full details, or call either at the Town Hall Showroom of the Electricity Department, or your nearest electrical dealer.

The Electricity Department offers you

1. Any approved Electric Range on 15% DEPOSIT.
2. THREE YEARS in which to pay the balance.
3. A TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE.
4. FREE INSTALLATION up to cost of £6 (average cost of installation).
5. REDUCED RATES for ALL electricity used in your home.

**Cook by
ELECTRICITY**

Address this Coupon to The Electricity Department, Town Hall, Sydney, for full details of Electric Range Easy Terms Offer!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

MAIL THIS COUPON

W.W. 3/6/34 O.R.3

Back-to-Music-Wave Sweeps the World

There is no need to
delay your Child's
Musical Education
any longer—



for an Elvy Piano can enter your home on the initial deposit of £2 and the balance can be arranged on easy payments from 3/9 weekly.

I am going to share the family's belief in ELVYs, by buying mine from this musical house, whose first, and almost every, thought is for the customer's entire satisfaction.

Elvy's have over three generations earned a name for scrupulously fair dealing, and the selling of highest grade instruments at the lowest possible prices at which such instruments can be sold.

Elvy's always say if it's a musical instrument, "Buy it here from us... and you'll be sure of satisfaction."

Look, we are at present offering these excellent Piano bargains—

German Iron	Brinsmead	£40
Frame	Collard & Collard	£35
Belling	Richard Lipp	£65
Heller	Ronisch	£70
Dresden		

Every Instrument Guaranteed.

ELVY & Co. Ltd.

397 GEORGE STREET,
Between King and Market
Sts., Sydney, Phone 34319.

at SNOWS

Attractive Handworked
FLORENTINE, MADEIRA
& FRENCH CLUNY LACE

Dinner and
Supper Cloths

at exceptional

PRICE REDUCTIONS!

An excellent selection of Continental
and Eastern Hand-worked Napery of all
descriptions—available in attractive types
and all wanted sizes.

FLORENTINE DINNER SETS

1.—Hand-worked Italian Florentine
Dinner Sets, in Cream Linen,
showing hand-worked embroidery
and lace. Set of Cloth & Serviettes.
Size 54 x 72. 72 x 72.
Usually . . . 165/6 212/11
NOW, set 123/6 165/-

DINNER SET

54 x 72 103/6

2

85/11

72 x 72

165/6

123/6

3

DINNER SET

63 x 80 115/6

95/11

5

72 x 72

165/6

123/6

3

DINNER SET

63 x 80 115/6

95/11

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DINNER SET</

GOOD ADVICE...

You have to live with
your furniture
so choose it carefully.

Once having bought your furniture, you have to live with it quite a long time, don't you? You cannot recover from a mistake in choosing a lounge suite as quickly as you can from an error of judgment in buying a hat or a pair of shoes. If at first you do not succeed, you seldom get the chance to try, try, try again.

So it behoves you for your own peace of mind to give much time and thought to the selection of your furniture and furnishings. Chatting with a salesman at Bear's I culled much useful advice, which went something like this:

"The main things to remember when choosing furniture are that you have to live with it, use it, and keep it in good order. A suite bought on the spur of the moment may delight you—for a month or so. After that it may make you want to scream."

"Utility and brightness make an ideal combination. Don't let the brightness run to garishness. Don't choose furniture which will show every mark and always be a source of worry to your good-housekeeping mind. Don't favor unwieldy pieces."

"The modern home likes fresh air and sunshine. A generation ago, great, dull furniture pieces did their best to exclude both."

"In choosing a lounge suite, give careful heed to four things—the shape, the covers, the springs, and the colors. Choose a suite that is comfortable to sit in. One that is cozy, yet not too warm. Look at the covers and see if they are of the best materials, whether you decide on Genoa velvet or tapestry. Observe the springing and the durability of the webbing. And lastly, see that the colorings tone with the rest of your lounge room."

"If you watch these things carefully when buying lounge suites you will not be disappointed with your purchase."

Shoppers at Bear's may have their furniture made to their own design. Artists are employed to sketch articles of furniture in any way desired, and then to forward the finished sketch to the prospective buyer for his approval. When the buyer is quite happy about the design, the article is made to his order.—C.M.

Your Gloves ... how to keep them like new!

If not carefully treated, chamois and doeskin leather gloves will easily shrink, but it is really very simple, if you know the way, to produce a brand-new pair after each wash!

LUKEWARM soapuds and a spot of vinegar will do the trick for you. Wash the gloves on your hands by squeezing them together in the warm suds and rubbing just the tips of the fingers or any other soiled part very gently with the other gloved hand.

When you are sure they are clean, squeeze as much as possible of the dirty soap from them—still on your hands—and do it a couple of times in different lots of lukewarm water suds.

Squeeze out each time as much as you can, put a spot of olive oil in the palm of each hand and rub it well over the gloves.

Then take the gloves off your hands, lay them in a clean cloth, and squeeze as much of the moisture from them as you can.

Dry them in only moderate heat, pulling and stretching them at intervals into shape, and just before they are quite dry it is a very good plan to try them on and so remedy any possible little shrinkage before it is too late.

To clean kid and non-washable suede gloves:

Dip a rag in some cleaning spirit and rub evenly and quickly all down the length of the gloves. But if the gloves are only very slightly soiled, or if a little smear has appeared on an otherwise perfectly clean pair of gloves, you can first of all try the effect of a small piece of ordinary household bread. Rub it over the mark as if it were a piece of india-rubber, and in many cases you will find that it takes the smear off in a few moments.



A CHARMING CORNER of a modern bedroom in the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Bear, Etham Av., Darling Point.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Furnish your home in exquisite taste on the easiest of easy terms . . .
Bedroom, Lounge, Dining Room or Kitchen . . .



TWO TONE OAK DROP BACK

Complete with floral overlay cushion and spring mattress 25/11

YOUR
BEDROOM
FULLY
FURNISHED

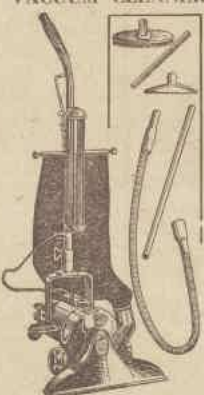


WARDROBE, DRESSING TABLE, LOWBOY, DOUBLE BED, WIRE MATTRESS, BEDDING AND 4 PILLOWS. FLOOR SQUARE INCLUDED. 10/- DEPOSIT £14/19/6

Another generous offer by the pioneers of furniture value! This beautiful Bedroom Set in GENUINE HIGHLY FIGURED FINISH—COMPLETE AS ILLUSTRATED, with massive fully fitted Wardrobe with mirror; large Dressing Table; Gent's Lowboy to match; 4ft. 6in. Bedstead and including wire mattress, bedding and four pillows. All woods perfectly seasoned and scientifically kiln dried. Modern Floor Cover to tone — all you need for your bedroom.

COMPARE IT — NO OFFER
— TO EQUAL IT! —
10/- DEPOSIT AND PROPORTIONATE
TWO YEARS' SCALE OF PAYMENTS
TERMS

The "Bearco"
NOISELESS ELECTRIC
VACUUM CLEANER



Absolutely shockproof. Stronger Suction. Always ready. Cannot wear out. Preserves the lightest as well as the heaviest fabrics. 12 months' full guarantee. Quicker—cleaner. Terms can be arranged. Bear's Price, £8/19/6 (Attachments extra.)

KAPOK BEDDING

and 4 Pillows
40 lbs. in
weight.



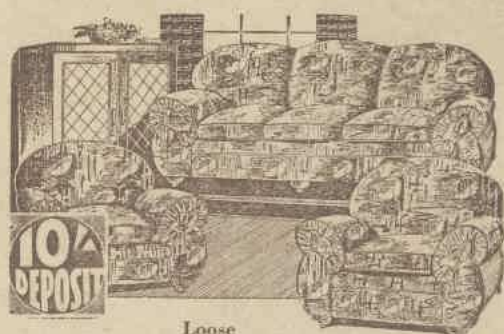
This super bedding, as illustrated, in black & white or striped Belgian ticking. Roll edge mattress. Wonderful quality. Usually £3/15/-.



Mention the Women's Weekly and we will reserve yours.

50 OAK
BEDSTEADS

Complete with Wire Mattress—a Bargain!



Loose Cushion Suite in Imported Upholstery
This Lounge Suite is a typical example of the way Bear's save you money—pounds and pence! Genuine separate loose cushions—spring seats too. Upholstered in heavy quality Continental fabric in two-tone finish. We have over 500 Lounge Suites to choose from. Usually 10/- DEPOSIT £8/19/6

RADIO

We offer you the Winner
5-Valve Super Het.

£13/19/6 on 10/- DEPOSIT



A Better Set, £2 LOWER IN PRICE than similar models advertised everywhere.

Super Selectivity
Range
Appearance
Home Demonstration
11in. Dynamic
Speaker
6 and 7 pin Valves
Free Service for 12 months
Free installation and delivery
Free Valve Insurance for one year

£5 CASH for that Old Set or Photograph. TRADE IN! TRADE IN! We allow you £5 on a new model special "Univox" Superhet, at £22/10/-.

Trade in your old Kitchen Dresser . . . £2 Allowed

NOW is the time to buy your
CARPET

ANOTHER HUGE SHIPMENT
STRAIGHT OFF THE BOAT
Gorgeous New Designs — and Marvellous Value.

AXMINSTER
SQUARES

6ft. x 9ft. 9ft. x 10ft. 6in. 9ft. x 12ft. 6in.
From 65/- From 75/- From 85/-

Absolutely Final Balance of
Bargains in
GENUINE WILTONS

TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS TO CLEAR
6ft. x 9ft. 6ft. x 10ft. 6in. 6ft. x 12ft. 6in.
Est. £13/17/6 Est. £15/17/6 Est. £19/17/6

£8/19/6 £11/17/6 £13/19/6
100 NEW DESIGNS—British Imitation LINO.
From 2/3 Yard.

GENUINE LINOS, 150 New Designs. In
Attractive New Colourings, 4/11 Yard.

FLOOR RUGS, 12/4 Each.
Be sure to see these!—A rug to match any square! Huge
purchase permits this cut price.

COIR RUGS

2ft. 3in. x 3ft. 3in. 3ft. x 4ft. 4ft. x 7ft. 6ft. x 9ft.
7/3 12/11 19/11 39/11
Natural Background Reveals Quality—All
Wanted Colours—Smartest Designs.

403-11 GEORGE ST.
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Creed's

AMAZING BARGAINS FOR 10 DAYS



We've just completed a huge purchase of new materials at an amazing discount — our factories have worked day and night to make these materials up into the very newest garments — now they are ready, and for the next 10 days you will have bargains such as you have never known before. See them to-morrow.

Both Usd.

59/11

29/11

Here are two typical values. Both are new tweeds, in S.S.W., S.W., and W. You can see the wonderful styles they are and you will realise their value when you know that coats like these usually sell at 59/11.

Come to Creed's while these bargain prices are on!

PLEASE ENCLOSE POSTAGE

Creed's

430 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.
HUNTER STREET, NEWCASTLE.

Expressionistic Art ... Captured in New Rugs

Creators name them, too! Four, including Ecstasy, Fantasy, and Destiny, exhibited at British Industries Fair, now in Sydney.

At the British Industries Fair, held in February at the White City, Olympia, and Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, nearly 500 manufacturers of furniture, furnishings, carpets, pottery, glass and hardware, exhibited their wares. This was probably the greatest exhibition of furnishings of every description that the world has ever seen; eclipsing even the famous Leipzig Fair. Probably, of all the exhibits, those of the British weavers as expressed in Axminster and Wilton carpets excited the most interest.

MODERN carpets are designed with the same care and craft and artistry as model gowns, and as gowns are named by their designers, so are many of the new carpets named by their creators.

These carpets, with their varied color tones and symbolic designs, are artistic expressions of ideas made visible in wool instead of the conventional oil and water colors.

The carpet illustrated is called Ecstasy, and is of soft blues deepening into royal, and beige and golds and browns.

Carpets such as this adapt themselves

that the most beautiful and satisfying designs for all purposes and for all time are those of the Orient. They are patterned without undue emphasis; they are colorful, and yet never gaudy, and they still represent the highest triumph of the weavers' art.

The great museums of Europe, and exhibitions such as the recent Persian Art Exhibition, show examples of Oriental art which are among the most perfect specimens in the world. Designs adapted from these, interpreting the lesson which they teach in terms of today, are to be found in the newest Axminster and Wilton carpets. Faithful

The carpet modernistic, but its real name is Ecstasy. In soft blues deepening into royal, with beige, gold, and brown notes, it is really a thing of beauty, and represents the modern trend in expressionistic art. On display at Grace Bros.



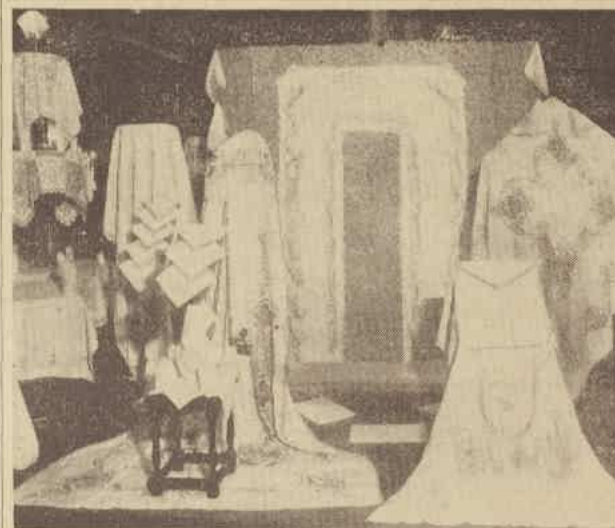
admirably to the new furniture with its clear-cut lines and polished surfaces, and lend charm and distinction to the modern room.

Foremost interior decorators disclose that abstract forms are most suited to carpet designs, for representationalism is inappropriate—naturalistic birds and flowers under our feet are out of place. A design should be chosen to harmonise with the surroundings for which it is intended. It may be the focal point of the room, or it may be the "frame" for the other furnishings, but it must be in keeping for either purpose.

For this reason an authority states

reproductions of design and color, they make it possible for those of us who cannot afford the luxury of possessing the real thing, to obtain the same harmonious effect, and to rejoice in the softly-blended colors, peculiar to the carpets of Persia and India.

Examples of both the modern carpet (similar to the one illustrated) and the reproductions of Oriental carpet-weavers' art, may be seen in a special display at Grace Bros., Broadway. These carpets have just arrived, direct from the British Industries Fair, and are exclusive—one only of each being procurable.



READERS OF The Australian Women's Weekly are specially invited to view the exhibition of hand-embroidered nappery from China and Italy arranged on the 3rd floor of Grace Bros.' furniture building (Broadway). In the illustration above you may notice especially the tablecloth with its ecru panel of point lace, which eliminates the need of a runner. A nine-inch border of point lace also decorates this beautiful specimen of Chinese handwork.

Commencing May 31, 1934

Murdoch's

Red Spot

SALE



BOYS' SUITS 14/11

Special Sale release of boys' all-wool Tweed Suits in fancy Mid-Grey or Fawn shade. Splendidly made throughout, and styled with plain knee knickers. Sizes 4 to 12 for boys 6 to 14 years. Wonderful value at the usual price of 18/11.

SALE PRICE 14/11

Youths' Suits

Smart plain twill or herringbone Navy Blue Serge Suits for young men. First class. Coat has two-button front, slightly waisted. Latest style Trousers. Sizes for youths 12 to 18 years.

Usual 55/-

SALE PRICE 44/9

Boys' Pullovers

Boys' smartly designed woollen pullovers in attractive shades. V-neck style. Sizes 24in. to 32in. Usual 5/11.

SALE PRICE 3/6

Boys' Brogue Shoes

Murdoch's black or tan Brogue Shoes for boys; solid leather worn soles. Sizes 7 to 9. Were 11/11. SALE 7/9. 10 to 13, 9/6; 1 to 5, 11/6; 6, 12/9.

More Specials

4/6 Boys' All-Wool Singlets .. 2/11
8/6 Boys' Felt Hats 5/11
2/6 Boys' Poplin Ranger Blouses 1/6

Big Sale Book FREE.

WE PAY FREIGHT

Kindly write to Desk "C28."

Murdoch's Ltd.

Park and George Streets, SYDNEY.



THIS MAY BE YOURS
by treatment for Facial Blemishes, Enlarged Pores, Acne, etc., Superb Hair, and Foot Comfort.

CONSULT THE SPECIALIST

Mme Louise Day

(late Elizabeth Arden, London and New York)

Use Day-Los Preparations Daily.

Sole Distributor, Mrs. M. J. Day.

3rd Floor, 41 Market St., Sydney.

MA2718

PICTURES Worth Framing

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

2/-



SELECTING furnishing fabrics at David Jones'. Ample space, light, and a comprehensive display of artistic designs make shopping under these conditions a delight.

—Women's Weekly photo.

The Art of Furnishing Cheaply... and Well!

.... By cutting out the frills in furniture, one can achieve automatic beauty in straight lines and curves to the happy tune of £47!

At first glance, a young couple about to make their home may think it an impossibility to acquire three rooms of furniture, and a kitchen suite, for £47. But it can be done—and here is the way!

EVERY bride-to-be, every woman who desires to refurnish—even one room—will be interested in this amazing home furnishing scheme inaugurated by Bon Marche Ltd.

Come with me now on a tour of inspection. We will commence with the kitchen, a most important centre, since it is the workshop of a home.

Here you have before you an oak suite, consisting of a handsome 4ft. 6in. kitchen cabinet with two-door leadlight cupboard for your pretty china, two drawers (one divided) for cutlery, and a two-door cupboard to hold groceries and equipment. The attractive oak table is four feet in length, and two feet wide. Two strong oak chairs match.

And this is not all! Six yards of attractively patterned lino with felt base is included in the amazing price of £8/13/6.

What more could a fastidious woman want for an attractively furnished kitchen?

Picture to yourself a bowl of flowers on the table, some pretty curtains at the window, and, maybe, a picture or two decorating creamy buff walls—and breakfast would be a joy in these surroundings.

The Dining-room

NOW we will pass on to the next room—the dining-room. How would a maple polished refectory table with a 4ft. sideboard offset with a low, full-length mirror at back, appeal to you? Consider, too, the sideboard with two capacious drawers and two cupboards to hold the family plate!

Yes, and the chairs—four of them, with comfy, restful backs and fabric-covered upholstered seats—all for £12/17/6.

Living-room

AND now we'll step into the living-room.

Here in comfort and luxury—a three-piece strongly made and richly upholstered lounge suite in Genoa velvet and fabric-covered. The curved centre back, seats and padded fronts of lounge and chairs in the Genoa velvet, and the balance in sturdy fabric-covered.

Years upon years of proud ownership and comfort for only £12/17/6.

The Bedroom

THE last, but by no means least important, room in this great furnishing scheme—the bedroom.

Note that here the man of the house is given due consideration—a loughboy all to himself. It is a 3ft. double-door affair, one-half hanging space, and one-

half fitted with two sliding trays, with room at the bottom for his boots.

The 4ft. 6in. wardrobe consists of two-thirds hanging space—ample room for all those frocks—hat shelf, rod, and sliding hooks, and the balance fitted with three sliding trays.

The top of this wardrobe is curved in similar fashion to the loughboy. A bevelled central mirror allows you to view yourself "full length."

You will like the dressing-table (3ft. 6in.) with its fashionable oval-topped mirror and its three capacious drawers. Best of all, you will like the bedstead with its curved top and low curved foot-rail to match.

And now the price asked for this complete suite. Unless you have added up the figures quoted, and subtracted from the total given in the beginning of this article, you could never guess it. Well, the answer is £12/17/6.

Yes, home-making can be absorbing, interesting, and instead of being a worry and a strain, furnishing can, under these conditions, be fun!

In this special home furnishing scheme of Bon Marche Ltd. is incorporated another important factor—easy terms. These can be arranged for, free of interest—EVE GYE.

You Can Make Curtain Pelmets At Home!

The stiff-shaped pelmets can be made at home if you follow this method:—

DECIDE whether you wish to have straight or scalloped lower edge to the pelmet. Then cut and pattern on paper. Try this against the windows, judge if depth and length are right.

Now cut out material from pattern and mount it on a strip of stiffened muslin, sold for the purpose at most furnishing stores. Line pelmet with curtain fabric or casement to tone. You can then edge the pelmet with fringe or galon.

Tack the finished pelmet to a pelmet board (which friend husband or any carpenter can fix for you), extending the whole width of the window, and just above the curtain rod.

Brass-headed drawing pins are the best to use, as they are easily removed when the pelmet wants washing.

Another plan is to cover the board with unbleached calico before it is fixed, and to tack the pelmet to this.

This Beautiful 4 Room Furnishing Scheme Complete for £65'10'.

Can Be Purchased on Very Easy Terms Only 80/- Deposit and 13'6 Per Week And Absolutely FREE OF INTEREST!



The Polished Maple Bedroom Suite

comprises

4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, One-Third Fitted Trays, Two-Thirds Hanging Space, 3ft. 6in. Toilet Table, completed with Fitted Lowboy.
4ft. 6in. Bedstead to match. £17 17 0
4ft. 6in. Wire Mattress 1 19 6
4ft. 6in. Set Kapok Bedding 3 19 6
9 x 9 Felt Base Square 1 19 6

£25'15'6

Dining Room Setting in Polished Maple

Comprising 4ft. 6in. Mirror Back Sideboard, 5ft. x 2ft. 9in. Refectory Table, 4 Dining Chairs, Fabricoid Seats 12 17 6
9 x 9 Felt Base Square 1 19 6

£14'17'.

TERMS FOR THE COUNTRY ON APPLICATION



Lounge Room

Three-Piece Lounge Suit, Upholstered in Genoa Velvet and Fabric. Securely Laced on Good Webbing £12 17 6
Round Occasional Table 1 7 6
9 x 9 Felt Base 1 19 6

£16'4'6

Kitchen

Comprising 4ft. 6in. Kitchen Cabinet, Two Double Cupboards with Leadlight Doors, Divided Cutlery Drawer, 4 x 2 Oak Table, 2 Oak Chairs, 6 yards Felt Base Lino £8'13'.



Scheme Complete £65'10'.

To Arrange for Terms Ring M2384.
Ask for Mr. Bray and our Representative will call.

Trade In Your Old Furniture As a Deposit On the New

BON MARCHE LTD.

Cr. Harris Street & Broadway, Sydney :: Phone M2384 (3 lines)

Grace Bros

BEFORE SALE BARGAINS

A Treasure of Rest and Supreme Sleep
 on GRACE BROS. QUALITY BEDDING
1,200 KAPOK MATTRESSES
OFFERED LESS 20% OF THEIR USUAL PRICE

Although Bedding prices are on the upward trend, owing to the recent great rise in Linen and Cotton, Grace Bros. have no desire to take advantage of their present huge stock of Tickings. We offer, on account of a Special Purchase of Kapok and Quality Tickings, three of our Superior Grades of Bedding in specially selected Tickings at Greatly Reduced Prices.



100 Only

of each of the Four Sizes.

4ft. 6in.
£6/17/63ft. 6in.
£5/16/63ft.
£5/2/62ft. 6in.
£4/6/-

Grace Bros.' Special, **£5/10/- £4/13/- £4/2/- £3/8/9**

Our Famous

**"M" QUALITY
BEDDING**

Defies Competition

Noted for its uniformity of construction, durability, and comfort. Ticking, filled with Superior Kapok. 7-inch Walls.



4ft. 6in.
Double Bed Size.
Usual Price, £5/18/6
Special Offer **£4/12/9**

Covered with a Superfine Fancy Belgian Stripe

100 ODD PILLOWS

First Class Quality. Full size. Discontinued patterns. Usually 9/-, 8/6, 7/9 and 6/3 each.
To Clear, each **5/-**

"G" Quality Bedding

Made by the most efficient Drill
Roll Edge Machine.

Sizes— 4ft. 6in. 3ft. 6in. 3ft. 2ft. 6in.
Usual Prices— £5/4/6 87/- 77/- 66/6

SPECIAL OFFER—
£4/3/6 69/6 61/6 53/-

Tightly packed with Superior Quality Kapok. 7in. Walls. Covered with a high-grade Damask; also Fancy Belgian Stripe Ticking, specially selected.

Discounted designs of **Bedsteads**
Sold at **Half Price** to Clear

	Usual Price	HALF PRICE
5 Only! 2ft. 6in. "BROADWAY" BEDSTEADS, in French style. In Black or Grey and Nickel.	£3/1/-	NOW 30/6
1 Only! 3ft. H.M. BEDSTEAD. White Enamelled. 1 1/2 in. posts.	£3/19/6	NOW 38/9
1 Only! 3ft. GREY AND NICKEL BEDSTEAD. French style. (Solebed).	£4/4/-	NOW 42/-
1 Only! 3ft. New Fashioned ALL-STEEL BEDSTEAD. Walnut grained.	£9/7/6	NOW £4/13/9
3 Only! 3ft. ARCH-TOP MAPLE BEDSTEADS	£6/19/6	NOW £3/9/9
1 Only! 4ft. 6in. Two-toned OAK GRAINED BEDSTEADS	£2/19/6	NOW £1/9/9
1 Only! 4ft. 6in. TWO-TONED MAPLE BEDSTEAD	£6/17/6	NOW £3/8/9
2 Only! 4ft. 6in. Imported English OAK BEDSTEAD. Full polished and beautifully grained	£7/15/-	NOW £3/17/6
1 Only! 4ft. 6in. SILKY OAK BEDSTEAD. Shop soiled	£7/5/-	NOW £3/12/6
1 Only! 4ft. 6in. PACIFIC OAK BEDSTEAD, with Pokework decoration	£6/19/6	NOW £3/9/9
1 Only! 4ft. 6in. MAPLE BEDSTEAD. Inlaid panel	£7/10/-	NOW £3/15/-

The "REGAL" QUALITY

Heavily filled with Superior Kapok, long in staple, good Silky appearance. The Ticking is Damask of the highest grade, closely tufted with woollen pom pom tufts to harmonise in colour with Ticks; also to eliminate the unpleasant tie knots



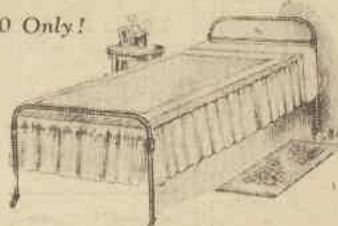
Buy your Bedding by Quality
not by Weight

Please Note!

That we guarantee to supply 100 Only MATTRESSES of each of the THREE Superior Grades, "Regal," "M," "G" Quality, and in each size, 4ft. 6in., 3ft. 6in., 3ft., 2ft. 6in. in the specially selected Tickings at these Special Prices.

EXTRA SPECIAL VALUE

100 Only!



BEDSTEAD COMPLETE WITH KAPOK MATTRESS. Covered with Fancy Ticking. 2ft. 6in. size. Fitted with strong Diamond wire.
PRICE **37/6**

A careful investigation of our stocks in all Departments has revealed a number of special items and odd lines which we intend to clear before the commencement of our Winter Sale. These particular lines have been greatly reduced as "Before-Sale" Bargains, and include all Departments throughout the Store. The Bargains on this page will prove typical examples.

Bargains from the NURSERY SECTION

Child's COT

In light or dark finish. Fitted with closely woven wire. Drop side. Size, 4ft. x 2ft.

PRICE, **43/6**



20 Only Folding Park Chairs

Slightly Soiled
Fitted with adjustable back and footrest. 19in. rubber-tired wheels.

Usual Price, 43/6.
NOW **27/6**



BABY SWINGS

21 Only! BABY SWINGS, on Wooden Stand, with strong Calico Hangers. Usual Price, 38/6. Special Offer **28/6**
 Also 18 Only! INFANTS' SWINGS. To hang from porch, verandah rafters, or tree branch. Broadened Hanger Hangers on strong metal frame. Usual Price, 19/6. Special Offer **15/-**

25 Only . . . CHILD'S Commode Chair

Dark stained. Fitted with lift-over tray.
PRICE, **11/6**



50 Only CHILD'S HIGH CHAIR

Dark stained. Usual Price, 14/6.
SPECIAL OFFER, **11/6**



'Phone M6506 **GRACE BROS. LTD.** Broadway, Sydney

FREE PARKING AREA
Corner of Bay and Francis Streets

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By Jane Anne Seymour

Of course, you'll want to read a postscript or two on the round of farewell parties given to the Governor and Lady Game. The "Alice in Wonderland" Ball, in aid of the Far West children, provided a typical example of how their genial entering into the fun of every party has made our Vice-Regals so well-liked.

THE Governor, Lady Game, Philip, David and Rosemary all obtained "Mad Hatter" hats and wore them right through the evening. About midnight they were escorted across the Blaxland Galleries to the lift by Commander Gifford and Flight-Lieut. Moir, to the accompaniment of cheer upon cheer. Their idiotic hats were still in place as the party went down in the lift, and apparently were worn right back to Government House.

AT the boat, a wharf-laborer made his way along the deck, proffered his hand to the Governor, and said "Good-bye." The Governor cordially shook hands and echoed the friendly "Good-bye."

MOREE'S picnic races and Cinderella Ball passed off with great eclat. Record attendance... delightful weather... smart frocking... everybody who is anybody in the North-West, and a lot from other points of the compass.

In the party of the club's popular president (Mr. J. Y. Black) and Mrs. Black and their daughter, Meg, were Mr. and Mrs. Bingle, of Sydney, and Secretary Sid Longworth and Mrs. Longworth, of Vaucluse, had their daughter Jean and her friend, May Crane, also of Vaucluse. Mr. Tom Longworth, secretary of Mungindi P.R. Club, and Mrs. Longworth (Woolahra), their daughter Joyce, Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Treat, Mr. and Mrs. Diethelm, and Betty Considine, of Vaucluse, were other Sydney folk present.

OF course, Mr. and Mrs. L. Manches and Marjorie, Mr. and Mrs. Geoff. Manches, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Hill, and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hill were in the crowd.

A gay house party was hostessed by Mrs. Keith Fisher. Marjorie Howse, Nancy Pearce, Joan Willoughby Dowling, Jack Sinclair, Joe MacDonald, Colin Ross, and Bob Inglis were among their guests. Mrs. Graham Body and Enid Hall were also due, but Mrs. Body was not well enough to attend, and Enid, who stayed at home to help nurse her father, missed the races, but intended going up later, in time for the opening of Narrabri Golf Club and Murrumbidgee picnic races.

AN engagement of interest to many city and country dwellers is that of Betty, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Harris of Forbes, to Basil, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Clifton of Sydney.

THAT much-loved couple, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hall, of Glenlyon, Drummoyne, were, when the last mail left, staying at Beckenham with relatives and planning a motor tour through Britain.

Their friends will be delighted to know they propose returning to Sydney before this year is out.

BEFORE Mabel Kirbyshire left by the Monowai for an extended tour abroad, she was given a delightful farewell tea at David Jones'. Her three aunts, Mesdames E. Richards, A. Blackburn and G. Bishop arranged the party, and the guest of honor received many attractive presents and beautiful flowers.

MRS. WALLACE CARRUTHERS and Mrs. Alan Copeland, who came to town for the Palm Beach Life Saving Club Dance this Tuesday, came up from Palm Beach, where they have been sharing the Adrian Curlew's home. Mrs. Wallace Carruthers' mother, Mrs. Malcolm (Adelaide), and Mrs. Copeland's mother, Mrs. Sydney Hall, have also been at Palm Beach.

BRENDA GUTHRIE was the only stranger at the official table at the Victoria League's luncheon at Farmer's. Miss Guthrie is a writer who has collected stories of pioneer days in New



A DELIGHTFUL portrait of Catherine Neill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Neill, of Morialta, Roseville. Catherine is a very popular member of the Younger Social Set, and a keen tennis and golf player.

Zealand for her books. She is staying at the Wentworth, and will gather Australian pioneer facts during her visit. Miss Guthrie's home is in Dunedin.

FROM the ever-thinning ranks of old pioneers there passed to the Great Unknown, recently, a most distinguished member, Mrs. M. A. Hobbes, who had reached the ripe age of 95. The pages of history roll back when one briefly traces her life. Her father was Captain Peter Goldie, at one time Commodore of the British India clipper fleet, and later Comptroller-General of Docks, who died of cholera on his way to Russia, where he had accepted the post of Marine Surveyor from the Czar. Her mother was a Stobo. An historic castle in the North of Scotland, where Sir Walter Scott was a frequent visitor, is still owned by members of the Stobo family.

Arriving in Australia about seventy-five years ago, just after the wreck of the Dunbar, she later married John T. Hobbes, a great traveller, linguist, lover of art, and the close friend and companion of John Ruskin, with whom he corresponded till his death.

THE couple settled at Merriwina, Tilba Tilba, and soon became renowned for their hospitality. They made the blacks their especial care and, though the warlike tribes caused them much anxiety, became their firm friends. Right up to a week before the death of Mrs. Hobbes, natives from the South walked hundreds of miles up the coast to Sydney to see her. She was their own "little missus," and their love for her was very wonderful and touching. Many were the gifts they brought—a handful of flowers... some fish... a wild duck.

She is survived by a son (Mr. C. G. Hobbes, of Moree), five daughters (Mrs. D. G. Commons, of Fyvie, Mrs. Donald Mackay, of Warialda, Mrs. C. G. Weston, of Cremorne, Mrs. L. G. Weston, of Wellington, and Mrs. John Thorburn, of Devon, England), and ten grandchildren. Among these are Mrs. Withers Payne, of Singapore (a recent bride, Barbara Mackay), Mrs. J. Carter, of Cootamundra, and Mrs. Kingsley Strachan, of Turrumurra.

THE birthday mamequin teas at David Jones' are being very well attended, in spite of the fact that it is now well into the middle of the season. Many ideas, tentatively suggested at the first parties, have now firmly taken root. Up-

turned hat brims, for instance, are not only present, but are universal. Only about two hats out of the whole afternoon's showing on Monday featured the downturned style, even when the brims were a picture size.

Another interesting item was that, as a rule, for street and sports wear, hats and frocks no longer match. It is the hat, gloves and shoes which match, and perhaps also the large buttons which form the frock's trimming. As a matter of fact, a too high perfection of ensemble was never featured, as perfection leads to dullness. One of the smartest models showed a blue frock and hat, brown shoes and white gloves. The stockings were in the paler tones, many having almost a pinkish tinge.

Of the cocktail frocks, one of the most outstanding was a rust-colored (a popular color this season) tunic, with black velvet skirt. The tunic had a high neckline, and fitted closely to the hips, but below the hips was given much fullness by an arrangement of pleats.

OUR international friends have given representative prizes for the competitions at the International Ball, which will take place at David Jones' on Wednesday next. Switzerland, for instance, has given a gold wristlet watch. The debutantes include Molly Rushon, Mimine Sant, Jean Green, Margaret Green, Patricia Salenger, Marjorie Foll, Betty Macnamara, Jean Blake, Louise Darr, Sybil Hemphill, Margaret Campbell, Grace Campbell and Esther Gilkes.

AN interesting visitor from Hollywood is Grace Gibson. Back home Grace has done considerable work in pictures and broadcasting, and this is a business trip. She represents the Freeman-Lange and other "transcription" studios. These studios specialise in the preparation of fifteen-minute radio entertainments for broadcasting at home and abroad.

AT the premiere of "Cradle Song" at the Prince Edward on Saturday, black was much in evidence in the frocking of the audience. Those who chose this color included Mrs. F. W. Wheatley, in black lace with a silver wrap; Lady Walder in black lace and squirrel coat; Mrs. John Kennebeck, in black velvet; Mrs. Stewart Dawson, in black velvet with sequins; and Mrs. Cecil Borkman, black velvet. Others present were Mrs. W. Hurworth, Mrs. C. A. Weston, Mrs. J. O. Wesley, Mrs. T. Carlyon, and Mrs. J. D. Meekes.

ELECTRIC lights, as well as the usual flags, were a feature of the party at the Royal Motor Yacht Club on Saturday. The recently enlarged ballroom was outlined in them, and a huge floral replica of the flagship Miramar, the centrepiece of Commodore Stuart Doyle's table, was also surrounded by lights.

Mrs. Stuart Doyle, in white crepe with a black velvet coat trimmed with ermine, entertained among her guests Mrs. Stanley Crick, who wore white crepe satin, also, which was trimmed with monkey fur. Mrs. W. A. Dettman, Mrs. George Rayner, and Joan Gifford.

A LONDON friend writes of meeting Mrs. J. C. Wright, widow of Sydney's former Archbishop, with her daughter, Mrs. Wright has been living on the Continent, and her visit to London was brief.

GIRLS and ex-girls of S.C.E.G.G.S. will regret the loss to their Alma Mater of Miss Margaret Elliott, though congratulating her on her new appointment as principal of Stratford, a Church of England college for girls, at Lawson.

For the past 21 years Miss Elliott has been on the staff of S.C.E.G.G.S. Her outside interests have been wide, including sports, music, languages, and the significant educational and cultural movements of the day.

The Tildesley Shield, which runs every year, was first organised by her for the purpose of raising funds for the War Chest. For the past five years she has been secretary of the Secondary Schools' Tennis Association. She is the headmistresses' representative on the committee of the British Music Association and a member of the League of Nations.

Doubtless much of her brilliance and energy is an hereditary gift. Her father, the late James Elliott, was a brilliant member of the editorial staff of the "Sydney Morning Herald."

IT took an outside Union Jack to make a background for the official table at the Royal Empire Society's dinner at the Wentworth on Empire Night, as there were about twenty official guests.

It was the first public function attended by the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Street, and the new president, Sir Kelson King, presided. Lady King, very handsome in black velvet, and Lady Street, a distinguished figure in grey with a corsage spray of pink camellias, added a vivacious note.

Distinguished guests from the Indian branch of the society were Mr. and Mrs. Lalakka. He made a stirring speech, and she looked quite wonderful. Her sari was of white edged with embroidery. The couple are staying at Coolinoo, Turrumurra, and have left a little son behind in India.

Watch Nancy Grow



AGED 13 MONTHS

She's singing a song of health

Nancy sings little tunes, besides talking, walking and performing simple physical exercises. There's nothing about her to suggest that she was born when her mother was suffering from pulmonary T.B.

Fresh air, sunshine and careful diet have done a lot for Nancy Lee. She is still fed on the barley jelly made from Robinson's "Patent" Barley, which has played such an important part in her progress. Now Nancy eats her barley jelly with fruit, and mixed in broth. She has had it in many forms, but always made from Robinson's "Patent" Barley. Nancy Lee's story is unusual, yet she is only one of many babies who have gained so much from Robinson's "Patent" Barley. What Robinson's Barley did for these babies it can do for your baby, too. Buy a tin to-day.

If you would like to know Nancy's full history write to Colman-Keen (A/asia) Ltd., Box 2503 M.M., G.P.O., Sydney, for "The Story of Nancy Lee" and a free sample of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, enclosing a 2d. stamp for postage and package.

ROBINSON'S Patent Barley



7 kinds of stains discolour teeth— COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

MANY AN attractive woman wonders why her teeth are often dull, lustreless—even after brushing.

She doesn't know that the things she eats and drinks put seven kinds of stains on her teeth.

She doesn't know that ordinary toothpastes will not remove all seven. That Colgate's will.

For Colgate's, unlike ordinary toothpastes, does not rely on one way of cleansing—it has two actions.

Some food stains yield to washing action, some only to polishing action. Both are needed to give teeth spotless lustre.

As you brush Colgate's over your teeth, it foams. The polishing action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—completes the job of removing the stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—beautiful—charming.

So stop trying to get teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only half the job.

Send for a FREE sample tube today. Enclose 3d. to cover cost of packing and postage to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company Ltd., Box 2701C, G.P.O., Sydney.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's twice a day, and see your dentist frequently.

The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth

- Group No. 1—Starchy foods
- Group No. 2—Sugar foods
- Group No. 3—Protein foods
- Group No. 4—Fatty foods
- Group No. 5—Mineral foods
- Group No. 6—Fruits
- Group No. 7—Beverages and Tobacco

Price 1/3d. a large tube. Also in powder form 1/6d. a bottle.



Brasso is sold only in tins with the blue and white stripes



Out of the Brasso tin comes the easiest, quickest, brightest shine of all. You use less polish—you save yourself time and money. Do more than ask for Brasso—see that you get Brasso. It's sold only in this tin!

BRASSO LIQUID METAL POLISH
Sold only in the blue and white striped tin.
A RECKITT'S PRODUCT — MADE IN AUSTRALIA

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

on matters of everyday concern to women.

Even fathers should be seen and not heard... sometimes!

How can home life and political life go well together? How is the happiness of wife and children affected, where public life claims most of the husband's time. Louise Mack, Australia's well-known author, answers a woman's problem this week.

THIS week something quite different has come into my letter-bag.

It is a long and interesting letter from a politician's wife.

"My husband is a politician," writes Mrs. X. "Is it wrong for me to wish he wasn't? How can home life and political life go well together? That is my problem. Home life should be cementing and gathering together fine thoughts and fine deeds in an atmosphere of love. But how can that be when the head of the family lives in a thousand places as it were, and he and I are dragging ourselves continually all over the country? And then our sons and daughters find it hard to see their father as Sir Oracle, though that is how he sees himself because he is a politician. He ridicules their ideas, and they resent it."

WHEN I read that, I began to ask myself what it is that politics do to a man?

Do they give him too much power? More power than mortal man can carry, is that what politics give him? Overweighting him till he topples first in one direction and then in another, seeming to be striving in a sort of stupor that yet is also a sort of frenzy to act out there right in the market place before all eyes his own presentation of the most important man in the world—himself.

Wife's View

PERHAPS politics are not good for a man, though they may be good for the country.

Maybe politics are even bad for a man though they may be good for a nation. Anyway, this wife's point of view holds a poignant problem about the queer difference there is between the politician in the eyes of the world, the politician as he sees himself, the politician as his wife sees him, and last, and most important, the politician as his children see him.

ABSOLUTELY essential to the paternal attitude to children is a sweet reasonableness within their father's sternness.

They know it's there, that sweet reasonableness, and they know if it's not there, scenting it out by the remarkable blind but acute instincts of childhood and adolescence.

They knew, when they were tiny tots, quite a lot about their daddy that would have surprised him, for children are terribly quick to sense the adulation poured upon one they themselves look up to, and the politician's little children are perfectly aware that their daddy is an object of worship from everybody, or so it seems to the poor little children. They know their daddy is big. They know he is bigger than anybody else. And they know that everybody kow-tows to him.

But when they grow up, and their father is still a politician, ah, that is another story!

It is they, now, who have to do the kow-towing. They have to break themselves in from the modern schoolings their young lives have been assimilated.

ing and listen to their father's oracular pronouncements that are inevitably tinged with the politics of the nation and not the ethics of that youth or maiden. Blindly they must obey. He is a politician. He must know what he is talking about better than they can do. And then the trouble begins.

For the young of to-day don't give in just because they are young!

On the contrary, just because they are young they stick to their points of view with a cold, deliberate persistence that must be painfully unpleasant to Sir Oracle, their father, unable either to wangle or to brow-beat for once in his life.

Listen! Sir Oracle

WELL, let Sir Oracle learn that he must not be Sir Oracle in his own home. Let him read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest that he may be a politician, a statesman, a Premier, a Prime Minister, a Dictator, a King even, to the nation, but to his wife and children he must be father, just father, like any other man in the street, and believe it or not the best father to-day is the father who learns from his children!

The weapon of ridicule, directed against young people, is not only very dangerous and very cruel, but is pre-eminently stupid.

Listen to this from Osbert Sitwell, the great English satirist: "How he loathed it, this explosive ridicule, which had



"LOOK! Can you do this?"

overthrown great empires and had blown to dust age-old systems of thought and civilisation. It was this weapon, for instance, which first had crippled and then humbled and consumed the empire of the Grand Moghul and had remodelled the life therein, bringing it down to its present squalid level."

BUT the young in their new great knowledgeableness are probably quite aware that when their father ridicules and belittles their new ideas it is because he is outwardly derisive but inwardly afraid.

And they are not afraid of themselves and their new ideas, and therein lies the difference.

Our Weekly Crossword

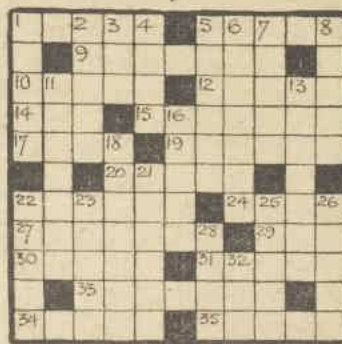
ACROSS

1. Rapidly
3. Pertaining to sight
9. Play tricks
10. Dwell
12. Infection of a verb
14. Speed
15. Entertain gladly
17. Dried fruit
19. In two
20. Carnivorous birds
22. Worshipped
24. Four
27. Feels sympathetically
29. A field
30. Purge pain
31. Girls
33. Dares
34. Strain
35. "Cavalier houses"

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

ACROSS—Psyche, effs, og, his, hen, sub, int, Anna, lire, sa, ermine, lie, soda, egret, ma, og, trips, liths, ee, or, ono, navel, velvet, trine, addys.

DOWN—Foster, equine, ch, him, estates, stan, duque, ten, saure, bird, emu, eg, fitch, reined, Mele, cent, tent, rear, poet, love, told, Vi, dy



DOWN

1. Drink excessively
2. Cake covering
3. Fish
4. Perceived by instinct
5. An exile
6. Exact
7. A singer
8. Religion
11. Constructor
13. Daubed
16. Part of an ode
18. Cleaning instrument
21. Yield to pity
23. Debate
25. A pointed archway
26. Foot-trees
28. Boot
32. Unit of French square measure

For Adults Only

EVERYBODY'S HEADING

"MAIDEN'S PRAYER"
LOUISE MACK'S Latest and Best.
Cloth Edition, 2/3—Posted, 2/8.
N.E.W. BOOKSTALL COMPANY LTD.,
Market and Castlereagh Streets,
SYDNEY.

INDIGESTION



After-meal Pains Sour Acid Stomach Gripping Pains

Be Warned of Serious Danger

Suffocating stuffiness, heart palpitating, flatulence, heartburn, gripping pains, all tell of acid stomach or some form of digestive trouble. Are you waiting for more serious trouble to develop such as ulceration, gastritis, colitis, bowel weakness, the misery of chronic dyspepsia?

Why not let the new-principle remedy for indigestion, De Witt's Antacid Powder, stop your pain and danger quickly—permanently?

Sufferers say its effect is marvellous, quick and lasting. No more miserable pain. Back comes the old splendid appetite.

This New-Principle Remedy Stops Indigestion Quickly

Here are just two from a host of letters from those once in misery because of "neglected indigestion," now pain-free—thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion.

Mrs. Langham, of 116 Northbrook Street, Prince's Park, Liverpool, Eng., says:—"My husband suffered intense pain from indigestion. He was in very bad pain and under the doctor. We thought we were going to lose him for he was getting no better. He really was in agony, so learning about De Witt's Antacid Powder I sent for some and gave my husband one teaspoonful whilst he was in bed in agony. At once he went to sleep and had a real good night's rest, and each day he has improved. He is a different man. You can understand how grateful we are for learning about your remedy. It is the best we have tried—and we have tried many remedies. It should be more widely known."

GASTRIC TROUBLE ENDED

Mr. W. Best, 152 Carlingford Rd., West Green, N.15, England, says:—"For many years I was a martyr to severe gastric trouble, and was never free from pain. One day I read about De Witt's Antacid Powder, and decided to give it a trial. I was really astounded at the quick relief it gave me, and I can now eat and enjoy a hearty meal. I am truly thankful for the relief De Witt's Antacid Powder has given me."

De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion is quite different from ordinary purging salts or strong soda products. The nine specially selected ingredients of this new remedy neutralise pain-causing acidity, soothe and strengthen the digestive system and actually aid the digestion of food.

Here is sound advice we give to every sufferer from indigestion trouble. Go to your chemist now. Ask for and be sure you get—

DEWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy, prepared by the well-known house "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.

Intimate Jottings



Did You Know That—

Doreen Hordern is a marvellous success as secretary of the Darling Point District Nursing Association, keeping everybody up to the mark?

Archbishop Mowell has been presented with a beautiful Persian cat?

Joy Manning is leaving for Kosciusko on Friday for the winter sports, at which she is adept?

Returned from London

MRS. LEO COHEN, a daughter-in-law of Mr. George Judah Cohen, has returned to Sydney after a visit to London, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Noel Isaacs. Mrs. Cohen has taken a flat at Hampton Court. She is a daughter of the late Mr. Barnett, a notable architect, who designed Melbourne's old Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. George Judah Cohen still goes to his office daily, though last week he celebrated his 92nd birthday.

Didn't Miss Party

EVERY year Mr. Glen-cross Swift, who is a very old friend of the family, and godfather to her brother, George, takes Barbara Ramsay and her family to dinner and a theatre on her birthday. As Barbara has torn the ligaments of her leg, however, and is at present unable to walk without aid, this year the usual party presented difficulties.

All went well, however, last week, and Barbara not only managed to get to "White Horse Inn" but also, with the aid of crutches and Mr. Swift's assistance, attended the dinner party, too. The birthday gift, too, was very smart—a pair of "elephants' breath" silk stockings.

The Judge and the Cow

SINCE his rose-garden at Pymble is the delight and pride of his heart, Mr. Justice Boyce was naturally much annoyed last week when he awoke to find a cow enjoying its charms. Putting a halter round its neck, he took the trouble to walk with it himself to the pound, where he left it.

On his return home he met his gardener.

"I'm sorry, sir, we can't have any milk for breakfast," said the gardener.

"Why ever not?" asked the Judge.

"I can't find the cow!" was the reply.

Philip Game

Keeps Busy

NOW that Philip Game is staying at Bishopscliff, his presence is added to that of the MacCallums, Bavins, and others at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on Sunday. He made his first appearance last Sunday at a service specially altered so that Bishop Crotty could give his splendid sermon on "Peace."

Although in the main spending his time studying Lord Howe and Cudgong rock formations, Philip is flying to Bathurst this week-end in Jimmy Moir's plane to stay with Elizabeth and Hensel Conroy. He is also planning a trip to Kosciusko, and is having the Government House courts kept in good trim for tennis parties to be held in the near future.

A Gift for "Giff."

A KNOT of wharf-wavers to Vice-Royalty. . . "My dear, I just couldn't think of an appropriate gift. . . It's so hard when he's so popular. . . Has everything, of course!"

Mrs. A. T. Anderson's sensible voice, "Yes, I puzzled about what to give 'Giff,' too. Then I had an inspiration. So I gave him 'A Gentleman Never Tells'."

Lament from Florence

FLORENCE, Mrs. Pauline Cox reports, has lost much of its former brilliance. The well-known Cafe Giacomini is closed, though the famous and ancient Cafe Doney (mentioned by Dumas in "Monte Cristo") is still complete with the old pre-war waiters and dwarf at door, but not quite with "Business as usual."

The "Ville de Lyon," once a fashion Mecca for visitors, is no more, and the glory hath departed from other once famous Florentine rendezvous. Mrs. Cox now finds herself one of the very few Australians living in Florence.

Travelling in Spain

WRITING from Seville, Miss Maude Fitzhardinge tells of seeing the impressive Holy Week celebrations in that historic city, and the procession, for the first time since the revolution of April, 1931, of the religious brotherhoods through the city to the great Cathedral—"that marvel of all the ages."

Practically every young Sevillean woman, she adds, is a beauty, petite and slender and as the girls pass by in their hundreds to their devotions, simply clad in black with their stately head-dresses and black mantillas, they make a picturesque and unforgettable sight.

Miss Fitzhardinge has numerous friends in Sydney. One of the first graduates of the Women's College, she has travelled extensively, and is an authority on languages and art.

Mrs. C. Y. Simpson, from New Zealand, where they have been on a visit.

Mrs. O'Connor's home is in Perth. She is the widow of the famous engineer of the Coolgardie water scheme. Sir Frederick O'Connor, who was on a lecture tour here recently, is a member of the same clan. The importance of Sir Frederick's work in Tibet for the British Government has already passed into history.

Kismet for Prince?

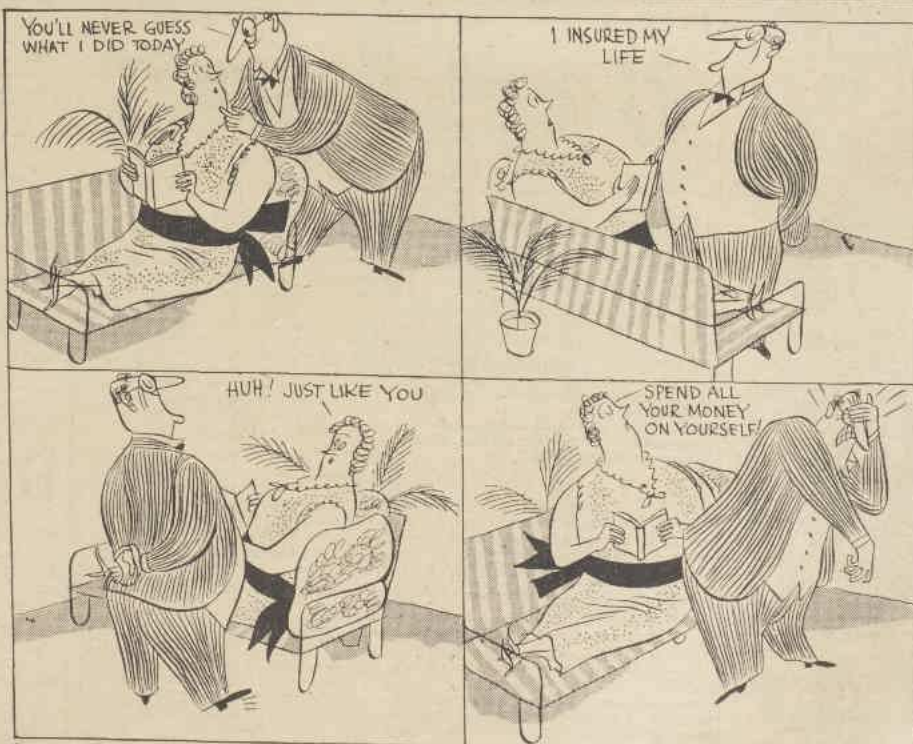
MR. AND MRS. JAMES MACARTHUR ONSLOW entertained the Duke and Duchess of York at Camden. Now they are in residence at Kismet, Potts Point, so perhaps Prince Henry will be a guest there during part of his visit.

An Important Election

POLITICIANS are busy debating whether to have their elections at the end of this year or the beginning of next, but the Sydney University Senate elections, which are due in November, will take place, Prince or no Prince.

There is only one University woman candidate, Dr. Constance D'Arcy (who is at present a member) and women graduates are being urged to do all in their power to see that she is elected. As the entire woman vote would not elect her, the men have to be rallied to the cause, too. Their support is sure to be forthcoming, because the second time she stood for election, and was not returned, the men felt they couldn't do without her, and co-opted her.

In and Out of Society . . . By WEP



Four Pretty Maids

VALERIE BAVIN, Jocelyn and Shirley Poynter, and Rosemary George will be the bridesmaids to Stella Malkin, who arrived by the Port Campbell, when she marries Lieutenant Frank George, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank George, of Bayard, Point Piper.

Evanne Wood's Plans

EVANNE WOOD, the daughter of the late Professor G. A. Wood and of Mrs. Wood, who announced her engagement to David Garnsey, son of Canon A. H. Garnsey, of St. Paul's College, and Mrs. Garnsey, has fixed her wedding date for October. David is still in England, and will not arrive in Sydney until August. After the wedding, bride and groom will leave for abroad, as David starts his duties as curate at Oxford in December.

"Bill" Wood, the Rhodes scholar, writes from Devonshire, where he has been spending his vacation, that the early bluebells and primroses are even worth suffering the cold weather to see. Miss L. Wood, Evanne's aunt, who has been ill, has returned from a holiday at Cronulla, improved in health.

Car Number One

MRS. GEORGE HYDE, of Neutral Bay, is visiting Moree, and intends going on to Mt. Mitchell Station.

Do you remember when Mr. Hyde's car was registered No. 1 in N.S.W., and the time they visited Orange, and caused quite a stir in that pretty town, being mistaken for Vice-Royalty? Later, their car number did migrate to Government House, though whose car it now adorns I cannot tell you.

An Adventurous Trip

LAST week Mr. A. J. Vogan, who has just returned from scientific research in the islands, and Rev. Whonsonbon-Aston, formerly the only Anglican priest in Fiji, and a "sky pilot" in the physical, as well as the spiritual, sense, had a reunion luncheon in Sydney. Mr. Whonsonbon-Aston very greatly admires Mr. Vogan's courage in undertaking his trip, which included sailing for days through uncharted seas.

As well as the carvings and statue he found, Mr. Vogan also examined the grave in Fiji where two hundred pirates, surrounded and slain by law-abiding citizens, are buried. The children accompanying him entered thoroughly into the spirit of the search, continually running up to him with delighted cries such as "Look, Mr. Vogan! A lovely skull!"

Have You Heard That—

Mrs. Stuart Studdy has returned from Bowral, but her son John has remained at Gunnedah with Dr. Studdy's brother, Gordon, and his family?

Miss Gertrude Waley is the guest of Lady Waley at her home at Onslow Av., Elizabeth Bay? Miss Waley has been studying art in London.

Mrs. W. H. Read, wife of Dr. Read, of Wahroonga, is visiting Kiama?

In sixty seconds, sixty-five trees were promised for Arbor Day at the meeting of the Smith Family at the Carlton?

Madame Murai, wife of the Consul-General for Japan, has shingled her luxuriant hair?

The Victoria League gave Lady Game "Pekin Picnic" to while away a ship-board hour or two?



NO SICKNESS HERE!

SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT keeps him rosy and well—supplying the precious vitamins and bodily nourishment that promote sturdy growth, strong bones, and sound teeth. Every child should be given this true energy-food, particularly over the winter months, against colds and germ infection. Children love it and take it readily.

FOR GROWING CHILDREN, NURSING MOTHERS, INVALIDS, Etc.

Obtainable from all Chemists, Grocers and Stores.

SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT

Made by W. SAUNDERS & SON PTY. LTD., Abbotsford, Melb., Vic.



PALMOLIVE, and no other soap, is the daily rule in thousands of homes where there are children. In its formula gentle, protective oils of olive and palm are scientifically blended to protect the skin during these years when protection is most needed.

For their delicate skins . . . and yours . . . no ordinary soap can hope to give Palmolive results. For nothing has ever been found to equal its mild, gentle care. Centuries of research have failed to find the equal of olive oil blended in soap.

Palmolive is pure. Olive and Palm oils—and nothing else—give it its rich green colour. No bleaches. Thousands of women the world over owe their complexions to Palmolive—and nothing else. Don't experiment—with beauty at stake—and with Palmolive's priceless beauty care now yours at the lowest price in history.

"It's olive oil that makes Palmolive green"—the rival at the right shows the exact amount we put into each cake.



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For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

Problems of Feeding when on a Sea Voyage

By . . .
Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the world-famous authority on Baby Welfare.

Although a sea trip does not present so many difficulties as a long train journey, it may be of interest to the holiday-maker to know how to prepare artificial food, if necessary, for a baby on board ship.

HUMANISED milk is normally made with a basis of fresh cow's milk, but when it is impossible to obtain this, as on a sea voyage, it may be made with dried milk.

Let us take, for example, a baby of four months whose weight is about 13lb. Such a baby would need 32½ ounces of humanised milk in 24 hours; five feedings of 6½ ounces each.

The ingredients you will need to take aboard with you will be the full cream dried milk (which can sometimes be procured on the ship), sugar of milk, and an emulsion containing 50 per cent. fats and 40 per cent. sugars.

About three weeks before sailing, baby should be gradually graded from the fresh cow's milk mixture to the dried milk mixture. Baby is thus used to his new food before he is upset by a change of dwelling-places.

On board ship it is best to make up each feed separately. Remember that when feeding baby artificially, especially when using a dried milk mixture, fruit juice must be given daily. It is usually not hard to procure good oranges on board, but it is wise to take a supply and hand them to the cook to keep in cool storage.

It should always be remembered that it is unwise to keep a baby on a dried milk or condensed milk recipe longer than is absolutely necessary, though these milks can be made to serve a useful purpose under certain conditions, if properly modified to suit the delicate organs and digestive capabilities of the human baby. As soon as your destination is reached, baby should be graded back again on to the fresh milk recipes.

Nature's Plan

WHEN passing through the tropics, it may be found that baby does not require all his usual emulsion allowance. The amount may be cut down to half for a week or two until the very hot weather has passed, and gradually increased again as the ship moves into a cooler zone. Sufficient supplies of emulsion and sugar-of-milk should be taken on board, and the emulsion kept in cool storage.

It may be asked, "Why not feed the baby on dried milk and boiled water alone—it would be much easier?"

Because cow's milk is meant for the calf, not the human baby; and dried milk is merely cow's milk with practically all the water driven off. Adding water brings it back to cow's milk again, but it does not "humanise" it.

The whole matter of correct infant feeding condenses down to a realisation of the significance of Nature's plan for the nourishment of all young animals, and the paramount importance of following this plan as closely as possible in the artificial feeding of babies.

The calf doubles its birth weight in about six weeks; the human baby takes six months to double his. Therefore, Nature in her wonderful wisdom has seen to it that cow's milk contains between two and three times as much of the body-building material in the food (protein) as does human milk.

Nature has also provided the calf with a huge stomach specially designed to



HELEN WELLS, daughter of Mrs. Eric Wells, Kynuna, N.W. Queensland, aged two years. Helen was brought up on the Truby King system.

deal with this large amount of flesh-forming material. The fact that a baby might "tolerate" the food which was meant for the calf need not blind us to the obvious fact that its digestion must thus be overtaxed and the delicate growing kidneys subjected to a severe strain.

ANY mother contemplating a sea voyage may obtain the correct recipe for the individual needs of her own baby, free of charge, by writing to the Sister-in-Charge, Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth St., Sydney, enclosing a 2d. stamp for reply.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents noticed by you may be of interest to others. Tell them in The Australian Women's Weekly and mark the envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true and original. Payment will be remitted immediately after publication.

Vanity Habit

ONE morning in the tram-car an overdone-up young thing sat opposite me, and to the amusement of passengers and to the consternation of the conductor, while gazing absently out of the window handed him her mirror instead of her tram-pass—P.M.T.

A Canine Critic

WE have a dog which will listen for hours in perfect silence to most wireless music, but as soon as a dance band starts it begins to howl and bark. If we switch over to another station where other music is in progress the dog becomes silent—"Elson."

Twopence for Comfort

ONE day last week a lady visitor to Katoomba went into a shop there and asked for milk-shake. To her surprise the shopkeeper asked her if she would have it sitting down or standing up. "What's the difference?" she said. "Oh, it's 4d. standing up, and 6d. sitting down," was the reply—P.C.S.

Was She Dreaming?

AN old lady got on a tram I was travelling in recently, and, tendering a shilling, she told the conductor her destination, which was two sections further on. She received her change, and then every time the conductor passed and asked for fares she paid again. She had no fewer than five tickets when I quietly told the tram man what she was doing. One can only assume she thought it necessary to pay every time the man cried "Fares, please," or that she was in some trance or day-dream—E.E.S.

A Howler

AT a North Coast (Queensland) country school the young teacher gave the children the words "Man proposes" and asked them to write down the completion of the well-known phrase. The correct continuation was given by all the scholars except one. He naively wrote: "Woman accepts."—"Cal."

Hand of Fate

HOW many people, I wonder, believe our lives are guided by Fate? My husband and I are both English. We lived not 50 yards apart from each other in a small town in the north of England, yet we were not introduced to each other until we had both travelled 13,000 miles. We fell in love at first sight, and have now been happily married for over two years.—E.S.

Sketching is the hobby that pays!



Would you like to sell sketches to Editors, Publishers and Advertisers? Provided you have the aptitude for sketching, whatever your age, and whether you have had little or no previous training, STOTT'S can teach you to produce sketches that sell.

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Made in a second

USE IT ALSO FOR GRAVIES & SOUPS

DELICIOUS SPREAD THINLY ON BREAD

OBTAINABLE IN 2 OZ. JARS AND IN 4 & 8 OZ. CONTAINERS at all Chemists & Stores



The Man who makes you this sensational offer—see below.

Stop Being Shy

ARE you letting self-consciousness rob you of all the fun in life? Because there is no greater obstacle to your happiness, health, and success than a nervous disposition. You are not your real self if you let nervous fears, blushing, or shyness cheat you of the joy you could get if you threw off those fears! Stop being shy of strangers—conquer the terrible fear of your superiors. Be cheerful and confident of your future!

I'LL GIVE YOU BULLDOG COURAGE — IN 48 HOURS!

THOUSANDS of men and women are being held back from the life of success by a "shy" habit. Why? Simply because of bashfulness, fear of criticism, worry, and doubts of other fears. Yet fear is absolutely unnecessary. I have discovered an amazing method, and I want you to try it out in your own home, which banishes fear forever! No trouble! No inconvenience. No long waiting for results. This method is perfectly simple, perfectly logical. It works almost instantly. Try it now! You will be astonished. In just a few hours you will find yourself brimming over with splendid new courage, new daring, new self-confidence. Are you timid, bashful, self-conscious, afraid of people, afraid of superiors? Send for my FREE Book. Then give me 48 hours and I'll make you bristle with Bulldog Courage!

FREE BOOK!

A remarkably interesting book explaining how you can cure yourself privately at home, as I did, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope to all sufferers sending 3d. in cover cost of postage. Write at once to confidence to

MAIL NOW!

FREDERICK GRAY, Desk W.W., Lambard Chambers, Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,—Please send me absolutely free, a copy of your book, "Nervous Strength, Self-Confidence, and Personality." I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage.

NAME

ADDRESS



"We can Furnish SO EASILY!" W.W. Campbells will give us 2 YEARS TO PAY!

W. W. Campbells' new "50 Pay Way" gives real credit to all young people and others about to furnish. This liberal scheme applies to all general furnishing orders (except "perishables") of £50 and over. Using this amount as an example, each fortnightly payment will be only 20/- (equal to 10/- a week). You make 2 payments as a deposit, and the remaining 48 payments fortnightly. Call and make your own selection. This unusual offer only applies to Metropolitan orders. It is a straight-forward and new scheme and is backed by W. W. Campbells' 50-year reputation for honest trading.

You may buy whatever Furniture and Floor-coverings you require, be it ever so little, on W. W. Campbells' Warehouse Easy Terms—the easiest terms in Sydney.

249 CLARENCE ST. (One door from Market St.) SYDNEY

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

COME and
HEAR this SET!

You can secure this 5-Valve Superhet.
for £19/19/- Cash, or

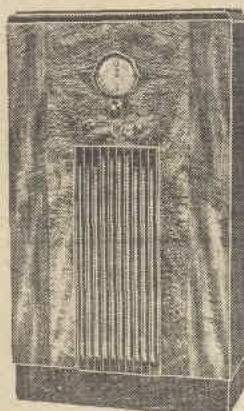
20/-
DEPOSIT

"CAMBRON" stands for Quality.
This set, as illustrated, is fitted with

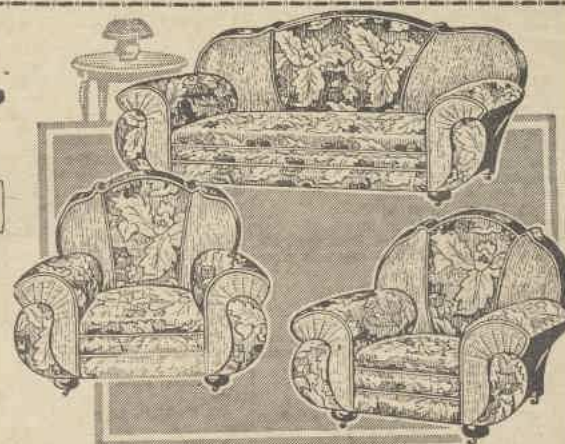
5/-
WEEKLY

The new
"Aero" dial
New type
6-volt
Valves.

Amplion Q
Speaker
Giving
Perfect
Tone,
Perfect
Local and
Interstate
Reception.



Free Delivery, Free Service, Free Installation.
Guaranteed 12 Months.
Backed by a Firm of 50 Years' Trading.



Upholstered in Genoa Velvet, with Velvet trimmings, this sumptuous Lounge Suite is a splendid example of first-class workmanship. The Lounge and Chairs are extra large, with massive arms, and the springing and design are perfect. Constructed for comfort and lifelong service, this handsome Suite is remarkable value at This Week's Cash Price, £16/16/-.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

16/6 DEPOSIT 3/9 WEEKLY

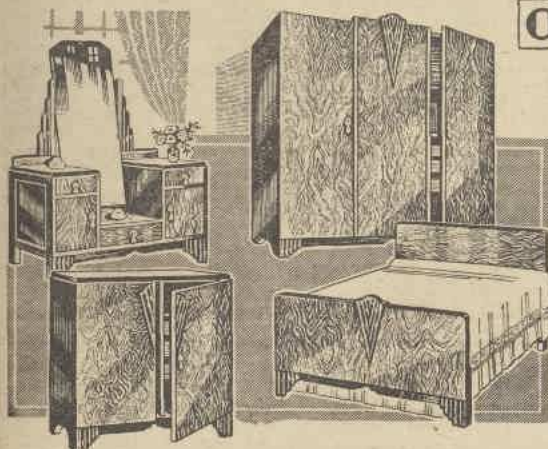


5/-
DEPOSIT
2/-
WEEKLY

29/6

29/6
CUSHION EXTRA

4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted, handsome appearance. This Week's Cash Price, £7/6.
Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails, and useful mirror. This Week's Cash Price, £9/6.
The Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price, £29/6.
(KAPOR Mattress, pure JAPARA, is 26/9 extra.)
Bed Settee is reliably made with closely woven wire seat. Full Panel Back. Two Tone finish. This Week's Cash Price, £29/6 (without cushion).
Cushion extra according to quality.



Of artistic modern design, this fully polished Bedroom Suite is in beautifully Figured Maple Veneer. Double Wardrobe and Double Loughboy are both fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. Cheval Dressing Table has extra large Mirror. This handsome suite is remarkable value at the Introductory Cash Price, £15/15/- (Bedstead extra).

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

15/- DEPOSIT 3/6 WEEKLY

GENUINE LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE

5/3, 5/11, 7/6 PER YARD



IMITATION LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE

3/3, 4/3, 4/11 PER YARD

WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS
BRITISH

AXMINSTER CARPETS

9ft. x 6ft. Usual Value: £4/10/- NOW AT— £3/10/-	9ft. x 7ft. 6in. £5/12/6	9ft. x 9ft. £6/15/-	10ft. 6in. x 9ft. £7/17/6
	£4/7/6	£5/5/-	£6/2/6

ANOTHER SUIT ... to Knit for BUSTER

IN The Australian Women's Weekly knitting book, we published a suit for the growing lad, designed for very practical wear.

THE Buster suit on this page, for which we give full instructions, would feature in his winter wardrobe for wear on State occasions, if it is knitted in cream wool.

Of course, it could be made in sage blue, in brown, or in a marl wool to very good effect—and with appreciably fewer visits to the wash-tub!

Materials required: 4oz. baby wool, 3-ply, white, 100. baby wool, 3-ply, almond, 1 pair No. 10 and 1 pair No. 9 needles. Ten large and two small buttons.

Measurements: Length, 18 inches from shoulder to leg. Width under arms, 25 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 7 inches.

Tension: 10 rows to 1 inch, and 8 sts. to 1 inch.

JUMPER—FRONT

With No. 10 needles and white wool cast on 81 sts. and work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 24 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and green wool, and knit 1 row. Change to white wool and purl back. Now work in moss stitch for 6 inches from lower edge.

With the right side of work towards you, shape the armholes as follows: Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next two rows.

3rd Row: Join on green wool, k. 2 tog. knit to within 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

4th Row: Purl in white.

5th Row: Work in moss stitch, knitting 2 tog. at both ends.

Next 3 rows moss stitch.

Next 3 rows knit in green.

Next row purl in white. Knit the next 4 rows in moss stitch. *Repeat from * to * once.

*Next row knit in green.

Next row purl in white.

Next 3 rows moss stitch.

Next row moss 22 sts., cast off 25 sts. for neck, moss 22 sts. Now work each shoulder separately.

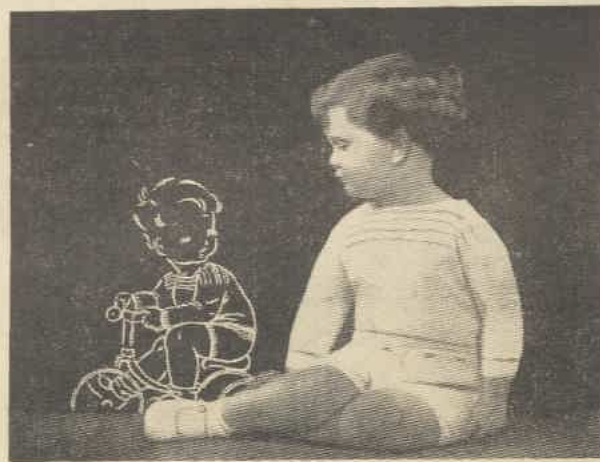
1st Row: Knit in green.

2nd Row: Purl in white.

Next 3 rows moss stitch. Cast off. Join green wool to neck edge of other shoulder and work to correspond.

BACK

Work as for front up to the armhole



THIS BONNY LAD is very proud of his "Buster" suit. Don't you think he has every reason to be?

shaping, then work as follows: Cast off 1 st. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Knit tog. 2 sts. at the beginning and end of the next row, work back. Knit 2 tog. at beginning and end of the next row. Continue in moss stitch on the remaining 69 sts. for 2 inches. Work 22 sts., cast off 25 sts. for neck, work 22 sts., then work on each of the 22 sts. for 1 inch, cast off.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 10 needles and white wool cast on 46 sts. and work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 10 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and green wool and knit 1 row, change to white wool and purl back. Now continue in moss stitch, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 10th row until work measures 6 inches from commencement. Knit 2 tog. at the beginning and end of every row until 19 sts. remain. Cast off.

KNICKERS

With No. 10 needles and white wool commence at the top of leg by casting on 86 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for two rows, then make buttonhole as follows: Rib 11 sts., cast off 4 sts., repeat to end of row, ending rib 11 sts.

Next Row: Rib 11 sts., cast on 4 sts., repeat to end of row, ending rib 11 sts. Work 8 more rows in ribbing.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in moss stitch as follows:

1st Row: K. 1, p. 1, to end of row.

2nd Row: P. 1, k. 1, to within 16 sts., turn.

3rd Row: K. 1, p. 1, to within 16 sts., turn.

4th Row: P. 1, k. 1, to within 26 sts., turn.

5th Row: K. 1, p. 1, to within 26 sts., turn.

6th Row: P. 1, k. 1, to within 36 sts., turn.

7th Row: K. 1, p. 1, to within 36 sts., turn.

8th Row: P. 1, k. 1, to end of row. Continue in moss stitch for 7 inches from lower edge. Now cast off 6 sts. at beginning and end of each row until 26 sts. remain, work 1 row, then cast on 6 sts. at each end of every row until there are 88 sts. again. Continue in moss stitch for 7 inches. Change to No. 10 needles and work in ribbing to correspond with the back. Cast off in rib.

With No. 10 needles and green wool pick up 88 sts. round the leg, change to white wool and purl back, work 6 rows in rib of k. 1, p. 1, cast off in rib. Work other leg to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side and sleeve seams, sew sleeves into armholes. Work 1 row of d.c. round neck and shoulders, making one loop on each front shoulder opening. Sew buttons on ribbing of jumper to correspond with buttonholes on knickers. Press all pieces with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

KNITTERS...

Please Note!

Included among the twenty attractive designs in *The Australian Women's Weekly* knitting book is that of a man's tailored cardigan. Directions for this cardigan were purchased from overseas. As these directions have proved unsatisfactory to some of our readers, Gerda, our knitting expert, has compiled fresh directions.

Knitters know from past experience that Gerda's directions are always reliable and easy to follow. Those who intend making the cardigan are advised, therefore, to write in for a copy of Gerda's directions, which will be forwarded by return mail.

BOOK for Dressmakers

TO the seamstress, constantly confronted with the problem of making her own frocks or those of her growing daughter, or to anyone who contemplates dressmaking as a profession, a book recently compiled by a famous designer offers a veritable fund of information.

This book has been compiled by Madame Fontaine, one of the most famous couturiers in London, and published by Virtue and Company.

Madame Fontaine teaches dressmaking and designing in London, and some hundreds of pupils pass through her school yearly. Her object in publishing the book has been, not only to assist the home dressmaker, but to provide for aspiring professionals a journal from which they can derive complete knowledge of their work.

The book is a beautiful production, copiously illustrated, and giving the clearest possible instructions of every branch of both dressmaking and designing. It shows, too, how patterns should be drafted; how irregular fittings can be achieved; and how unusual effects in drapes and in flares are evolved.

£250 Knitting Contest

A dainty jumper in silver-grey wool, knitted in a fine lace-stitch, a dashing jumper in the bold stripes, autumn-tinted, so dear to the heart of a golfer, were among the many attractive entries received at our office during the past week.

The competition does not close until the end of June, but many entrants are already sending in their garments.

IN response to queries received in the mail we wish to again draw readers' attention to the conditions. Every garment must be accompanied by four entry forms of successive dates.

Further, any entrant can enter as many sections as desired, but each garment is eligible for entry in one section only.

SECTION 1.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize .. £20
2nd Prize .. £15 10 Prizes of 10/-
3rd Prize .. £5 20 Prizes of 5/-

Total of 33 Prizes valued at £200.

This Section will be open to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. (Shades in marl wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme). Knitting, design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

SECTION 2.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize .. £20
2nd Prize .. £15 10 Prizes of 10/-
3rd Prize .. £5 20 Prizes of 5/-

Total of 33 Prizes valued at £200.

This Section will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. Any design may be used, and entrants' attention is directed to the book published by The Australian Women's Weekly featuring, with directions, the latest designs from overseas.

SECTION 3.

Man's Cardigan or Pull-over

1st Prize .. £20
2nd Prize .. £15 10 Prizes of 10/-
3rd Prize .. £5 20 Prizes of 5/-

Total of 33 Prizes valued at £200.

SECTION 4.

Baby's Outfit

1st Prize .. £18
2nd Prize .. £15 10 Prizes of 10/-
3rd Prize .. £5 20 Prizes of 5/-

Total of 33 Prizes valued at £200.

To comprise not less than three garments, including a frock or coat.

SECTION 5.

Pull-over or Cardigan for Children

Between 8 and 14 Years of Age
1st Prize .. £20
2nd Prize .. £15 10 Prizes of 10/-
3rd Prize .. £5 20 Prizes of 5/-

Total of 33 Prizes valued at £200.

These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants can evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 6.

Best Outfit of 5/-

1st Prize .. £15
2nd Prize .. £10 10 Prizes of 10/-
3rd Prize .. £5 20 Prizes of 5/-

Total of 33 Prizes valued at £200.

Best Outfit of approximately 5/-. The Judges will award the prizes in this Section to the garment or garments which, made from the stipulated outfit, represent, in their finished state, the best value for the money. Any garment, or garments, will be eligible for entry in this Section. Sets of berets and scarves, ladies' imperials, men's socks and ties, hip-me-lights or dressing jackets, all endless variety of garments may be evolved by the enterprising.

knitter for 5/-. The market value of the garments, together with the standard of the knitting, will be the guiding factor in judging this Section.

SECTION 7.

Lady's Jumper

1st Prize .. £15
2nd Prize .. £10 10 Prizes of 10/-
3rd Prize .. £5 20 Prizes of 5/-

Total of 33 Prizes valued at £200.

Artistry of design will be regarded as a special feature in this Section. Fine lace stitches, touches of hand embroidery, or applique can be used.

Conditions

- A dated entry coupon will be published weekly in The Australian Women's Weekly during the progress of the competition, and each entry must be accompanied by four coupons of successive dates.
- The name and full address of competitor and the number of the section in which the exhibit is to be judged must be printed in ink on calico and sewn firmly to the garment.
- Each entry must be entirely the work of the competitor, but any number of entries may be sent in by one competitor. Each entry must comply with condition 1.

There are twenty exclusive designs in our knitting book. Secure a copy from your newsagent to-day for 6d., or write to this office enclosing 8d. in stamps to cover postage.

Entries must be handed in or posted to the head office of The Australian Women's Weekly in the competitor's State, namely—

N.S.W.: Macdonald House, 221 Pitt St. Sydney.
Queensland: Shell House, 301 Ann St. Brisbane.
South Australia: Shell House, North Terrace. Adelaide.
Victoria: Age Chambers, 225 Collins St. Melbourne.

Entries close on June 30.

Insufficiently stamped entries will not be accepted.

If an exhibit is to be returned by post, the competitor must send sufficient postage to cover cost.

An official receipt for each exhibit will be supplied to each competitor, and must be produced when application is made for the return of the garment at the close of the competition.

Every care will be taken of the entries, but The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept any responsibility for goods lost or stolen in transit. Entrants are advised to send parcels either by rail or by registered post.

Entries may be pressed, but must not be washed or cleaned.

Judging will be done by experts, and the results will be announced as soon as possible after the close of the competition. The judges' decisions will be absolutely final.

Entry Coupon on inside back cover.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High Blood Pressure Every Year Kills More People Than Does Cancer, for High Blood Pressure Destroys the Arteries and Heart.

SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follow:—

1. Chronic headaches.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
4. Flashes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Irritability and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART

If you suffer in this way, act quickly and at once, because High Blood Pressure gradually gets worse and worse attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time unless you get attention quickly to keep the pressure down to a safe level. Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid.



Mackenzie's Menthoid occasionally after meals. Menthoids being a most powerful natural antispasmodic medicine, in convenient form, which neutralizes and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieves the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the blood pressure to normal. For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is sufficient for this purpose.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure, for Menthoids sweep your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, and tone up your stomach, liver, and kidneys and make you feel young and vigorous.

If you suffer from any of these

symptoms go to your chemist to-day, and get a box of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and take one Menthoid at meal time. You can get large tins of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids containing enough for one month's continuous treatment for 6/6, or smaller tins for 3/6, from any up-to-date chemist in the Commonwealth.

FREE DIET CHART

In every flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address, and we will send you a copy of this valuable diet chart.

dress along the margin, and send in to MENTHOLD LABORATORIES, Dept. 3, Box 3817, G.P.O., Sydney, your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail, complete with Diet Chart enclosed.

Be sure and get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable natural medicine, which contains no drugs.

Quick Relief Now From Neuralgia



Real BAYER Aspirin Starts Taking Hold in Few Minutes

Here is quicker relief from pain—the fastest safe relief, it is said, ever known. This is due to a scientific discovery by which BAYER Aspirin starts "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass here tells the story. A Bayer tablet starts to disintegrate or dissolve—go to work—almost instantly. This means quick relief from pain—fewer lost hours from headache, neuritis, rheumatism, and safe relief. For genuine Bayer Aspirin does not harm the heart.

All Chemists sell boxes of 12 Bayer Aspirin tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. If you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always say "BAYER" and insist because "Bayer" means "Better."



Does Not Harm the Heart

OUR FASHION SERVICE and Free Pattern



CHARMING EVENING FROCK
WW577.—Charming evening model in semi-fitting style. Gathered frills ornament the arms below the bare shoulders. Material for 36-inch bust, 6 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.

FOR THE SMALL GIRL
WW578.—Quite a grown-up style for the small girl. Model is fashioned with pleats each side. Puff sleeves are neat and attractive. Pattern for a child 2 to 4 years. Material required, 1 1/2 yards 54 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

COSY SLUMBER SUIT
WW579.—For a cosy sleeping suit this coat is double-breasted with roll collar extending to the fastenings. Trousers are threaded with a girdle at the waist. Pattern for a child 6 to 14 years. Material required for 14 years, 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Collar 1 yard 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



BOYS' PYJAMAS

WW580.—A manly style for boys' pyjamas. They fasten up to the neck, where they are encircled with a roll collar. Pattern for a boy, 4 to 14 years. Material required for 14 years, 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

FOR STREET WEAR
WW581.—Decidedly smart for winter wear. Deep yoke extends over the shoulder, where the sleeves join. Skirt has a panel back and front. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

AN ARRESTING MODEL
WW582.—An arresting style that fits well up to the neck and fastens on the shoulder. Fur trimming and buttons present a chic finish. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



PRINCESS ROBE EFFECT

WW583.—A model with a princess robe effect. Sleeves are fashioned with shaped trimming, broadening the shoulders. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TO STUDY ECONOMY
WW584.—An economical way to work up two remnants. Skirt has two inverted pleats, back and front. Coat is double-breasted, and the revers are faced with the skirt material. Pattern for a child 6 to 8 years. Material required, coat, 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide; skirt, 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

MATRON'S MODEL
WW585.—A practical model for a matron's frock. Skirt has a shaped panel back and front. Side pieces are slightly flared. Neck is bordered with a contrast collar. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



Our FREE Pattern...

Two of the newest models cut from the one pattern are depicted in our gratis design. The cool vest of contrasting material may be caught in the centre or at both sides with a brilliant buckle.

One model features plain sleeves, while the other, a more elaborate design, features sleeves puffed to the elbow. Pattern is cut to fit a 36-in. bust.

Material required: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed for when cutting out.

All these patterns may be obtained on personal application, or by post at the prices indicated from The Australian Women's Weekly—

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace. BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St. MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St. NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt St. SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

Free pattern coupon on inside back cover.



"I would not be without my Schumann's!"

"And when I say Schumann's I mean the best Mineral Spring Salts that money can buy. For years I have taken salts but I recently changed to Schumann's and to-day I feel better than ever. My family also are fit and well, and I know my grandchildren will be taking Schumann's in years to come. In these days when business and life generally call for more than a small share of keenness... Schumann's is a necessity for every home. Take my advice and commence a Schumann's Course to-day. You'll never regret doing this."

GET THAT SCHUMANN FITNESS

Just a half teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long tumbler of warm water every morning will soon expel from your blood stream the poisons which cause such complaints as CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, BAD BREATH, LUMBAGO, etc. In a few days you will have forgotten lassitude and weariness and be bubbling over with energy.

REMEMBER THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SCHUMANN'S.

At all Chemists and Stores



Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts

"Purifies but does not Purge"

ARE YOU DEAF?

If, through deafness, you are unable to enjoy the many pleasures which hearing provides, the "Ardente" Hearing Aids can help you.

Hear the "Ardente" way and the results will amaze you.

"Ardente" Hearing Aids, Especially Selected and Adapted for Each Individual Case, will Bring Wonderful Hearing to you, as they have Already Done for Thousands.

Call For Demonstration — Otherwise Write or Telephone

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You'll appreciate both these items!

£250 in PRIZES in our BIG
KNITTING COMPETITION
20 Exclusive Designs for 6d.

The . . .

Australian Women's Weekly
KNITTING BOOK **SECURE YOUR COPY NOW!**

Here is the Competition you like!

THERE IS NO CATCH! There is no guesswork! If you add up the figures correctly you have a fair and equal chance to win £100 cash quickly, because every entry is carefully checked by reputable judges, in the presence of the Press.

IF you get the CORRECT answer you MUST WIN A PRIZE!

Get to work NOW. Ten people have already won £100 each in past Figure Skill Competitions, which are conducted in aid of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children.



ADD THEM UP!

1st Prize, £100 Cash

2nd Prize, £20 Cash

10 Prizes . . . £1 Each

10 Prizes . . . 10/- Each

and a Special Prize for EVERY Correct Entry Received . . .

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

- Print by hand or write out by hand all figures shown in this drawing, but do not include the £100 under the elephant's feet. All figures are single, as 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. There are no double figures or noughts or ones, and there are no figures in the ball under the elephant's feet.
- Add up the figures and forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing the additions (so we can check them), along with the coupon, containing your name and address.
- All entries will be judged on 14th JUNE by the Directors of The Weston Company, Ltd., and the Advertising Manager of the Australian Women's Weekly, in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £100 cash will be paid to the person sending in the correct or nearest correct solution of this Figure Skill Competition. Should more than one person send in the correct answer the prizes will be awarded for general accuracy of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution, and so on until all the prizes are distributed.
- School-teachers, commercial artists and draughtsmen and first or second prize winners in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are disqualified from entering.
- No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition.
- One person may forward any number of entries on plain paper, provided each entry is accompanied by a POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/- AND A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.
- Send all entries in the same envelope.

ADDITIONAL COPIES of this Competition may be obtained FREE by writing to the address on the coupon and enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope.

*SPECIAL CASH PRIZES FOR YOUNG & OLD

£10/10/- A special prize of £10/10/- cash will be paid to (the best correct, or nearest correct, entry submitted by entrants over 60 years of age. Competitors over 60 years please state age on coupon).

£5 EACH BEST BOY AND GIRL UNDER 16

Two special cash prizes of £5 will be paid to the boy and girl sending in the best entry. Competitors, who must be under 16 years of age, please state age on coupon.

LOVE 'Em and PEEVE 'Em

Continued
from
Page 5

A TELEPHONE call to the Good Samaritan Hospital evinced the discouraging information that no definite date had been set for the release of the dancing Kirklands. Furthermore, the Kirklands wouldn't be receiving visitors for a few days.

About eight o'clock that evening, Mr. Kirkland's young secretary, Gleason, returned and immediately began sharpening a great quantity of pencils and arranging data on his employer's desk. At nine o'clock Gordon, whistling decidedly off key, let himself in. Before starting work he spoke to Julie.

"I'll have to have quiet here tonight," he informed her tersely. "Gleason and I have a third act that must be finished by morning. I'm seeing a friend off from Waterloo at eight."

Julie was about to retort childishly: "What of it?" but Gordon, apparently having lost interest in the conversation, sauntered away.

Left alone, Julie wandered aimlessly from room to room. What a perfectly poisonous way to spend an evening! She rumbled her dark red hair and yawned. Oh, well, she was tired, anyway. Bed in about an hour wouldn't be so bad. Lucky for her Fancy Pants was such a docile lamb.

Julie ended by joining Ella, who was preparing to visit her sister. No sooner had Julie seated herself on Ella's bed when loud crashing noises issued from the nursery. Even to Julie's unattuned ears it sounded very much as if the playthings of Fancy Pants were hitting

the floor in a succession of disgusted bangs.

"I suppose he's tired of his toys," Julie told Ella with a relieved sigh. "I'd better settle him for the night." She stretched herself wearily. "I could do with a little sleep myself."

Ella laid a sympathetic paw on Julie's slim shoulder.

"He's tired of his toys, all right," Ella conceded gently, "but you ain't settling him for the night, Miss Julie. Not while a drop of blood pumps in the body of this here Fancy Pants." Ella's expression hardened. "Miss Julie," she announced candidly, "you might just as well know the truth. This Fancy Pants don't sleep at nights like any other child. He's been trained to sleep by day and stay awake at night so his parents could see him after the night club. This Fancy Pants ain't a bit of good to anybody but an adagio dancer."

A stunned look crept into Julie's eyes. What had she let herself in for?

The noise in the nursery ceased as suddenly as it had commenced. A portentous quiet pervaded the air.

"I'd better look in at him," Julie murmured uneasily.

Ella followed at a respectful distance. On the threshold of the nursery Julie paused aghast. Fancy Pants, in magnificent defiance of the laws of gravity, was standing on his fat neck, both chubby legs extending perilously into space.

"Ain't that Fancy Pants the limit?" Ella remarked with reluctant admiration. "They was trainin' 'im to be another adagio. Enough to give a body the creeps," Ella sniffed righteously. "But I do say as how it comes easier to him than walking."

Julie ran over to the crib and righted the audacious Fancy Pants. The baby waited hopefully for some faint expression of applause. Finding his efforts unappreciated, the action of two fearless adagio dancers, though crestfallen, remained undaunted. Calmly, before the horrified eyes of his god-mother, Fancy Pants went into a rather wobbly somersault.

Evidently the baby did not understand the concern on Julie's face. His expression seemed to inquire if this girl thought she could do these things better than the capable Fancy Pants. He pointed one stubby finger at Julie and uttered the only word he knew.

"Do!" Fancy Pants commanded automatically.

Julie smiled sweetly at him. Such a quaint baby!

"Do!" Fancy Pants repeated in a threatening voice.

Julie looked askance at Ella. Ella shrugged.

"I expect he wants you to stand on your head," she interpreted sourly.

An ominous frown was gathering on the placid brow of Fancy Pants.

"Do!" he roared angrily.

"You'd better," Ella advised Julie. "Fancy Pants ain't one that's easily distracted."

"But I'm not a contortionist," Julie protested weakly. "I can't stand on my head."

Ella looked a trifle disappointed.

"Well, I must be running along," she said with a decidedly false brightness. "I'm sure everything's going to be all right, Miss Julie."

THUS left on her own, Julie turned anxiously to the glowering Fancy Pants. Two angry tears welled up in his stormy blue eyes. He pointed a shaking finger at the cringing Julie.

"Do!" he bellowed belligerently.

Julie cast about for something to engage his baby mind. As quickly as Julie produced a toy, Fancy Pants haughtily spurned it. Nothing in the way of birdcages, pottery jars, or even cherublike baby studies torn from the nursery walls had the slightest appeal for him.

As a last resort, Julie surrendered her wrist watch. Fancy Pants examined it with critical impartiality and promptly consigned it to the floor.

Furious, he rubbed his button nose and pointed a quivering finger at Julie.

"Do!" he kept screaming louder and louder.

Gordon's secretary, Gleason, rapped briskly on the door. From the safe distance of the hall he reminded Julie that Mr. Kirkland must have absolute quiet.

What Mr. Kirkland must have, or must not have, wasn't of the slightest interest to Julie Penbody. But she couldn't have poor little Fancy Pants breaking a bloodvessel in his fury. So, with a we-who-are-about-to-die expression, she went down on the nursery rug in an effort to balance herself on her gorgeous red head.

At first Fancy Pants was frankly intrigued. But only at first. It was merely a matter of seconds before he shrewdly knew Julie for what she was.

HOST Holbrook says: For the Bridge Party prepare a plate of nice dainty sandwiches made with Holbrook's Anchovy Paste.***

The Fateful Hour

Two selves are given us to see:
In youth the man who is to be,
In age the man who might have been;
And whether he shall lose or win
Youth can decide—the other can
But look at life's completed span.

If falsehood he shall try, or truth,
The fateful hour is always youth.
For youth the early pattern makes
Of life's successes and mistakes.
The fateful hour that comes to men
In youth will never come again.

For all that age can ever do
Is take his plan and see it through.
Time presses on, leaves little space
In which our footsteps to refrain.
If poor or well the path we chose,
That path we follow to the close.

And so I say to you, my son,
To-day decides what shall be done,
To-day determines where you wend,
Where you shall find you at the end.
You have your life within your power
But once. Youth is the fateful hour.
—M.

A decidedly rank amateur. A wave of home-sickness gripped poor Fancy Pants, and his particular nostalgia seemed to be for things acrobatic. As Julie toppled over with a resounding whack, thereby proving that Sir Isaac Newton was right, Fancy Pants became a very disillusioned baby. His heart-breaking sobs could be heard much farther than Gordon Kirkland's study.

Again Gleason knocked warningly on the door.

"Quiet, please!"

From the reproof in his voice, one would have imagined that Julie was responsible for all the disturbance.

Fancy Pants, however, had no idea of lowering his flags. He was fighting now for a principle. His small body grew taut and his scarlet face deepened a rich Patou purple. Out of his inexhaustible bag of tricks he selected the ancient one known as "holding the breath." This produced action. Julie dashed wildly into the study, where Gordon sat with Gleason in deep concentration.

"You'd better come quickly," she panted. "The baby is holding his breath and I'm afraid something will happen to him."

Gordon instantly became alarmed. After all he was an uncle. Without a word he strode out of the room and down the hall to the nursery. Gleason followed with Mr. Kirkland's data and a heavy sigh.

The moment Fancy Pants spied Gordon he managed a beautiful wet grin. Then followed a long, quivering sigh of victory.

"Do!" he requested politely.

"He wants you to stand on your head," Julie explained simply.

Gordon shot her a nasty look. "Are you telling me?" he demanded in a scathing voice. "I've practically lived on my head ever since Jack and Francine went to the hospital."

Please turn to Page 30

MARRIED PEOPLE

Of course you have noticed how many marriages tragically end unhappily. But have you thought why? I shall tell you in many cases ignorance is the root of it all. Many young people marry without the necessary knowledge of the manner of living happy, contented lives. Their ignorance develops into discontent, and then on to disaster.

Sister Janet Doull, Author of "Life Adjustment for Married People," has through her book acted as a guide, philosopher and friend to many married people. She has over 700 splendid testimonials.

You simply MUST send for information.

RUSH THIS COUPON

SISTER JANET DOULL

Box 1496 Auckland

Please send me book of free information on "Life Adjustment for Married People." I enclose 6d. stamps for handling.

PURE YEAST ALL-VITAMIN COMPOUND (REG.)

Scenes, Cake, Sponge, and Bread Easy to Make

Mrs. N. O'Keefe

C/o Messrs. O'Keefe and Carey,

Storekeepers,

Woods Point P.O., Victoria.

17th May, 1934.

Easy Bake Manufacturers.

Dear Sirs,—Thank you for the Yeast Compound. The bread I made was beautiful. I am enclosing 1/6 for 1/2 lb. packet. Please send at once as I intend using it alone for my bread. I have used "Farnsworth Hop Yeast and Compound," and find Easy Bake best. I'll try and advertise it for you. I am giving it in doses to my family after meals. I will be wanting more yeast, but I have not the 5/6, but hope to do so later. 1/6 in stamps. Please post this Saturday morning. I want to get my bread Monday night.

Yours truly,

N. O'KEEFE

Read Advertisement on Page 31. (Free Coupon)

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

HOW to make YOURSELF MORE Attractive

Conducted by
EVELYN

As told to a special representative of the Australian Women's Weekly in Hollywood by Charles Dudley, head of the Fox Film Make-up Department!

"FIRST, I tell a girl to be individual—to retain her own individuality, because there is no other girl in the world who is exactly like her. She is herself," said Dudley, who is known and beloved by actresses throughout the film industry.

"THEN I tell her to avoid extremes—in dress and deportment, as well as make-up for personal wear. I stress the importance of harmony in wearing apparel—the silhouette and the colors worn; also the value of bringing out one's good points. And then, naturally, we talk of cosmetics and their use as applicable to the girl I am conversing with at the moment.

"Because one girl can wear a certain type of make-up, it is no reason why another girl of vastly different coloring can use the same thing.

"If a girl is of the ingenue type, like Rochelle Hudson or Heather Angel, for instance, she should look that way. If a girl is stately, like Mona Barrie, or the English actress, Madeleine Carroll, she should remain just that. 'Always be yourself' is the fact I endeavor to impress upon a girl's consciousness," said the veteran make-up chief.

"THE foundation for all facial beauty is a vital skin—one that is alive, clean, clear and healthy.



HERE you see her working in the rouge before a creamy shade of powder is applied.

"There are three important steps in the preservation and upkeep of a vital skin—cleansing; stimulation and circu-



lation; and, third, nourishing and toning.

"Thoroughly cleansing the skin every night, no matter how tired one may be upon retiring, is absolutely necessary. For dry skins it is best to use a cleansing cream that liquefies when applied. The skin is then nourished while being cleansed. If the cream is a good one it may be removed with a soft cloth dipped in cold water. The resultant freshness is equal to a soap-and-water wash, and without its consequent dryness."

For stimulating the circulation, Dudley points out several methods, but says one of the most up-to-date is that which includes a cream mask which produces a slight vacuum under the skin, causing the blood circulation to move more quickly, thus bringing it to the surface.



THE IVORY-LIKE beauty of Heather Angel, of Fox, is enhanced with a touch of the cosmetic pencil, lipstick, and rouge. Being dark, she uses a deeper shade of rouge and lipstick than the crimson used by the fairer type.

used upon removing the cream from the face. This will serve to remove any cream that may linger there, and it will help also in creating a better make-up, while keeping the pores from being clogged.

Dudley tells Fox Films players to stick to singleness of purpose in their beauty treatments.

"I know girls who have started the nightly cleansing treatments. They have put back their hair and with meticulous precision have begun the routine enthusiastically, only to let it fade after a while.

"Powder, rouge, eye cosmetics, lipstick do not injure the skin—provided these are cleaned off every night and the pores given an opportunity to breathe.

"Everyone admits our actresses are among the world's most beautiful women. I believe this is due in a large measure to their—you might say—religious observance of the thorough cleansing they give their skins. The make-up for the screen does not harm their skins in the least, because they regularly and habitually divest themselves of every speck of paint and powder.

"When choosing powder one should not be influenced by the perfume," said Dudley emphatically. "It is the texture that is the most important. A good powder is one that is very fine—one that has been sifted many times through the finest silks the world manufactures."

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: I suffer from chronic constipation. I have taken several well-known remedies, and varied them, but although they may act for the first two or three doses, they soon lose their effectiveness. Will you suggest something for me to do, as I know troubles arise from a continuation of this condition.

PRACTICALLY nobody exists who is not occasionally troubled with constipation. And there are those who suffer continually from this trouble.

In letters which readers send to me I am often asked how a condition of chronic costiveness may be overcome.

Let it be said at the outset that, although general rules may be laid down, a study of individual cases is often necessary.

For example, it is a well-known fact that the diet of every person should contain a certain amount of coarse, bulky food, which is really indigestible, but which offers something for the muscles of the intestines to work on, and therefore promotes general elimination.

Yet, too coarse a diet may actually promote constipation. In other words, where there is too much bulk in the intestines, too much residue is certain to be left behind.

Unsystematic habits, often formed in childhood, probably are as much to blame for sluggish bowels as anything.

In obesity weak abdominal muscles may be a cause. Often constipation seems to be inherited.

Not enough exercise, in those leading a sedentary life, has much to do with inactivity of the intestinal tract.

Office workers, particularly those who sit at a desk all day, are frequently so affected.

Functional nerve

Weekly Diet Hint

CHILDREN, and this includes babies eating their first cereal, should be taught how to chew their food. Thorough chewing is essential so that saliva may mix well with the food. In fact, digestion really begins in the mouth.

The better the food is chewed and salivated, the less the burden on the stomach. What is more, bad eating habits in children are exceedingly difficult to overcome in later life.

disorders almost always carry with them the symptom of constipation. And, of course, it may be disease of the liver, the stomach, or the intestines which is responsible.

Watch Your Diet

THE reaction to constipation varies greatly in different individuals.

Some experience headache, lassitude, loss of appetite and initiative, even depression when a day goes by without proper elimination. Others are not so affected at all.

Aside from unpleasant sensations, however, and the danger of weakening the system generally through self-poisoning, chronic costiveness may produce piles and ulcerations of the colon or of the lower part of the intestines.

To avoid constipation the following foods should be eaten very sparingly: Eggs, potted, preserved, smoked or salt meats and fish; rice and sago puddings; all kinds of pastry; new bread; sweets; milk, cheese; nuts; spirituous liquors.

A diet which is light and contains lots of fruits and vegetables, salads and tomatoes is helpful. Oatmeal is laxative to some individuals.

The regular taking of drugs is to be avoided. But if they are necessary they should be mild. The same may be said of the enema habit. Often the influx of a large quantity of water distends the colon and weakens it. Occasional high colonic irrigations are helpful when administered properly. Glycerine suppositories, too, are often efficacious.

I want to emphasize again, however, the importance of every person studying his own case and employing the means best suited to his needs.

Constipation need not really be such a baffling problem if persistence and intelligence be exercised in overcoming it.



MISS BOBBIE BEAUMONT

The Beautiful Film Star now appearing in the "Life Story of John Lee" at the Civic Theatre, Sydney. Miss Beaumont is another of the lovely girls who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

Everyday Beauty Helps

by Nanette.

"HAIR SECRETS." Sometimes the hair is performed by drying in the smoke from burning incense, but a much better idea is to shampoo with salicylic granules which apart from the delicate perfume it leaves, cleanses the scalp and leaves the hair beautifully bright and wavy.

For setting waves and keeping the hair free from dandruff, Hollywood Hair Dressing is undoubtedly wonderful.

"FACIAL HAIRS." This affliction is most annoying and causes great embarrassment to some women. To harmlessly remove superfluous facial hairs, powdered pheninol should be used, as it takes the hairs off without any harm or fear of scars. Splendid for removing hair from the under-arms, and therefore an absolute necessity in the modern toilette.

"DISFIGURING BLACKHEADS." These are usually due to excess oiliness in the skin which can be corrected and the blackheads removed by the use of styrol tablets. These tablets are dissolved in water and the liquid is then dabbed on the blackheads, which immediately pop out as the pores contract. The skin

is left clean and the tendency to large pores gradually corrected.

"HEALTHY CHEEKS AND LIPS." Are you one of the women whom Nature has not been kind to? There are many women who have not naturally that rosy cheek bloom which is so essential to beauty. It is an easy matter to overcome, however, but rouge should not be used, for not all kinds are harmless. Get from your chemist a small tin of collodium which, applied to the cheeks, produces the delicate bloom of perfectly healthy cheeks. For the lips use a stick of soft prolatum, which will keep them moist, supple and rosy, and prevent cracking.

"COMPLEXION DEFECTS." Freckles, yellow skin, moth-patches and roughness spoil any attempt at beauty, and these should be got rid of by the gentlest possible means. The usual method is undoubtedly the famous mercolized wax treatment which harmlessly removes these blemishes, leaving the skin beautifully clear, soft and with a transparent liveliness. Mercolized wax is also splendid for sunburn, windchaps, and applied before powdering is the basis of a perfect make-up. Used on the arms and elbows it will make them soft and white.

THE NEW DEARBORN INDELIBLE LIPSTICKS

BRIE-ROSE, MANDARIN, TANGO, VERMIL, BEUNA

Now obtainable from your chemist or store at 2/3 each.

Exercise for Beauty



THOSE whose upper arms are enlarged can do this simple exercise (daily) with excellent results. Commence as shown on the left, and, keeping the arms taut, bring them swiftly down to the position as shown on right.

Functional nerve

"YOU'RE NOT
USING THE RIGHT
COLOUR BETTY"



"DO YOU
REALLY THINK
POND'S COLOURS
ARE BETTER?"

Why is it that some powders make you look gray? Some darken your skin. Some make you look deathly pale. Because they contain the wrong colourings for your particular skin! There are many tints in your skin. Yellows, blues, greens, as well as pink and white. Tints that vary with every type of skin. Your face powder must balance those tints. Bring out your best colourings. Subdue the colour faults of your particular skin. Pond's has produced 5 powder shades that contain the actual tints in skin! A powder for every type of skin—from delicate blonde to darkest brunette. It brings out the skin colourings of your type at its loveliest. And spreads in an invisible film that seems like your own skin. For Pond's Powder is extraordinarily fine. Finer by microscopic test than fine French powders, yet unbelievably low in price. Ask for Pond's New Face Powder. New Larger Boxes—1/6 and 2/6.

POND'S
New face powder

Mail coupon with 4d. in penny stamp to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's New Face Powder, and Pond's two creams. Check shade wanted: Light Cream [] Naturelle [] Brunette [] Rose Cream [] Rose Brunette []
W. J. BUSH & CO. LTD., DEPT. B7 BOX 1191 J, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

Name _____ Address _____

ROBUST

because she eats with relish

Pale sickly children whose tongues are always coated and who are never really happy are suffering from stasis. That means a sluggish colon, one that is clogged with waste. Such children need a little pure Syrup of Figs. You'll see a change in twenty-four hours. In a couple of weeks your child will have the appetite of a healthy young animal.

Why Mothers are
returning to a
LIQUID LAXATIVE

Pills and tablets may be suitable for robust adults but they are capable of seriously disturbing the bowel action of a child. For children, hospitals and doctors insist on a liquid laxative. A properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement because the dose can be regulated to a drop. Consequently it does not weaken a child's bowels, nor form a laxative habit.

"California Syrup of Figs" is perfectly safe for any young system. Fruity and delicious, a natural laxative flavoured with cassia, cloves and mint—no wonder the taste is delicious and the effect so wholesome.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—2/1 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig."

Pictures Worth Framing. Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the front page of The Australian Women's Weekly may be had from this office for 2/.

LOVE 'Em and PEEVE 'Em

Continued from Page 28

FANCY Pants was growing restive. His small face began to cloud again.

"Do!" he ordered, a shade of reproach in his voice.

Julie could hardly contain her mirth as Gordon stood majestically on his brilliant head. Not that she saw any good reason for exercising self-control. It was a simply grand opportunity to show Gordon how really absurd he could be. Julie's giggles were very, very expressive.

Fancy Pants evidently did not share his godmother's sense of the ridiculous. He seemed to think his uncle exceedingly talented, for he clapped his fat hands together in frank admiration.

"Now, where was I, Gleason?" Gordon demanded coldly from his upside down position on the floor. He ignored Julie with a completeness that was magnificent.

Gleason consulted his notes.

"Where Nicky tells Constance how he longs for the patten of little feet," Gordon stiffened.

"Cut that," he directed curly. "Now take this—"

For hours Gordon stood gracefully on his head, turned remarkable somersaults and executed lovely handspins for the edification of a very wide-awake Fancy Pants. But somehow a new third act did not spring into being.

"I'll never finish at this rate," Gordon groaned, when at 3 a.m. he was forced to confess he no longer remembered what his play was about.

Gleason courteously pointed out that standing on the head for any length of time did practically nothing for the mentality.

As to Fancy Pants, he still bounced enthusiastically about in his cot, lustily shouting: "Do!"

Julie had long stopped giggling. After all, there is a limit to the length of time that any one person can giggle. Especially when all that person asks is to hop somewhere—anywhere—and sleep.

Gordon's dark eyes rested upon Julie.

"You're tired out, aren't you?" he remarked in a sympathetic voice that made Julie blink. Of course, she realised that even a disagreeable person like Gordon couldn't maintain a one hundred per cent. feud at this ungodly hour of the morning.

"I'll make you a proposition, Julie," Gordon ran weary fingers through his disordered hair. "You go and sleep until four. That's a whole hour. Then come back and relieve me. We'll work this out in shifts. How about it?"

Julie felt she would have agreed to poison her dear old grandmother had it allowed her an hour's unbroken rest.

"Right oh!" she agreed recklessly. "Call me in an hour."

Julie's first impression on feeling Gordon's hand gently shaking her awake was that he was cheating.

"It isn't an hour yet," she protested, refusing to open her eyes. "It's not even ten minutes." The green eyes flew open indignantly.

Gordon grinned. "Look at the hall clock," he suggested. "You'll see I've been absolutely magnanimous. It's almost four-thirty. If you want anything, you'll find me working in the study," and with one rueful glance at the yawning Julie, Gordon turned on his heels.

Julie sleepily dragged herself back to the nursery. To-morrow she'd look round for an exceptionally sturdy nurse, preferably one with acrobatic tendencies.

Julie found poor Fancy Pants peering over the side of his cot and pitifully wailing: "Do!"

This time she would have to manage without Gordon's unique brand of entertainment.

Once again Julie tried to engage the baby's attention with familiar objects about the nursery, but Fancy Pants dispiritedly discarded everything and softly whined: "Do!"

Desperate, Julie snatched up Fancy Pants and carried him into the hall for change of scenery. The big tick-tock left him quite cold, as did likewise the clever bronze elephants on the hall table. Julie hopefully picked up a colorful Ming bowl and dangled it before the blue gaze of Fancy Pants.

"Pretty-pretty!"

Fancy Pants' chubby face quivered eagerly. Immediately he extended two dimpled hands for the treasure. Julie was grateful that anything as unexciting as a Ming bowl could capture his jaded fancy. Not until much later did Julie realise that this particular bowl was the one coveted by the collecting Wanda Diggins, the bowl intended as the fond going-away gift of Gordon Kirkland.

Julie carefully retraced her steps to the nursery and gently lowered the baby into his bed. Fancy Pants made no protest. In fact the last thing Julie remembered before dropping off to sleep beside the cot was Fancy

Pants fondly patting the bowl and crowing softly to himself.

SHE was rudely awakened by a blood-curdling yell not far from her ear. She jumped up, half consciously noting that it was morning and a warm sun was streaming through the curtains of the nursery windows.

Then her horrified eyes fell upon the figure of Fancy Pants. He was sitting up in his cot, the Ming bowl covering his small head as far down as his eyebrows. Fancy Pants stopped crying the moment he saw he had Julie's undivided attention. Fancy Pants looked pretty swanky and he knew it.

Julie, with the utmost care, tried to remove the bowl from his round little head, but it wouldn't budge an inch. She glanced despairingly at the baby. He was quite cheerful now that he had somebody to admire him. Julie had to laugh. The bowl was highly becoming, but suppose she couldn't part him from it. Julie tried again without success. She saw Fancy Pants growing up and going to school in the Ming bowl, and finally being rejected by some nice girl who probably preferred majolica ware. Something of his impending tragedy seemed to communicate itself to Fancy Pants, for he suddenly set up a protesting howl and made strenuous, if futile, efforts to free himself from the Ming grip.

The voices of Gordon and Gleason could be heard arguing in the hall.

"If you had put the bowl on this



A BACHELOR'S PHILOSOPHY

"Nothing is sadder," they say,
"than to have loved
and lost."

But to have loved
and got her is some-
times much worse.

table." Gordon was upbraiding his secretary, "it would still be on this table, wouldn't it? Ming bowls don't walk, although this particular bowl ought to be able to walk and talk, too, for all it cost me."

Gleason wasn't much of a debater. He merely clung tenaciously to his one point which had to do mainly with the placing of the bowl upon the hall table yesterday.

"Why don't you find it, then?" Gordon was demanding with maddening logic. "I'm due at the station in fifteen minutes. And I don't go without the bowl."

Julie's stricken eyes sought the decorated head of Fancy Pants. What a predicament! Snatching up the tearful Fancy Pants, she confronted Gordon, a beautiful picture of tragedy.

Gordon's eyes and hands flew simultaneously to the bowl.

"It won't come off," Julie explained timidly.

Gordon and Gleason both stared.

"It must come off," Gordon's voice sounded pretty grim.

Julie shook her head dumbly.

"We'll have to call a doctor," Gordon hastily consulted his watch.

"There isn't time for a doctor. Wanda's looking for me now. I've scarcely ten minutes to get to the station."

Julie said nothing. The thought of Wanda Diggins going away without a token from Gordon did not cause her any undue mental anguish.

Evidently Gordon had no intention of allowing a thing like that to happen.

HOUT Holbrook says: My Anchovy Paste makes neat, tasty sandwiches. Tasty morsels for the Bridge Party ***

"If I can't present the bowl without Fancy Pants," he decided dryly, "I'll have to present Fancy Pants along with the bowl."

He masterfully relieved Julie of her burden.

"Don't be silly," Julie protested incredulously, as Gordon wrapped Fancy Pants in a pink blanket.

The baby's tears stopped abruptly. Fancy Pants apparently sensed that he was going out, which made the wearing of head covering quite in order.

"Listen, Julie," Gordon's tone was apologetic. "I'll grab a taxi and go to the station. I want to show Wanda I have the bowl for her. I promised it, and Wanda gets awfully upset about a thing like that. Do you mind getting a doctor and meeting us at the platform?"

After Gordon had left with the baby, Julie wasted precious seconds toying with the idea of allowing that Diggins woman to go without the bowl. Only there was the baby's side of it. Fancy Pants was probably fed-up with Ming Dynasty stuff by now.

It was solely for his sake that Julie dragged the hungry young doctor next door from his eggs and bacon.

When Julie arrived at the station with her doctor the carriage doors had been shut by a determined guard. On the platform she found the Ming-headed Fancy Pants and his very embarrassed uncle. From all sides they were met with irrepressible giggles. Gordon looked as if he wished the ground would open and swallow them both.

Julie had no trouble in spotting the Diggins woman from among the passengers who leaned from the train windows. She was just like the photograph that stood on Gordon's desk. Only now she wore an immense spray of orchids and carried tons of roses in each arm. Julie felt the only thing that prevented Miss Diggins from throwing kisses and waving a chiffon handkerchief was lack of a third arm and the proper frame of mind. Not that Wanda's mood was in any respect a passive one. Everybody on the platform was listening to the few choice parting remarks dropped upon the hapless Gordon as he stood with the bemused Fancy Pants on the platform.

"You hadn't the slightest idea of giving me that bowl?" Wanda was accusing him bitterly. "It was all a ruse to make a fool of me." The thought of an interested audience in no way inhibited the passionate Wanda. "It wouldn't surprise me if you deliberately put the bowl on that child's head."

The injustice of this accusation angered Julie. She ran up to Gordon and touched his arm.

"Here's the doctor," she whispered. "Perhaps you can throw her that miserable bowl as the train goes out."

Gordon turned and gave Julie a queer look.

"Come on, let's get out of this," he said gruffly.

Outside, on the main platform, the young doctor used a crate of apples for his operating table. Just as Wanda's train moved away, the very young skull of Fancy Pants parted from a very old Ming bowl. Fancy Pants rubbed his button nose, dug two fists into blinking, blue eyes, and violently scratched his reddened head. These things accomplished, Fancy Pants relaxed on Gordon's shoulder and graciously surrendered himself to the arms of Morpheus.

After they had returned to the flat Gordon and Julie sank exhausted on the drawing-room chesterfield.

"I'm dreadfully sorry about the whole thing, Gordon," Julie found herself apologising. "It was all my fault. I had no right to let him have the bowl."

"Nonsense," Gordon's voice was very positive. "It was all my fault. I should have hidden the confounded thing in the first place."

"Do you suppose she'll ever get over it?" Julie was referring to Wanda.

"Good heavens, I hope not!" Gordon breathed fervently.

"Weren't you going to marry her, Gordon?" Julie asked.

Gordon seemed startled.

"Marry Wanda? Where did you get a ridiculous idea like that? The only girl I ever wanted to marry wouldn't have me."

There was no misunderstanding the look in Gordon's brooding, dark eyes. "But—but that horrid note you sent me the next morning?" Julie reminded him, "before I had a chance to change my mind."

Gordon grinned sheepishly.

"Merely balm for a wounded spirit." Gleason had to go out of the drawing-room and knock three times before anybody heard him.

"Not now, Gleason," Gordon waved him aside.

"It's about the baby, sir."

Julie and Gordon both sprang up.

"Is he awake again?" they cried.

Gleason shook his head.

"There's a 'phone message from the hospital. The baby's parents forgot to tell us that when Fancy Pants says 'Do!' all he wants is a drink of water."

(Copyright)



Winter or summer, all the world round, everyone loves a picnic.

COOKING by the CAMPFIRE!

The whole family will lend a hand ... out-of-doors!

MOST families can do as much cooking as they need at picnics with a frying-pan, a billy-can for tea, and a gridiron (or green stick). Aluminium plates are excellent for serving the food, as they are light to carry and can be put in a hot spot without spoiling.

The real bushlover prefers campfire cooking. In planning for this, one must consider the mode of travelling; all sorts of equipment and accessories can be taken if a car is used for transit.

WHEN you stop to eat, consider your spot. For preference, park near a creek or river to save carrying water. Make your fire deep enough to bury your potatoes in, and broad enough to grill your steak over.

Perhaps you prefer to cook a stew at home, bringing it in a billy and reheating when needed, or you have planned boiling Frankfurt sausages. Again, could anything be more welcome than bacon and eggs, cooked over an open fire after a morning hike, with hot toast to complete the meal? There is a knack about cooking out of doors which one can only gain by experience.

Fresh fruits are excellent thirst-quenchers at a picnic, but leave much to be desired when compared with billy tea. Should the lid be mislaid, a green stick across the boiling water will prevent it smoking. The tea should be added when the water boils, and the whole brought to the boil again and allowed to stand three minutes.

Then tap three times, ostensibly to settle the tea-leaves, but really

to call the ghosts of the long-dead binghis to witness the feast!!

CAMP-FIRE MENUS

Grilled Chops. Browned Potatoes.
Stuffed Celery Salad.
Rolls. Cake. Billy Tea.

Fried Sliced Ham. Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Orange and Nut Salad.
Wholemeal Bread. Nut Cookies.
Billy Tea.

Dried Beef and Tomatoes. Potato Chips.
Apple and Celery Salad.
Buttered Finger Rolls. Coconut Cake.
Thermos Coffee.

Liver Cakes. Roast Corn.
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches.
Spiced Cakes. Fresh Fruit.
Billy Tea.

HERE are some suggestions you will enjoy when sitting around the campfire.

DEVILLED CHESTNUTS

One doz. chestnuts, 2 tablespoons butter, salt, paprika.
Roast the chestnuts either on the coals or in a dry, iron frying-pan. When the outer shells break, peel and slice chestnuts thinly. Put the butter in the frying-pan, and when at boiling point add the chestnuts and fry until brown, turning frequently. Turn on to a piece of brown paper, sprinkle with salt and paprika.

MARSHMALLOWS

Toasted on long forks or sticks over glowing coals until a golden brown are a delightful sweetmeat.

LIVER CAKES

Two and a half cups minced liver, 3 slices bacon (cut in small pieces), 1 egg, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup stock or milk, salt, pepper.
Cut the bacon into small pieces, add to the minced liver, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, lightly-beaten egg and milk. Shape into flat, thin cakes and wrap in strips of bacon. Put into a hot frying-pan, cover and cook, turning frequently, for about 8 to 10 minutes.

IF you carry a gridiron, try these:—

HOT TOASTED HAM AND CHEESE SANDWICH

For each person, 1 slice ham, 1 thin slice of cheese, mustard to taste

By **MARGARET SHEPHERD**

Instructor to Leading Hospitals.

(mixed with vinegar and sugar), bread cut in 1/4 in. slices.

Spread both sides of bread with butter. Put slices together with ham; spread with mustard and cheese. Press together firmly. Toast on the gridiron over hot coals.

TO ROAST SWEET POTATOES AND CORN

Wash the potatoes and wrap each one in wet, heavy paper or green leaves. Bury them in the coals. Medium-size potatoes take about 40 minutes.

To roast corn, bury the corn, husks and all, in the hot coals for 30 minutes.

BEEF AND TOMATOES

Three or four tomatoes, 1 cup milk or cream, 1 1/2 cups cooked beef cut into small pieces (corned or roast beef), flour, salt, and butter.

Slice the tomatoes and place in a hot, buttered frying-pan; sprinkle with flour and salt, and cook until tomatoes are slightly browned. Add the milk and beef, cover pan, and cook slowly until thoroughly heated.

HOT LIVER SANDWICH

Put some cooked liver through a mincing machine. Season with salt, pepper, stock or milk, and a little made mustard (if liked). Pack into a jar. At the picnic slice some tomatoes, put them into a frying-pan with slices of bacon. Make slices of toast. Heat the liver paste in a tin or saucepan. Fry the tomatoes and bacon. Spread the liver paste on hot toast; cover with tomato and bacon.

A Good Pudding on a Cold Night

Three-quarters of a lb. figs, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 lb. beef suet, 1 1/2 lbs. dried breadcrumbs, 1 1/2 cups flour, 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon.

Chop the figs roughly and soak over night in cold milk. Simmer slowly for 10 minutes the next day. Put the suet through the mincing machine twice, until it resembles coarse meal. Add the breadcrumbs, sugar, flour, nutmeg and cinnamon; then stir in the well-beaten eggs and, finally, the figs and milk. Blend well and pour into a greased mould. Cover with a floured cloth and steam for 2 hours. Serve with lemon sauce.

Lemon Sauce: Put the thinly pared rind of half a lemon into a saucepan with 1 cup water and simmer together for 1 minute. Blend 1 tablespoon arrowroot with 2 tablespoons cold water. Add to the strained hot water; return to the fire and stir until it boils. Simmer 3 minutes; add 3 tablespoons sugar. When dissolved, add 1 cup lemon juice. Serve immediately.

HOST Holbrook says: I brew my Pure Malt Vinegar from Australian barley, and mature it for one year.***

BEST RECIPES

A Quartet of Excellent Recipes

Nourishing and savory, just the thing to serve to a hungry family during the winter months, the four recipes to win our prizes this week will be appreciated by every reader.

REMEMBER, there is £1 every week for the best recipe submitted, and three consolation prizes of 2/6 each. Other readers will enjoy the dishes that are a success on your dinner table; send them along and win a cash prize.

CHEESE BALLS

Bring to the boil 1 teaspoon of water and 1 good tablespoon of butter (in a saucepan). Stir in 1 cup of sifted flour. Stir hard, till the mixture is blended and leaves the sides of the saucepan, beating well till free from lumps. Remove from the fire and add from 1 to 1 1/2 of a cup of grated cheese, seasoned with salt and cayenne. Then add, one by one, 3 eggs, stirring each one well before adding another. Stir till smooth.

Fry in deep fat, very hot, dropping in a desertspoon of the mixture at a time. They will rise very freely, and must have room to fill out.

When nicely browned, lift with draining spoon on to crumpled, soft paper.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Keith, Pine Creek, Conangra, Qld.

SAVORY SAUSAGES

Mix together 3 large tablespoons of flour, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon of sugar, 1 1/2 to 2 cups of boiling water, pepper and salt to taste.

Strain all into a casserole dish and add from 1 lb. to 1 1/2 lb. of sausages, 1 chopped onion, and a finely-sliced carrot. Cook slowly for 2 hours, then thicken. Served with mashed potatoes and green peas, this makes a really delicious dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Amy

Spearman, 53 Hackney Rd., Hackney, Adelaide.

MELON JELLY

Take 8 lb. of melon, peeled and sliced; leave in seeds, and sprinkle 2 lb. of sugar and a little tartaric acid over the melon and let it stand for 24 hours. Take a separate dish, slice six lemons, cover with cold water and let stand for 24 hours. Boil all together for two hours. Strain, and allow 1 cup of sugar to every cup of juice, and boil half an hour or until it jells when tested.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. M. Fel-lows, Home, Best St., Belgrave, Vic.

ITALIAN SPAGHETTI

Take 2 tablespoonsful of lard, 1 lb. shin of beef, 1 tin tomato puree, 1 packet vermicelli, 1 lb. cheese, 2 cups water.

Place lard in saucepan, with beef. Next add puree and water. Bring to boil and let simmer 1 1/2 hours, adding salt to taste. Just before serving, place a large saucepan of water over the gas, and, when boiling, put in the vermicelli and boil rapidly for 15 minutes. Grate the cheese. Strain the vermicelli. Serve on individual plates, sprinkle grated cheese over each serve, and pour a liberal portion of tomato puree. This serves six people, and is a delightful hot dish for cold nights. In Italy this is eaten with a fork and spoon.

The meat may be poited, or served cold next day with hot vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. M. Duhig, Flat No. 2, Noeline, 36 Battery St., Clovelly, N.S.W.

Bread, Sponge, Scones and Cake EASY-BAKE

"EASY TO MAKE"

PURE YEAST COMPOUND (Reg.) ALL-VITAMIN

It is different, not compressed, but pure hydrated (the original) YEAST

1 lb. packet, 1/9, post free, sufficient for 100 lbs. of flour. Use as, and when required. 1, 2, 4 of Packet keeps 12 months. Sold with a definite guarantee. Write for list of testimonials.

CONCESSION PRICES

2lbs. four 1/2 lb. pkts. for 5/-, retail price 7/-, saving 2/-
4lbs. eight 1/2 lb. pkts. for 10/-, retail price 14/-, saving 4/-

Full instructions how to use with each packet for Baking and Medicinal use.

A RECOGNISED CURE FOR

Constipation, Blood Impurities, Boils, Carbuncles, Piles, Malnutrition, Sluggish feeling.

For Children it makes muscle, bone, tissue, and prevents rickets and teeth decay.

If you want a healthier digestion, a normal appetite, and regular daily elimination of body waste, use **EASY-BAKE PURE YEAST COMPOUND**, because when used in cooking, or taken as a medicine, you receive the benefit of the essential **VITAMIN B**. It is a never-failing remedy, and instances can be given of authentic and remarkable cures. **IF IN DOUBT** 1/- trial package (post free) will convince. Our records prove that from the 1/- trial package users we have built up thousands of regular customers that order in 1/9, 3/-, 5/-, and 10/- Packages.

EASY-BAKE, 527 Collins Street, Melbourne.

FREE COUPON

I enclose 1/9, 3/-, 5/-, 10/- (cross out which is not required), for **EASY-BAKE PURE YEAST COMPOUND**. FREE with each 1/2 lb. 1/9 order, one bottle beautifully perfumed, high-class, liquid permanent wave and dandruff cure, also free recipe book. 1/- trial packet (post free).

Name

Address

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A cup of delicious Coffee made with milk and—

ROSELLA COFFEE ESSENCE

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"WELL, I NEVER!"

"Fancy seeing you going again! You told me only a while ago that you were suffering from Blood Pressure so acutely that nothing could save you from a sudden collapse."
"Well, Smith, I'll tell you. Here I am, better than ever. You know my doctor, the Collins St. Specialist, recommended Arterial Tablets. Dr. Neubauer's genuine German remedy for Blood Pressure, and they have worked wonders. They are the undying remedy for giddiness, enlarged heart, sleeplessness, lack of energy, irritability, and hot flashes, etc., etc. You try them!"

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C. WINTER
63 WELLINGTON STREET, REW, E.A. Vic.
Price: 5/6 Trial Size, 12/- 5 Weeks' Supply,
22/- 10 Weeks' Supply.
New Zealand Clients Supplied Direct Only.

Who could tell that I once suffered from SUPERFLUOUS HAIR?

Now it is gone for ever.

LOOKING at me now, with my clear, unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I veiled my face to hide the hideous growth of hairy, disgusting hair? My hair, in my early years, was a misery. As the young wife of an officer in India I suffered the agonies of it. I had a mischievous misanthrope, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive, painful electric needle brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disgusting growths came back again stronger than ever on my face and body. Then, almost in a day, my clouds were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble Hindu soldier. In his gratitude the deity breathed to him the closely-guarded secret of the Hindu religion, which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen sign of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it was! I was cured completely. I was a normal woman again. Since then I have told many other sufferers of my experience, and the secret recipe has never failed. It has brought joy and permanent freedom in every case. If you, too, suffer, let me help you. Let me tell you how I suffered, and let me pass on to you the secret that saved me. I shall gladly send it free if you will send me coupon, or a copy of it, to-day, with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me three penny stamps to cover my outlay for postage, etc. Address: Frederick Hudson (Key II, 120), No. 9 Old Cavendish St., London, W.1, Eng.

THIS FREE COUPON or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d stamps. Mrs. HUDSON.—Please send me free your full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: Frederick Hudson (Key II, 120), No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1, Eng.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence to the above address, where she has been established since 1918.

THE PENALTY of NEGLIGENCE!

CARLISTA
is ideal in the
treatment of

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YOUNG mothers of London society go into nursing homes for their babies these days instead of having all the bother and fuss in their own homes. Yesterday I was visiting a relative in the famous private nursing home which is always alluded to in the papers as a Welbeck Street Nursing Home when one of the nurses invited me to peep at the latest crop of newly-borns.

The newest-comers were the just-born son of the Countess of Inchcape; the even newer granddaughter of P. G. Wodehouse and wee Michael, who, even at the early age of 20 hours looked a little like his lovely mother, Lady Jane Sturton. But these three "notables" were too busy getting used to life, and dozing off to be interested in each other.

The Inchcape baby is a lovely boy. His 23-year-old mother is the daughter of Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, the White Rajah of Sarawak. In India, Leonore Brooke was known as Princess Gold because of her pale complexion and beautiful golden hair. The nurse told me that Lady Inchcape was very anxious for a daughter, although she is very thrilled about her son, now he is here.

P. G. Wodehouse, the famous novelist, and creator of Jeeves, says his new little granddaughter looks exactly like a Chinese bandit. But I thought her a darling.

The Right PEOPLE To Know

Continued from Page 8

SUCH fun to put on a pretty frock. To run downstairs for a last look round the drawing-room. To feel that everything really looked rather nice. The flowers, the tea wagon with its lace and linen cloth, the silver and delicate china, the tempting little cakes.

Pansy was in the middle of a blissful little sigh when the front door bell announced the arrival of her guests. She ran to answer it herself, because she couldn't wait for them another minute. How shocked Robert would have been! Had he not said when he had insisted they must keep a maid: "We must keep a maid, of course. Who is to answer the front door?" At the time Pansy had not realised the significance of this remark.

Busy with the big silver tea pot, Pansy could not resist little surreptitious glances at Lionel and Evelyn Castle. She felt extraordinarily proud of them. They were her friends, and they were the kind of people who would do anybody's drawing-room credit.

She had only seen them before in their garden, Lionel usually in old grey flannels and a respectable sweater, Evelyn in a shabby tweed skirt and woolly jumper. Now Lionel was immaculate in a perfectly fitting lounge suit, Evelyn lovely in golden-brown lace with her bronze-gold hair gleaming. But it wasn't just their clothes, of course. There was an air about them. And they were so nice to her. Pansy wanted to get up and hug them both and thank them for coming.

But all the time while she laughed and chatted with them, at the back of her mind was a little wistful longing. "If only Robert were here, enjoying it, too!"

And then, during a pause in the light-hearted merriment, came the sound of a latch-key turning and the opening of the front door.

"It must be—my husband," said Pansy, quite wide-eyed with surprise at this unexpected occurrence.

There were voices in the hall, Robert's and another deeper one. The drawing-room door was opened and Robert ushered in a tall, grey-haired man.

Robert's first feeling was of immense satisfaction. He could not have stage-managed the scene better if he had done it entirely himself. There was Pansy, appropriately dressed and looking adorably pretty, residing behind the wedding-present silver. There was a most charming girl sitting gracefully in one corner of the big chesterfield; a most presentable young man comfortably at ease in one of the deep-seated armchairs.

Ever since the great motor magnate, Peter Strouding, had taken him unawares by saying it would give him great pleasure to see his home and meet Mrs. Robert Brayne, Robert had been in an acute state of panic. Mentally, all the way on the short drive out from the town, he had visualised finding Pansy at work in the garden, with dishevelled hair and earthy hands. His relief was enormous.

"This is Mr. Strouding, my dear. You have heard me speak of him, Mr. Strouding, my wife."

There was pride in his voice, and Pansy's heart grew warm. Instinctively, too, she liked this grey-haired man, with his shrewd eyes and kindly, humorous mouth.

With the little warm, happy feeling still about her, she put her hand on Robert's arm.

"You haven't met the Castles, have you, Robert?"

Robert froze. It was dreadful. All the warm happiness died; all her pleasure in her friends, all her pleasure in welcoming Robert's friend faded, too. He bowed to the Castles stiffly. His "how-do-you-dos" were coldly superficial. Oh, how could he be like this? Couldn't he see how nice they were? Did he really only care who they were or what they did? Was his delight in knowing Peter Strouding and bringing him to his house solely because of Peter Strouding's position and not at all for the man himself?

Numbly but dutifully she played the hostess, sending for two more cups and fresh tea.

And then suddenly Mr. Strouding said:

"Surely—surely. It is little Evelyn?"

And Evelyn Castle said amiably:

"I wondered how long it was going to take you to remember. The last time we met I sat on your knee and you fed me with chocolates. I was most frightfully sick afterwards, and Nanny was so cross, but I never gave you away. I was only nine, darling," she explained hastily to her husband.

"Mr. Strouding's a great friend of father's, and, of course, I knew the

name. Though," she added severely to Mr. Strouding, "even if you had changed it I should have remembered it at once."

"I think you had good cause to," Peter Strouding said, laughing.

Pansy glanced at Robert. Robert was staring blankly at Mrs. Castle. Poor Robert! But there was much worse to come.

"How is your father, Evelyn?" Mr. Strouding was saying, and appealed to Lionel: "I may call her Evelyn, mayn't I? We were such great friends."

"I shall be delighted, sir, to accept you as a friend of the family," Lionel Castle assured him. "I am indebted to you for bringing to light the chocolate episode. It may be of use in the future. I never saw anyone make such short work of a box of chocolates as my wife."

"Brute!" said his wife, and to Mr. Strouding: "All he's concerned about is that you may be of use to him. He's an author, you know, seeking fame, and we have to be most careful that we cultivate the right people."

A dull flush spread slowly over Robert's face. She was so obviously making a joke of something that had been a serious business to him.

"Father's splendid, thank you," Evelyn went on. "I expect you know he's taken the Grange here. It was we—Lionel and I—who found it. We

wanted a tiny place, somewhere quiet for Lionel's work, and we found they were letting the Grange lodges because the house had been empty so long. Then we told father about it, and he came and saw and was conquered. And we've been pulling up with Mrs. Brayne partly—only partly"—she smiled at Pansy—"for father's sake. He almost lives for gardening, as you



Do You Know...

That the first cook book of which there is any record was called "The Form of Cury" (that is cookery) and dates from 1390. It is in manuscript form, for printing was not discovered until years later.

must know. It was chiefly that which decided him to take the Grange, because the soil here's so good." She spoke for the first time directly to Robert: "He will simply love your wife. She seems only to have to look at things to make them grow."

"Do you mean—am I to understand..." began Robert stumbly, and continued with a great effort: "Is Sir James Clarendon your father, Mrs. Castle?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Castle, and then considerably she turned away and said to Pansy:

"Mayn't we see your lovely garden now, Mrs. Brayne?"

"They all went out to see Pansy's garden. Pansy walked between Mr. Strouding and Lionel Castle. Evelyn Castle with Robert.

LATER, when their guests had gone—the Castles hastening up the road to rescue, as Evelyn put it, as much as possible of the cottage's soft furnishings from Pansy's puppy, and Peter Strouding in his shining limousine—Pansy stood at the open French windows of the drawing-room and murmured:

"There are some seedlings I ought to water. It won't take me very long, Robert," and slipped out quickly before he could answer.

She was filling a can from the big rain-water butt when she heard a sound behind her, and then Robert's arms were round her, holding her close.

"Let me help you, Pansy—please!" She murmured breathlessly.

"Robert—my hands are wet!" Robert bent his head and kissed them.

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Jewels on Dance Sandals

Jewels are an accepted feature of the modern wardrobe. Synthetic jewels have brought these gleaming accessories within the reach of the more straitened purse-strings, and now fashion decrees jewels for the heels of dance sandals.

THE bustles and trills, bounces and flares, revived from grandmamma's day, and the general influence of old-world fashions, presaged the return of jewellery for milady's adornment.

Family treasures have shaken off the dust of ages and assumed an entirely new importance. Lockets and pendants, elaborate combs and cameo brooches, have become a feature of the wardrobe. The actual origin of jewellery can be traced right back through the ages to the days when the cave-woman, so anthropologists would have us believe, wore colored shells, pearls and amber as charms to ward off the spell of evil spirits, sickness and death.

To-day we appreciate jewellery for its charm but in quite a different sense. Exquisite evening gowns scintillate with stones, the "Alice in Wonderland" collar brings jewelled bands with which to adorn the tresses, and the latest notion adorns the heels of dancing slippers.

Cinderella's shoes of glass pale to insignificance beside the gleaming foot-wear fashion sponsors in the modern ballroom. Shoes of satin and shoes of brocade achieve a new elegance, a sparkling charm, when the heels are bedecked with synthetic amethysts and rubies, topaz and emeralds.

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Little Theatre Production

ALTHOUGH the least interesting of Noel Coward's plays—perhaps because it is a non-historical period play—"The Marquise" is amusing and entertaining, and the Independent Theatre's production on Saturday was much appreciated by the audience.

Doris Pitton, in the title role, was altogether successful as the high-spirited disturber who was apparently so successful an actress that she was made a Marquise. Olive Coppard was admirable as the self-conscious and seriously-minded lover. Lorraine Smith was a charming young heroine.

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The Purser's TABLE

Continued from Page 7

ECHO turned the words over in her mind as they spun along the magnificent sea road in the sunshine, and did not answer. A couple of hours later when they sat on tall stools, drinking cocktails, he turned to her and said thoughtfully:

"I believe you'd make a wonderful pal for a man." High compliment, but her heart turned to ice, and the cloud grew a little larger.

During the night, when the ship was under way again, she listened to the liquid gurgling of the water along the sides and told herself not to be fanciful. If a man loved you, he loved you, and would naturally want you always. He was as human as a woman, surely, and that was that. The thing to do was to let a man make love in his own way, delicately feeling his ground. It was a big step for a man to take—choosing his woman. Let the feelings come first and the words come after. Girls were foolish—always inclined to spoil things by wanting to be too sure—leaving the delicate web of dreams to pieces. Echo decided not to be like that. She would be mature, poised, sure of herself. There was a smile on her childish mouth when she fell asleep.

The purser had plenty of leisure between ports. He was out early in the swimming pool. Sunbathing on the deck after their swim, he said to Echo:

"There's nothing quite like a passenger ship for drama, and no ship so dramatic as one on a run like this. It's more than a pleasure cruise—we get point to point passengers as well as holiday-makers. Also the run is long enough for people to get to know each other, and for situations to develop. Now, if I could write plays—"

There was a reminiscent smile on his handsome brown face.

"Funny things and strange things happen—and sometimes tragedy. Once a girl committed suicide—an exquisite girl she was, too."

"Why was that?" asked Echo, her heart suddenly unsteady.

"The usual thing—took a ship's flirtation seriously. She must have been hysterical and unbalanced. You really couldn't blame the man."

"Not blame the man!" said Echo, horrified. "Why, he must have been—"

"Not at all," said the purser laudly.

"The unwritten law of the sea. Who can resist kisses by starlight? Is it fair that these should count?" His eyes were closed against the glare of the sun, and he did not see Echo's stricken face. "People are different at sea. Not themselves. You can't get to know them somehow, although you think you know them very well. The marriage contract isn't safe."

Her voice was no more than a husky whisper.

"And is love at sea never real?"

He caught the sound of alarm.

"Why, of course, Echo. I'm talking nonsense. You and me—Up, girl!" and he pulled her up—"let's go and dress."

He came to her later on the deck, immaculate in a clean white uniform. "Come and have a cocktail before lunch, and come up here. I want to show you something. One of our little tragedies."

THEY went up to the nursery on the upper deck. The nurse had a delicious, sunburned baby almost naked in her lap. They played with the chuckling infant for a little while and went below to the bar.

The mother of that baby met a man on this run some time ago. He was married—a well-known man in society. They fell in love. He won't break up his family. She has not let hers know of this. She's funny—won't part with the child. So she's on her way to begin a new life alone. What will you have?"

Echo ignored the invitation.

"She's on this ship?"

"She is."

"Then who?"

Her mind ranged the possibilities with sympathetic interest. But he would not tell. He said it would never do for the purser to tell the ship's secrets while they were actually going on. He and the barman became engrossed in experimenting with a new mixture to be called Echo, if successful. Echo's mind played sadly with the colorful glimpses Lewis had given her of the strangely detached, curiously concentrated life of a ship. His matter-of-fact attitude to the pathetic little suicide chilled her heart. Still, it might be a little like a hospital. If you came in daily contact with so much human drama, and you felt it keenly, you would soon be a nervous wreck, and no use to anyone. Father, who had been a doctor, had once said that.

All the same, the cloud began to assume unreasonable proportions. It was growing and spreading over her heart. If only she had the strength of will to avoid Lewis, and lie in a deck-chair and read, or watch the deck games, or gaze peacefully at the darkly sparkling sea under the limpid sky. Impossible! A look from his dark eyes, a caressing tone in his voice, and her will was water.

"Look," he said at last, holding up a glass of clear green fluid with a piece of mint in it. "Isn't it topping? And it tastes good. Try it."

She tasted it. The green cocktail was mellow and sharp at the same time, and strangely exhilarating.

"Good?" he asked eagerly, watching for approval.

She nodded.

"Right. Echo it is, then, Joe. And don't serve it to anyone who doesn't deserve it."

He took the glass from her and drained it. The gesture was as intimate as a kiss. Oh, it was fun, being in love! Fool she was to doubt him!

It was warm enough now to dance on the after-deck, and that night lanterns were slung in loops against the drop-curtain of the night, sewn with its myriad singing stars. Lewis disappeared after dinner—to do a little work, he said, but actually because he was too great an artist to be seen dancing the night through. Passengers had nothing else to do but watch each other's intimacies develop, and he didn't care to be too much in the public eye. It would not have seemed possible to Echo a few weeks ago that she could be bored with dancing to a fine band on a dance floor slung between dark sea and sparkling sky. But she was, until Lewis appeared at half-past ten and rhythm beat into life again.

"Echo," he breathed in her ear. "I adore you! Let's get away from all these people."

He took her through the officers' barrier on the boat deck to where they had a corner to themselves, for now other romances were waxing and waning under the aloof mockery of the starry march. Echo leaned over the rail and turned up her face to the magnificent heavens.

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"We seem so little, so insignificant—"

she began. Lewis turned her face towards him with a practised hand.

"Don't look at them; we're not. We have all the fire in the universe, all the light. Kiss me!"

She stirred happily in his arms at last.

"I love you terribly, Lewis!" she murmured. "Terribly!"

His arms loosened.

"Don't! Don't do that!" he said sharply. "You mustn't—"

Echo's heart plunged, and then raced madly. She reached for the rail and held it to steady herself.

"Oh, Lewis, you mean—"

"I mean, darling, you mustn't take this seriously. You're a wonderful girl, far too good for me. What good am I to any girl?"

"Oh, that's not what you care about!" she cried, wounded. "It's yourself, your precious freedom! Oh, you're wicked!"

"Steady, Echo; people will hear you. You're not reasonable. You knew. And doesn't a girl get something, too? Can't she also love and forget?"

"Love, Lewis!" Her voice was unutterably dreary. "That's not love."

"Oh, but it is love!" the man pleaded.

"Must this be insincere because it has to pass? Must we never touch, never kiss under these stars, because we shall not meet again? Is there any reason why a little rapture, a few kisses, should bind us all our lives?"

Echo felt helpless against such skillful sophistry.

"Lewis, a girl gets hurt. There's the future. She remembers for a long time. Oh, I can't explain! It seems—"

"Dear, girls are not like that now; I know. And why can't a girl take life as she goes along without squawking? 'Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday': Why fret about them if to-day be sweet?"

"Oh, I know, Lewis!" And now there was a hint of tears in her voice. "That sounds marvellous, but yesterday never dies."

He moved close again and put a comforting arm round her.

"Echo, can't you be a philosopher—love for a little while, be happy, remember if it doesn't hurt, and if it does, forget? You see, I do love you."

She felt exhausted, and the stars danced in glimmering wheels before her dazzled eyes. She closed them and leaned towards him. He held her tightly.

"I knew you'd see," he murmured in her hair.

"I don't," she persisted. "I think it's terribly selfish, your point of view. It's wrong; I feel that deeply in me. I'm not clever; I can't explain. But it goes against nature."

She was too tired to free herself from his embrace.

Please turn to Page 35

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The remedy they are looking for is at your service to-day—Cenovis Irradiated Medicinal Yeast. Compare its vitamin content with other yeasts. Cenovis Yeast contains 2000 units of Vitamin B1, 1000 units of Vitamin B2, and six times the amount of Vitamin D as cod liver oil contains, as against 150 units of Vitamin B1 and 300 units of Vitamin B2 respectively in any other yeast, which contains no Vitamin D. Cenovis also contains Vitamins A, C and E. The latter is the vitamin which keeps us young, and explains why Cenovis Yeast is so rejuvenating. Cenovis Medicinal Yeast is the most highly vitaminised food in the world, and a teaspoonful daily will keep you in good health and protect you against all infectious diseases.

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Baking Yeast 1/6, 2/6, 4/6 and 7/6. Distributing agents for New South Wales, Messrs. Purey & Staunton, Castlereagh St. Sydney. South Australia, Harold A. Hall, Gawler Place, Adelaide. Queensland, D. Maclean & Co., Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Other States, any wholesale drug house.

CENOVIS YEAST PTY. LTD.
8a Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, C.I.
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The most remarkable results which "Asthma" has already achieved in even the most severe cases of lung and chest trouble are proof enough of the splendid relief it will bring to you.

Just think—by taking this harmless remedy regularly—you will reduce coughing fits—night sweats and haemorrhages... you will rid your lungs of the mucus and will drive out all signs of lung weakness. Once again you will enjoy perfect health... eating heartily... sleeping soundly and exercising without undue fatigue. Send for "Asthma" at once.

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This is what one thankful user of "Asthma" writes:—

"Asthma" writes:—
Eden Terrace, Auckland.

Dear Sirs—
9/6/28.
When I first entered the Shelters my doctor said that the disease being so far advanced he held little, if any, hope of my recovery. I decided to give "Asthma" a trial, and I have never looked back since. After six months' treatment, to my amazement and delight, my doctor informed me that my lungs were perfectly healed, that he found absolutely no trace whatever of T.B. If this letter will induce some other sufferer to give "Asthma" a fair trial, it will not have been written in vain.

To secure (Sgd.) A.D.M.

ASTHMA

Cut out and post this advertisement with your name and address and postal note for 15/- to
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FREE DIAGNOSIS for Readers

Succeeding even when specialists have been baffled, Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant young Sydney consulting chemist, has become famous throughout and even beyond Australia for his amazing knowledge of dermatology and the complete relief of many cases of skin disease considered hopeless. He states that his remarkable success is due to his secret formula and unique methods of personal diagnosis. One of the most amazing cases of Eczema successfully treated by Mr. McHugh is that of an Ashfield woman who had suffered for over five years and had spent over £200 in unsatisfactory treatment of all kinds, without relief.

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Use Tiger Salve freely, rub it on chest, back and throat at bedtime. The penetrative powers of Tiger Salve will banish colds overnight. It never fails.

All Chemists and Stores
2/- per tin, 4/- 2/-

TIGER SALVE 2/-

The Purser's TABLE

Continued from Page 34

"I T is this everlasting striving to pin love down that is against nature. Echo. Love is a winged thing, only thriving when free. Let us have these few days of sun and stars to remember. I'm serious; I'm sincere. I would break your heart as a husband. What good would I be, always away?"

He had said it. If he married, he would not settle down. He would be leading this free life of ocean and sky, debonair and eternally young, while his wife wondered about the women passengers. It would be better to be hurt now than hurt a lot more in another week after letting him completely enslave her heart.

"No," she said, drawing away. "I can't love on those terms. I'm sorry. I'm not bargaining; I don't mean if I like you I should expect a life's devotion. I mean, I feel there's something wrong with it, and I'd be sorry afterwards now that I know."

The moon was rising where darkness touched deeper darkness, an immense copper-hued lamp abedding a sombre radiance over the shimmering surface of the sea. Echo's face was like a cameo in the sudden bloom of light. There was a pathetic twist to her courageous lips. For an instant Lewis saw himself walk ashore for the last time, the life he loved behind him, before him the one he feared and didn't know. He went as far as he could, and the girl was comforted a little by his evident sincerity.

"Echo, I really care. Let us have these few days. I'll remember them gratefully all my life. Couldn't you care that way, too? Couldn't you get something out of it you valued to keep and remember?"

She stood a long time perfectly still, her eyes on the steadily mounting moon. Then she said, "No, no!" and turned towards the companion-way.

HE took her down and bade her good-night at her cabin door.

"Good-bye," she said. "It's been lovely, knowing you. Good-bye."

He hated the brave touch of humor in her smile.

The purser returned to the boat-deck, and smoked up there till the moon rose high and paled the stars. The sea spread in a darkly shining circle round the lonely white ship. The water rushed away from her swiftly pushing bows with a soft, rustling crash. The stars arched from rim to rim of the mysterious, gently swaying ocean. The salt air was warm and tender. The vastness of the sky was peace. Lewis stirred uneasily in his wicker chair. No, you couldn't give this up—this universe—for the sweetness of a girl's mouth, the fragrance of a woman's hair; set yourself between four walls, pass in and out of a garden gate.

Down below, Echo's pillow was wet with tears.

"Giving your heart without being asked, you fool!" she sobbed. She remembered her father. Once she had said to him, "I want to travel, to see life." He had smiled and said, "Wait till you're a little older and can cope with it. It's a dangerous, difficult business—life."

Was this the danger—this loving and wanting? Well, a girl could be brave, anyhow, take it and like it.

She had her grape-fruit and coffee in her room next morning, and, going up on deck, turned her back on the ship's life and spent an hour gazing at the immensity of sea and sky. There was a sailing ship in full sail riding before the warm, salt wind. Its bellying white sails and grace of motion stirred her suddenly to the wild magic of the sea. If she could never come again! The thought was a pang in her heart.

She turned to find a man in her deck chair doing something to a camera. He was the man who sat at a table alone in the dining-saloon, the man with the hard-bitten, brown face and the explorer's visionary blue eyes. She stood over him. He looked up at her, smiling.

"Your chair? I'm sorry." And he rose.

She followed him to the rail.

"No, I was watching you with your camera. Don't take it like that. You'll spoil the photograph. Here, let me."

Too surprised to protest, he handed her the little camera. She turned the pointer.

"We're travelling fast, and so is the other ship. The light is very good. You haven't got the lens shut down."

And she closed it down and focussed and took the picture.

Looking up into his grave, surprised regard, the color ran into her face.

"I'm sorry," she stammered. "That was quite automatic. You see, it's my job. I take stills for a film company. I can't see a camera without—"

But he was smiling now.

"It was good of you. You must teach me how to use the thing efficiently, if you will. I ought to know how. I keep making the same mistakes, and I have such opportunities."

They fell into step together and walked slowly round the deck. This time the deck stewards were genuinely surprised. Charles Hallam was a frequent passenger with the well-earned reputation of a man who preferred his own company. He always sat alone in the dining-saloon, as he hated to be talked to at meals; and if he sought acquaintances on board they were invariably men. The purser, who was assisting the games secretary on the after deck, looked up as they went by engrossed in conversation, and only the two concerned missed the look of chagrined surprise that crossed his face. The new friends appeared already more intimate than even the swiftness of ships' friendships would warrant.

Actually, Echo, in her need to forget herself, was warning to the subject once nearest her heart.

"You see, technical skill isn't enough to make a picture. Composition is terribly important, and that's an instinct. It can be taught a little, but that swift grasp of the beautiful line, the right balance of light and shadow—well, it's something that has to be born in you. Just when the sailing ship dipped and skinked—that was the time. Let's go to the dark-room now, and see what we've got."

By a Girl of 17—

Over the Hills

Over the hills at break of day
Over the hills away, away
A piper piped a fairy lay
Over the hills away, away.

He piped of Summer drawing near
He piped of trickling waters clear
I asked him where he caught his song
And why he piped it all day long.

He piped of meadows wide and green
He piped an ode to the Faery Queen
And clearly through his tune there ran
"I pipe for joy of God and man."

—YVONNE WEBB.

After that it was a natural progression to the smokeroom for a morning cocktail.

"Having an Echo?" the barman smiled.

"No," said Echo firmly, whitening a little under her tan. "Orange juice, please." Then, feeling lifeless as memory invaded her mind, she said, "After all, I'll have a dry Martini."

"The same for me," said Hallam.

LATER he said:

"Do come and share my table. There are lots of things I want to talk to you about. Or would you rather stay at the purser's table? You have an enviable position, I believe."

"Have I?" said Echo, following him out into the sun again. "I didn't know that."

"Yes," her new friend's voice was now absent and uninterested. "I believe there is great competition among the women to sit at the purser's table. He is said to be very entertaining."

"I do not find him so," said Echo, with studied indifference. "I would like to come and sit with you."

The change was effected at lunch, and the stewards who had settled down to the monotony of repeated history had something new to smile about.

While they ate, Charles Hallam told her the reason for his interest in photography. "I must now acquire some real skill," he said, and outlined his plans to her. He was going to meet a friend who was joining with him on his new expedition—this time to the lesser known West Indies off the beaten track of shipping.

"We'll get a year of carefree living, blue seas, blue skies—sunshine. The privateer's treasure is just an excuse. Of course, there's treasure hidden in those islands, but we're not likely to find it. We'll search, and that will be great fun. We're having a schooner built, a slow, steady craft, with a shallow draught. Navigation is tricky in those currents, and you get sudden storms. I want to write a book and illustrate it."

He showed her a picture map.

"Here and here, and there, too, I think," he said, moving his finger about the painted islands with their stiff little palms and the great galleons going down before the privateers.

Echo's heart beat faster. Men were lucky moving their capable fingers over the surfaces of maps, and being able to realise their dreams.

Please turn to Page 37

Hey!...stop
that laughing
will you"



● "What's the matter with you, anyway, laughing out loud like that, just 'cause that nice Sweeney boy gave me this doll?"

"And you needn't call him grouchy Sweeney, either."

"'Course he's been a bit cross up to now, but so would you if you hadn't had our special powder on you always. Now that our mummy has told his mummy all about our powder and just how soft and soothing it is, he'll soon be comfortable and happy, and then he'll be much nicer than you are. So there... now will you stop that laughing."

Mother... your baby should have Johnson's Baby Powder. Cheap tales tend to clog the skin pores, and so cause minor irritations, but Johnson's, being made from the finest quality tale, gives the soft, smooth protection so necessary to warm, active little bodies. Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream also are made especially for baby, and will add to his comfort.

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D1. 24

HOW TO WAVE AND CURL YOUR HAIR



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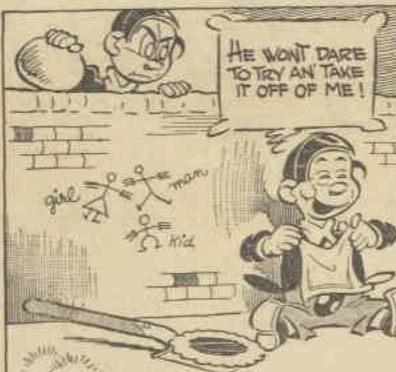
Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for

2/-

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY EYKE ART.



Gonnie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—

As so many of you wrote in and told me how much you liked last week's crossword puzzle, I have decided to run puzzles more often and to give prizes for the nearest correct solutions.

By the way, here is a little verse I have been intending to print for a long time, and which I think you'll find quite amusing:

A pippin asked his parent tree
A question that was smart:
"How can an apple sweet, like me,
Become an apple tart?"

The best letter for the week came from Mavis Cartwright, Rendelsham, South Australia, and Mavis wins the prize of 5/- Here is a short extract from it, telling us just where she lives:

"Rendelsham is situated about 300 miles from Adelaide, and is a very small but pretty township. Many people journey to places round about Rendelsham during holidays and pitch camp."

Well, good-bye, Pals, until next week.

Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

NAUGHTY TOMMY

By CUCILIA O'NEILL

Sliding down the banisters, knocking over the chairs, Licking out the jam pots, stealing all the pears, Smashing up the crockery, kicking at the bed, Everybody shifted, when Tommy lost his head. Looking for his tin, looking for his shirt, Searching down the yard, slipping in the dirt, Hunting everywhere for pencil, book and ruler, Everybody shifted, when Tommy's late for school. Prize of 2/6 to Cecilia O'Neill, Moore Rd., Springwood, N.S.W.

RESULT OF PAINTING COMPETITION.

PRIZE OF 2/6 to Beret Smith (11), Happy Valley, La Perouse P.O. N.S.W. for the best coloring of "Going to School."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. More than one (pl.)
4. Cereal (pl.)
7. Sell
9. Preposition
11. Small bed
12. Mother
13. More
14. Above
15. Endearment
17. Correct
19. Out (inf.)
20. Yours and mine
22. Sydney newspaper
23. Useful quantity
25. Mistle
26. Kind of fish (pl.)



DOWN

1. A join in material
2. Myself
3. People taken separately
4. Boy's name
5. Reclamation
6. Twinkle, twinkle, little
10. Malicious
12. List of food (pl.)
13. Toy
16. Flower
17. Woody plant
18. Finishes
21. We
22. Becomes
24. Tibetan Embassy (inf.)

A prize of 2/6 will be given for the nearest correct solution received before June 9. Mark the winning Crossword Competition, and send entry to Pal Council, Box 1551R, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS—1. Meat. 4. Oats. 7. Moons. 9. Do. 11. Ewe. 13. To. 15. Ear. 17. Bow. 19. See. 21. Mum. 23. Ed. 25. RUM. 26. As. 27. Add. 28. 20. Cold. 22. Mark. 24. Tail. 26. One. DOWN—1. Made. 2. Aim. 3. Tow. 4. One. 5. A. 6. How. 8. Own. 10. Oats. 12. Toms. 14. Red. 16. Run. 18. Base. 19. Add. 21. All. 23. Dot. 25. Or. 27. He.

FOR FUN & FANCY

WHEN is a leopard like rain?—When it

DOES.

Why is a coward like a cracked milk jug?—

Because they both run.

When are oranges like bells?—When they

are peeled.

Prize Card to Charlie Osborne, 25 Cogh-

rane St., Paddington, Brisbane, Qld.

Bobby (watching his father hammering a

nail): Father, you are like lightning.

Father (smiling): Why is that, my son?

Bobby: Well, lightning seldom strikes

twice in the same place.

Prize Card to J. Lamb, 46 Rochester

St., Homebush, N.S.W.

Teddy: Teacher said that I am worse than

the jungle, where the wild animals live.

What did she mean?

Jackie: Ha, ha! You see, the jungle is very

dense.

Joe: What a funny pair of boots you have

got, one black and the other tan.

Jim: Yes, they are funny, and I have an-

other pair like them at home.

Prize Card to Betty Williams, 177 Tyler St.,

East Preston, Vic.

Tom: What ship do you get a good edu-

cation in, Bill?

Bill: I don't know.

Tom: A scholarship, of course.

Teacher (sympathetically): That's a nasty

cure you have on your head, Tommy.

Tommy: Oh, that's all right, sir. It's next to

nothing.

Prize Card to Doris Connor, Mirani, via

Mackay, Qld.

Teacher: Who invented underground tunnels?

Tommy: The worms, sir.

Prize Card to Cedric Marsh, Falcen St.,

North Sydney.

A little boy whose mother had always dressed

him in a tunic, when wearing his first suit,

was met by a little friend who cried, "Mother,

come quick, here's a boy I knew when he

was a girl!"

Prize Card to Sheila Pickering, Ema St.,

Longreach, Q.



A BURY DAY for all three. Prize of 5/- to Joan Hancock (11), 24 Greenacre Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W. for this original sketch. Color in nicely with paints or chalks, and send entry to Pal Council, Box 1551R, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Prize of 2/6 will be given for the prettiest effort.

Passenger: Shall I catch the ten-ten train?

Porter: You might, sir. It's only got ten

minutes' start!

Prize Card to Doris Connor, Mirani, via

Mackay, Qld.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

C. Marshall.

WUNDERLUST sat in his big cosy armchair and puffed at his pipe. He turned the pages back in the little pamphlet he held in his hand, and then making a final decision shut the book with a bang.

"Fred," he said at length, "a few minutes ago you said you had nothing to do, didn't you? Well, how about coming gold hunting?"

Fred, who had been sitting on the verandah-rail, jumped down when he heard the name "gold hunting" mentioned.

"Yes, I'll come," said Fred eagerly, "even if we don't find gold we'll have some fun, and, anyhow, we might even come across a bunny-rabbit, and I've always wanted a rabbit."

Wunderlust removed the pipe from his mouth and blew into the air little clouds of smoke, then stretched his legs and said, "Well, you run along and tell Maudie to pack us some nice sandwiches, and we'll start right away."

Fred was off like a shot out of a gun, and was soon telling Maudie all he would do if he were lucky enough to discover some gold. Yes; he would give Maudie enough money to bring her small brother out from Scotland. He knew that had been her life-long wish, and told her that he had liked her brother the moment he saw his picture. Of course, Fred didn't tell Maudie how he disliked her brother's curls, and how the grin on his face annoyed him, and that the tie he wore was really too stupid for words. He felt he could overlook such trifles if he became a boy of great wealth.

Maudie was very excited about the



Wunderlust picked up a heavy piece of soil.

gold hunt, and while she cut some delicious chicken sandwiches she confessed that she had yet another brother who would dearly love to come to Mushroom Grove.

Fred dismissed the subject quickly in case she would want to bring some of her grand-aunts and uncles over, by saying, "It's silly for us to talk like this, for we haven't found the gold yet."

Maudie quietly wrapped the sandwiches up and handed them to Fred. Fred noticed a look of disappointment about her, and he soothingly said, "We'll bring both your brothers over if we find some gold, Maudie," then smiling he left her to her work.

In the meantime Wunderlust had been all over Mushroom Grove looking for a spade, and at last, having crawled under the house, discovered two.

He then walked to his aeroplane, where Fred joined him. They jumped into the plane, and bad luck was with them from the start, for not only was the engine slow in starting, but it began to rain.

AFTER travelling for a few hundred miles they landed, and Wunderlust carefully studied the maps in the little pamphlet.

"Just here," said Wunderlust, and the two got out of the plane and began to dig.

As neither of them would admit that they were tired the two dug for many hours in the drizzling rain.

"This bit looks a bit different," said Wunderlust, breaking the silence, as he put a lump of soil down on a huge leaf that acted as a dish. He wiped his forehead and smiled as he saw the sun come out. "Thank goodness the sun's out, anyway," said Wunderlust, beginning to dig once more.

Fred gazed aimlessly around, then suddenly fixed his eye on one thing and cried, "Look, Wunderlust, there's a rabbit-hole in the sky, and one end of it is over there."

The two quickly ran to where the rainbow ended, and what do you think they found? Yes, the pot of gold that has long been waiting for somebody to find.

"Ha, ha," said Wunderlust, "I always knew there was a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

Fred grinned broadly as Wunderlust picked up the pot of gold and put it in the aeroplane.

Off they flew home, and you will be all happy to learn that both Maudie's brothers were brought over to Mushroom Grove.

(Another complete story next week.)

"I WISH I could go on an expedition like that," she said fervently.

He hardly heard her.

"Why not?" he said. "Why not?"

But the remark returned to him later with significance, as the ship was moving through the lakes of the Panama Canal zone. She took his camera from him with an impatient gesture.

"You have to be sure about a picture like that," she cried. "you may never get it again."

And with the artist's disregard of danger she slung herself up on to the rail, put an arm round a stanchion and leaning over focussed the camera on a string of native boats blossoming with grass umbrellas in the sun.

"I don't see why you shouldn't come with us," he said to her during a passage between the narrowing banks fringed with green jungle. The picture she had taken of the sailing ship lay between the pages of the book he was reading, an exquisite piece of work full of movement and brilliance. "We could afford an official photographer."

Her eyes widened with joyous surprise. Then she saw his appraising look. She knew what that meant. Men always thought her frail because of the extreme delicacy of her fashioning.

"Don't think I'm not strong because I'm small," she implored.

"Not at all," he reassured her. "I was thinking you're just the thing for heat and activity. Why—that's what you want. We'll have a woman on board—the skipper's wife—she's a great seaman. What are you doing here, anyway?"

Echo told him that she had been going to stay with an aunt, then to return later on. She did not tell him she had just recovered from pneumonia, having indeed forgotten it.

The PURSER'S TABLE

Continued from Page 35

"Any family opposition, do you think?"

"Oh no!" she cried, certain that she could persuade her mother. There was nobody else.

"Then that's settled?"

"Oh, yes—that's settled."

THEY were out in the Pacific heading north in the late afternoon, and tier upon tier of luminous cloud marshalled up for a prodigious splendor of the Pacific sunset. Echo stood alone at the rail of the after-deck while the passengers dressed for dinner, her heart aching with a strange frustration. Beauty like this hurt the soul to look at it, and made the world seem painfully lonely and frightening when love had failed. The blue road of adventure stretched before her, and along it she would forget her first experience of reaching out for love. She turned to find Lewis Gray standing beside her.

"You begin to see why the life gets you, don't you?" and in his voice and manner there was none of the chagrin and surprise he felt at the turn events had taken. He did not reproach her with her defection, though he had suffered a public defeat and his vanity was wounded accordingly.

"It's got me, too," she answered without turning towards him. "I don't know whether memory will prove a blessing or a torment when my mind fills with the majesty of this prodigious color-filled space."

She did not tell him of the blue road lying open before her. The last glowing

segment of the sun slipped behind the still sea, and up into the gleaming jade sky rushed the heart-breaking colors of the afterglow. Echo wiped the tears from her eyes.

"I can't bear it," she said, turning away. "I'm going down to dress."

"Dance with me to-night," urged the purser, walking the deck beside her.

"Perhaps," she said, and her voice was lifeless and dead.

But she did not dance with him. Charles Hallam said:

"Come up to the boat deck after dinner and I'll show you the Southern Cross." He pointed it out lying low on the horizon. "Most people are disappointed when they see it. They seem to expect some dazzling phenomena. To me it is the epitome of romance—the diadem of the South Seas."

Echo looked at the crossed star formation low in the dense purple sky.

"I'm not disappointed," she said, and was silent.

The great arches of stars ceasing at the sea's dark rim all round the lean lit ship made her feel incredibly lonely. Her companion sensed her mood and made no further comment, but searched for and found two wicker chairs which he drew to the side beneath the shadow of the boats. His impersonal friendliness promised well for the pleasure of the expedition. Echo's thoughts strayed against her will to her brief romance up here in the enchanted darkness. Had she been

wrong not to take what little she could, to keep and remember?

"Mr. Hallam, that was a funny thing you said about the purser's table. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes," was the indifferent reply. "He's a peculiar chap. Women always falling in love with him. Can't think why. I believe he has these affairs practically every trip. I don't suppose he's entirely to blame. Women are silly. What can they see in him? Can you imagine?"

Echo conquered the tremble in her voice.

"He's intellectual. I think. His books—"

"Oh, yes; so I've heard. He collects books all over the place and sells them to the passengers. Quite a fair for the rare and uncommon. Now, if he'd read some of them. Of course, I can see women would find him extremely good-looking. Well, that's fine for the dance floor, but in the game of life it's sticking power that counts. Look! A meteor!"

ECHO watched the tail of light spin down the sky among the stairs of stars. But she was not to be turned from her purpose.

"Don't you think love for a little while can be a sincere thing?"

Hallam took his pipe from his mouth and banged it against the rail.

"That's a funny question from a girl of such intelligence. You can't confuse this maudlin boat-deck stuff with love." His voice was intolerant in his contempt. "Love is a slow growth—a thing of mutual sacrifice—intimacy of

The Word Wizard

He took dead words, and fashioned them,
With tender touch and true,
And painted them with green and gold
And every fairy hue
That mountains flaunt, or valleys hide.
And set them glittering, side by side,
In vivid life anew.

He gave them magic of the winds
That sweep the midnight beach,
And power to wake the dear dead things
That memory holds for each.
Till one walked down by ways of gold,
And found the lifeless words of old
A singing trail of speech.

—Nellie A. Evans.

tears wept together and difficulties shared. Now I'm getting sentimental. But my skipper and his wife. If my eyes don't deceive me, they'd been married years before they loved completely. We were wrecked once on the uninhabited side of a tropical island and had to walk for a week through fetid jungle to reach the port on the other side. After that—Maybe I'm wrong." He refilled his pipe and lit it, and then, struck by a sudden thought, "I hope that doesn't frighten you. Of course, these things can happen—misadventure—difficulty."

"I'm not afraid," said Echo firmly in the dark. "You can stand a good deal when you're doing what you want to do."

Please turn to Page 38



My favourite "easy to digest" supper—Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits.

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The PURSER'S TABLE

Continued from Page 37

"THAT'S the true adventurer's spirit," said Hallam contentedly. "You'll be all right." He was silent for a long time, puffing quietly at his pipe. Then the low murmur of voices in the shadows of the deck reminded him of their conversation. "I'm rather out of all these modern ideas," he resumed. "Being a wanderer over the face of the earth, I'm away for years at a time. But the world doesn't change very much, and it seems to me a kiss in the dark is only a kiss, but love is a word that means a long journey."

The hurting loneliness receded a little against the advance of a deep tranquillity, but there was something else Echo wanted to know.

"Mr. Hallam, what of these girls who fall in love with the purser, and others like him. Are they permanently hurt?" Her companion laughed outright, wholesome, full-bodied laughter that startled the shadows in the murmuring darkness.

"Imbeciles if they are. A fortnight of kisses in a 'painted ship upon a painted ocean'! No; serve them right if they are. I, knowing nothing of the mysterious feminine mind, and being perhaps unduly hard upon them. But when you knock about the world as I do, as you're going to, you can't take human nature so seriously. Come along down. It's getting hotter and hotter."

THE next afternoon clouds hung low over the warm sea. A steel-blue island rose from the glassy grey sea, etched sharply against the soft bloom of the flat grey sky. Echo stood at the rail with a sketch-block, rapidly capturing the tones with flowing water color. The purser came quietly to her elbow.

"I didn't know you could paint," he remarked.

"How should you?" she retorted. "You never asked me what I could do." She was still hurt. He ignored the remark, and said sincerely:

"But why paint on a dull afternoon like this? Why not a sunset full of color? Night after night—"

Echo turned to him.

"Good heavens, Lewis, are you blind? A sunset repeats itself—more or less. But this color is a dream of beauty—a sight of a lifetime. Look at that blue—that yellow bar—that smooth, curious steely light, those long streaks of ink on the ocean—that island shadow like a pit of ink sunk through the silver surface—the stillness as if the sea were hewn from glass."

He was surprised by the passion in her voice, but Charles Hallam had arrived with the ship's doctor. It was he who replied:

"Miss Malone is absolutely right. She is fortunate to be able to capture this rare experience."

They watched while the fugitive light faded and the brilliant outline of the island softened before the swift onrush of night. Echo wiped her brushes and put them away.

"We were just going to have an appetiser before dinner, Miss Malone. Will you come?" said the doctor, "and you, Gray?"

The four sauntered into the smoke-room. Ship's life seemed to be punctuated by regular intervals with appetisers in the smoke-room. It was gay, friendly, delightful. They sat down at the table below the picture map Hallam had shown Echo.

Echo looked up at it and smiled. "I get more deeply thrilled each day with my new job," she said. "I can hardly wait till it starts."

Hallam explained. "Miss Malone is signing on with my next expedition as official photographer—and probably official artist, too, if she will." Echo looked at Lewis, who could not conceal his intense surprise. The doctor looked at the girl's little body, ridiculously slender in unsubstantial chiffon.

"It won't be all jam," he remarked jocosely. "Plenty of hardship. Can you stand it?"

"Of course she can," said Hallam, with comforting conviction. "Even if she does look a shrimp, she has the heart of a lion. I've picked people all my life, and I've never made a mistake. Here, steward!"

Echo's heart quickened with pleasure.

She looked gratefully at the clean sun-bitten face, the firm, unyielding, patrician mouth, the level searching blue eyes—the face of the man to whom a kiss in the dark was only a kiss, but love was a very long journey.

He was as impersonally friendly as usual at dinner.

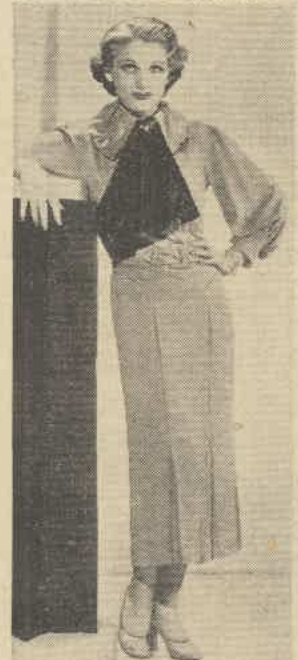
"You know," he said, "I'm just realising how much I'm going to enjoy this new expedition. More than ever before. I've never written a book, but I've got one in me. And we'll get some grand pictures." His amused glance strayed to the purser's table. "Have you seen the lady who took your place?"

Echo looked, too.

"Yes, she came on board at the last port. Isn't she marvellous?"

"Not bad—now. Not remarkable. Plenty like her—a lovely type in youth, but ages early. Our friend seems strangely indifferent to his good fortune."

As indeed he was. He accosted Echo



as she was leaving the saloon with Hallam.

"Come up with me," he whispered. "I must see you."

The two men exchanged glances like crossed swords. Echo excused herself, her cheeks hot with embarrassment, and followed Lewis to the densely shadowed deck amidships by the swimming pool.

"Echo," he cried, turning to her, "you must be crazy going on that expedition. It isn't the life for you. Only exceptional women—"

"Lewis, you don't know what kind of woman I am. And what has it to do with you, anyway?"

"This. I love you and you love me. You said it. I want you to be my wife."

"Oh, Lewis, but this is only a temporary madness just because I didn't—I wouldn't—"

"Echo, it isn't. And I'll leave the sea for years if you want me to, except for trips we can go together."

SHE was swept away by the sudden surprise and the glamour of the first star-drowned nights of kisses was almost upon her.

"Lewis, I don't believe you, for I understand it now—this call of the sea. You'd have to go back."

"Perhaps I would; but, Echo, listen to me—don't turn away like that. I was cruel—I admit it. But how could I know you were different. There comes a time in a man's life when he knows he can't have everything, and he has to make his choice—he has to decide on the best—"

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Her eyes sought and found the Southern Cross hanging low in the purple field of the Pacific night—the diadem of the South Seas, Charles had called it.

"That time sometimes comes in a girl's life, Lewis, and now it isn't for you to choose."

"You mean, then—"

"I choose the sea."

He caught her arms and held her fast, the intensity of his disappointment lending something of firmness to his weak, good-looking face.

"That's really your choice, Echo, between me and the sea. Not between me and the man. You know he's in love with you."

She disengaged herself.

"You haven't any right to question me if I play the game of love with your rules. To love a little while and forget. I have already forgotten."

"Echo, remember you said you loved me, and you said that yesterday never dies."

"It doesn't, Lewis. It lives and it influences you. I've learnt something from you. And now I'm going on a long journey, and that's final, please."

He saw he had no longer the power

THIS youthful beige crepe frock worn by Barbara Frichie, Paramount player, features the full three-quarter sleeve. The dress claims as its highlight the new Bohemian tobacco brown tie.

to touch her, let her go then, and turned to the wooden bulkhead and stared out in the darkness, leaving her to grope her way to the companionway and mount to the promenade deck. Echo felt light-hearted and at peace. She knew something about herself now, and about all women. Lives could be wrecked wantonly by a kiss in the dark—but how foolish! Better the long, slow road to ultimate understanding. Better to wait for a peaceful heart.

Charles Hallam met her as she walked towards the dance music along the promenade deck. He drew a deep breath of relief as he saw her graceful figure advancing towards him alone, but he could not entirely conceal his anxiety. There were still two days to port.

"Remember in the game of life it's sticking power that counts, Echo."

So he knew—and it was the first time he had called her by her name.

"That's all right, I remembered. I'll always remember."

"Good girl!" he said, non-committally, falling into step beside her. She felt beautifully at peace, already started on the long journey. He must have felt it, too, for he said, apropos of nothing:

"You know the Chinese have a proverb that always appealed to me. I think of it whenever I am undertaking anything that seems impossible, difficult, or unbearably slow. So far as I can remember, it goes like this, 'A journey of ten thousand miles starts with but one step.'"

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REVENGE is a kind of Wild Justice; which the more Man's Nature runs on, the more ought Law to weed it out.—Bacon.

TABLE TENNIS has many ENTHUSIASTS

Since the visit, some months ago, of Perry and Wilde, the table tennis champions, both men and girls belonging to various business houses have attacked the sport with renewed energy.

Within the last few months, many new teams have been built up, and it is hoped that interstate matches will be played in 1935.

FIFTEEN girls' teams meet in Adelaide each week for practice and matches. They are mainly composed of business girls, and in the A Grade Association, there are teams attached to the following houses: Elder, Smith and Co., Harbors' Board, Electric Supply Co., A.M.P. Society and the Gaitrell

Memorial Trust. Belonging to the B grade section are teams from the T and G Club, Norwood Wesleyan Church, Y.W.C.A., South Australian Railways, the Transmere Lawn Tennis Club, and North Walkerville. The latter have only just joined the association.

Business houses mentioned have encouraged this sport in every way, providing the girls with rooms and tables. Their matches are played after office hours. There is tremendous interest in the lunch-hour practice, and matches are generally held on Friday evenings.

It was hoped that when the interstate men's table tennis was played in Adelaide this year, a women's team would be able to visit this State, too. Mr. Amos, secretary of the men's association, got in touch with several women's teams in Victoria to try to come to some arrangement, but it is doubtful whether any women's interstate matches can be played this year. But for 1935 the possibilities look very bright.

The girls of South Australia have no special uniform, but within the last few weeks, the Harbors' Board team have adopted grey brown, yellow and red striped blazers, and it is likely that other teams will adopt uniforms, too.

So enthusiastic are the players that they do not confine the game to the winter, but, since the inception of the women's association, have been playing all the year round. However, the Transmere Lawn Tennis Club team prefers out-door tennis during the summer.

ITINERARY

to be Altered!

As the Orsova is a full ship, the English women cricketers will travel to Australia by the Cathay, arriving in Melbourne one week later than was originally planned.

VICTORIA has asked, therefore, for ratification of the dates suggested at the executive meeting on May 22nd—that the English Team should leave the Cathay at Melbourne and play Victoria on November 30 and December 1, also the third Test between England and Australia to begin on January 18 and be played to a finish.

The English women have cabled asking if they are to play in Perth, and as the western State is now affiliated with the Australian Women's Cricket Association, an application by Western Australia for a match must receive consideration.

The Englishwomen have notified the secretary of the association (Mrs. Waldron) that they desire to return via New Zealand, and, with travelling expenses and a time limit to be considered, games against either Western Australia or South Australia may be impossible.

As Victoria now wants the first State match and the last Test match played in that State, it will make the path of the selectors much easier, as they will be afforded an opportunity of seeing the States play England before the Australian team is selected.

The only other alternative would be for the Western Australian and South Australian associations, respectively, to stage practice matches. The Cathay will only stay one day in these States, and, if a game could be arranged for the visitors, or even net practice, it would afford an opportunity for players to witness the various points of English play. On the other hand, it would give the visitors an opportunity of the practice which they will greatly need after the long trip.

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TWO AUSTRALIAN SECRETARIES



MRS. WALDRON (left) and Mrs. Davy, secretary of the Australian hockey and cricket associations, respectively, are both in favor of central control of sport.

What SPORTS COUNCIL Could Accomplish

By RUTH PREDDEY

The formation of an Australian Sports Council is a project which has met, generally speaking, with the approval of officials of the various women's sporting organisations.

One bogey only has been raised, that of the expense incurred, while requests for some definite statement as to the practical possibilities of such a body have been put forward by the more conservative officials.

ACTUALLY, this question of finance is one that illustrates very clearly what could be accomplished by co-operation.

If, for instance, a levy of one penny per head was made on sportswomen throughout Australia, a sinking fund of £3750 would be realised!

Leaving this knotty question, however, to be dealt with when the time arrives, let us consider some conditions to which an Australian council could direct its attention for the common weal.

Recently there arose the question of sending a chequeron away with the two women members of the Empire Games team. Instead of just one association representing the women swimmers, asking that proper control be meted out to Australia's representatives, how much more forceful would have been the dictum of, perhaps, twelve women representing over two and a half million Australian sportswomen?

A further instance is afforded, too, in the same connection. Mrs. Watson, of Victoria, the eventual appointee, was entirely unknown to Claire Dennis, the N.S.W. girl who was to travel in her charge.

There being no common body to act as intermediary, Mrs. Watson met Miss Dennis for the first time on board the ship at Melbourne, without even a preliminary letter of introduction having passed between them.

The control and management of all overseas players and teams would be one of the functions to which the Australian Council would attend.

Another matter that would be of the greatest assistance to all sporting associations would be to have definite seasons arranged so that the summer sports fixtures would not overlap those of the winter season.

THE Australian Council would be helpful in the matter of drawing up new constitutions. This is very arduous and painstaking work.

Although new clubs can appeal to their associations for help, new associations have no other course than to follow along in their own lines, which may eventually land them in difficulties.

With the prospect of many overseas sportswomen visiting Australia in the near future, it is not only expedient, but necessary, that there should be some controlling council to assist the various associations in arranging their programmes for the appearance of these champions.

It would be deplorable both for the players and prospective spectators if two associations decided to stage championship events in which overseas players were competing on the same day.

However, the first step in the direction of forming an Australian council is for each State to form its own sports council. This has been done with great success in New South Wales, where the co-ordinating body represents six State associations.

As advisory members there are Dr. Marie Hamilton, Miss Thelma Thomas, solicitor, and Miss Barbara Peden, architect.

Recently when a deputation interviewed the Minister for Lands, Messdames Peatfield and Davy, vice-presidents of the Sports Council, spoke on behalf of some 6000 affiliated members.

Obviously they could command far more consideration when it was known that they wanted grounds for sports girls generally, and not just a portion for a comparatively small association.

The most practical suggestion at the moment is that each state should form a similar council. These councils could then be merged into an Australian council with sub-committees in each State.

CAPTAINS to Decide!

"Captains may please themselves," is the interpretation given by the All England Women's Hockey Association on two points raised by Queensland early this season.

THE items of debate were "substitutes" and "players." Miss Baumann, secretary of the A.E.W.H.A., replied that the English association had no written laws on either subject.

When a player arrived late for a match, the English practice is to allow her to take the field, even if only five minutes' play remains. There is, however, a proviso to the effect that the place be not previously filled by any other player.

Miss Baumann states that she has known cases in county and territorial matches where a substitute has played until the selected player arrived.

With regard to a substitute—when a player is hurt in such a way as to prevent her taking further part in the game, the practice is for her side to play short, and no player is withdrawn from the opposing team as is the case in lacrosse.

Again, it is a point for the captains to decide. Many players contend that a substitute should take the place of an injured player, since a full complement of players makes a better game.

The Q.W.H.A. has not yet decided whether a definite policy on the two points will be set down, or whether Queensland will follow the practice of the English association and leave it to the sporting instincts of the captains.

WOMEN'S World Games

The fourth Women's World Games, open to competitors of all nations, are to take place in London on August 9 and 11, at the White City Stadium, Shepherd's Bush.

The Women's Amateur Athletic Association has been entrusted with the whole of the organising of the games.

THIS Stadium is one of the most modern in the world, and among many up-to-date features, possesses a red cinder track, which may be reached only by an underground passage leading straight from the dressing-rooms. It has seating accommodation for 80,000 people.

The conditions of the games are that two competitors or representatives of one nation and two reserves will be allowed to enter each individual competition.

One team consisting of four competitors with four reserves may enter the relay.

The programme will be: Flat races, 66, 100, 200, 800 metres, and a 400 metres relay; hurdle, 80 metres; running high jump; running long jump; shot putt; the discus; javelin, and a pentathlon consisting of five events, 100 metres flat race, high jump,

Sporting...

Entente Cordiale

THE only major tennis title to be held by a player of the same nationality is that of the American women's singles, held by Helen Jacobs. English Fred Perry holds the men's title. English Peggy Scriven is the holder of the French singles title, and American Helen Wills-Moody, of the English (Wimbledon) singles title. Australian Jack Crawford will be defending the French and English men's singles titles, and English Fred Perry is the present holder of the Australian title.

long jump (or broad jump, as we know it here), shot putt, and javelin.

The Women's Amateur Athletic Association are prepared to house the teams at the Great Central Hotel, Marylebone, which is in an excellent quarter of London, close to Hyde Park, and the shopping centres of Oxford St.

The association is planning an attractive list of entertainments for visiting competitors, among which will be a tour of London, a visit to Windsor Castle, and a final banquet on Sunday, the 12th.

A trophy will be awarded to each of the first three nations, and in addition, medals will be given to the first three in each individual event. Another trophy will be awarded to the winning nation in each of the team events, and souvenir badges will be presented to both officials and competitors.

To discuss the Games programme for 1938 the Eighth Congress will be held in London on August 12.

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Q'LAND'S Lone RIFLE-WOMAN

TAKING her place on the open range with the State's best riflewomen, Miss Jessie Snodgrass, of Goondewind, is the only woman in Queensland who competes in .303 rifle-shooting contests.

Miss Snodgrass is an excellent shot



MISS SNODGRASS

and is well known on rifle ranges in Queensland and other States, having, over a number of years, annexed many honors at various meetings.

"I have lots of fun out of the meetings," she said, "and always look forward to the big shoots. I intend shooting in Brisbane in August, when the King's Prize contest is on."

CHINESE SPORTS WOMEN

MR. E. W. RAILTON, hon. sec. of the Hong Kong International Swimming Association, who is visiting Australia, has much of interest to tell regarding Chinese women in sport.

They are whole-heartedly taking up swimming, tennis, basketball, foot-running and badminton; swimming, perhaps, being first favorite. Its fervent exhortation is particularly captivating to a race who, for so many years, have lived at close quarters in congested areas.

Miss Yeung Sau King, a 14-year-old schoolgirl, is attracting much attention in China at the present time. Recently, she represented her country in trial events for the Far Eastern Olympic Games to be held in Manila this month. Frequently, this promising Chinese swimmer has registered 31 seconds for 50 yards free-style in salt water pools.

Hong Kong abounds with many attractive salt water swimming pools, and between four and five o'clock, during most months of the year, these

emancipated little ladies, who have invaded the business world and now hold posts in Government Offices and commercial houses, flock to any of Hong Kong's vast Chinese clubs for a light meal and later the swimming pool and the tennis courts.

Sporting events in China to-day are studies in sharp contrast—the competitors, clad in the latest western suits, are urged on to victory by admiring parents and relations, gay in their silk embroidered national costumes.

Modern Miss China has not only adopted western sport but also western sports clothes and the generous display of her apricot-tinted skin in bathers and "shorts" by no means shocks the "Old Ones." Rather do they encourage sport and all the health and pleasure it brings with it.

With the prospect of a visit from the brilliant Chinese girl tennis player, Miss G. E. N. Hoang, it is hoped that arrangements will also be effected for Miss Yeung to visit Melbourne for the V.A.S.A. Centenary celebrations.

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